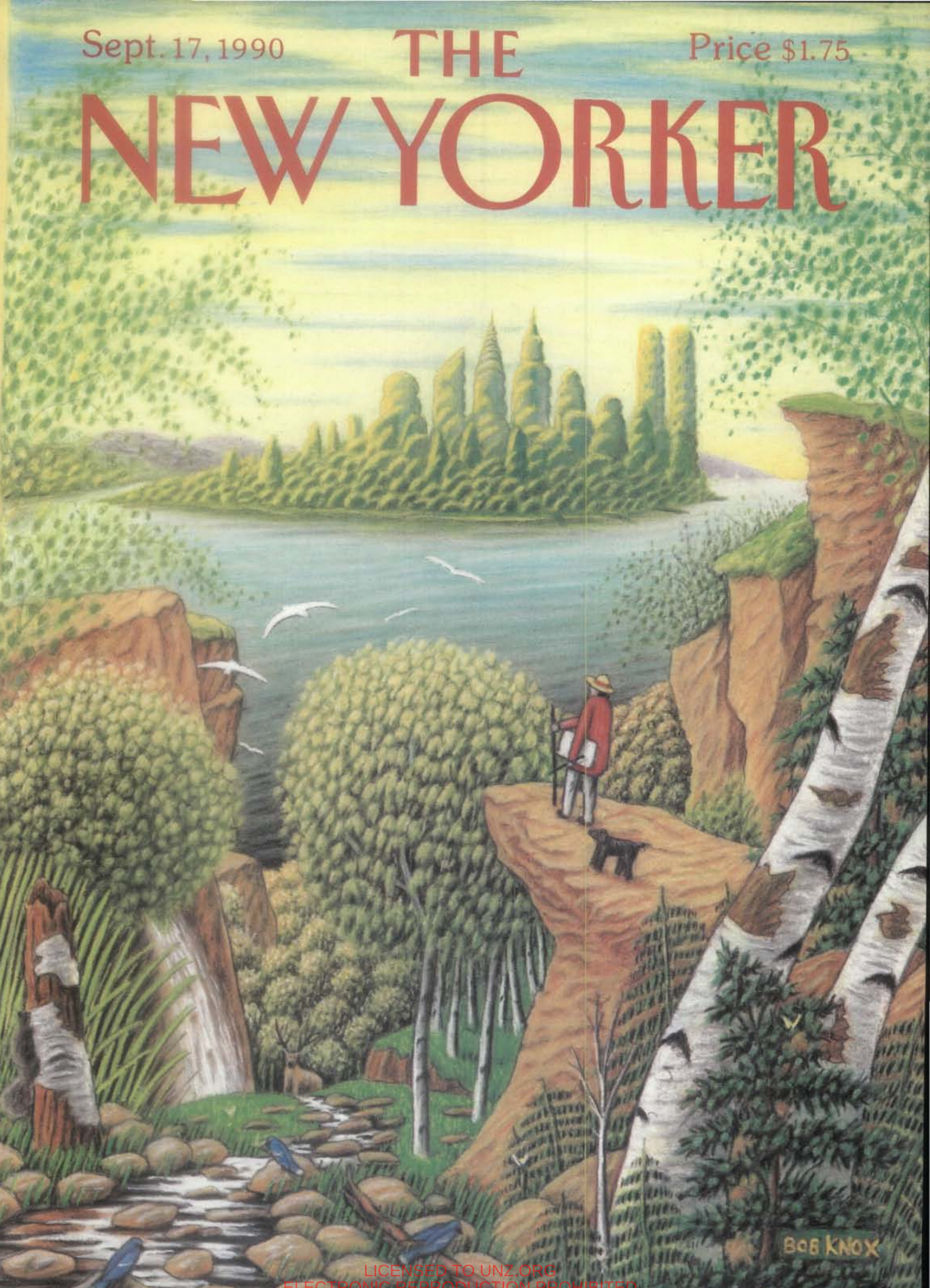
Sept. 17, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75



Climber seen at 24,000 feet on the icy east face of Everest.

The Inexhaustible Challenge of Everest.

Tibetans had long called it Chomolungma, "Goddess Mother of the World," but it wasn't until 1852 that British surveyors identified it as the highest point on the planet. Thirteen years later the mountain was renamed for Sir George Everest, Surveyor General of India from 1830 to 1843.

To early climbers, the great peak was doubly remote. Its sheer height made it as inaccessible as the mountains of the moon. Moreover, Tibet barred outsiders until 1920, and Nepal prohibited access until 1951.

The southern route was at last successfully climbed by Sir John Hunt's expedition in 1953. On the day that Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay stood together on the roof of the world, it seemed Everest could challenge man no longer.

Earth's highest peak as viewed from Kala Pattar.

But there were still untried climbing techniques and untried routes. In 1963, the American Expedition was the first to ascend the west face and, in 1978, climbers achieved the first ascent without oxygen tanks, beginning the so-called "purist" approach.

One thing that cannot change is the simple fact of Hillary and Tenzing's breakthrough success. In its honor, 35 years later almost to the day, another team put a man on the summit of Everest. Unlike their famous predecessors, they climbed without extra oxygen and established a new route up the treacherous east face.

Sir Edmund Hillary, 1953.

Although they traveled different routes by different means, both teams marked the times of their historic Everest ascents with Rolex Chronometers.

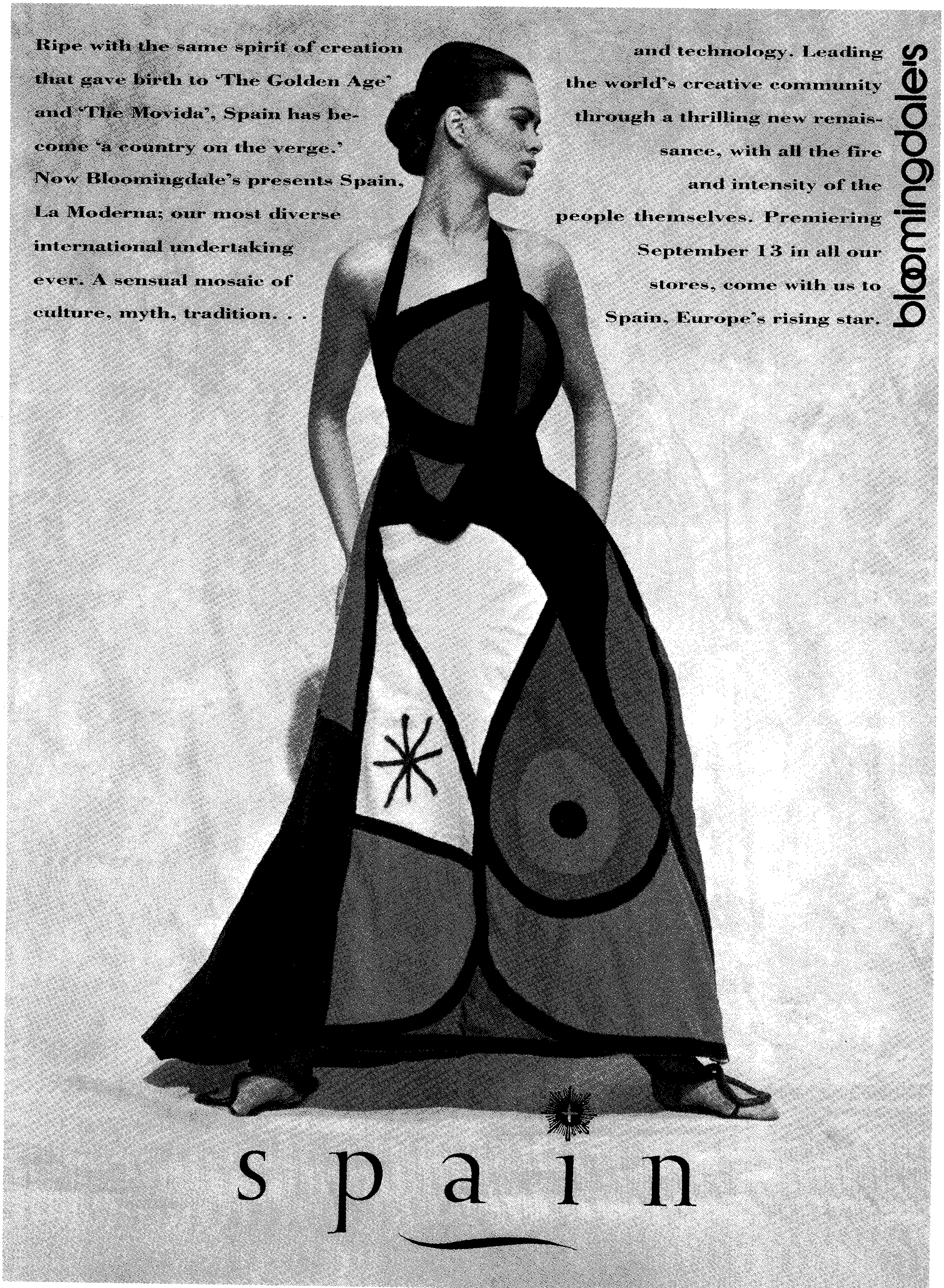
As an interesting footnote to history, Tenzing's son reports that his father's timepiece continues to run in excellent condition.

ROLEX
OYSTERQUARTZ
DATEJUST
28
OFFICIALLY CERTIFIED
SWISS
CHRONOMETER

ROLEX

Rolex Oysterquartz Datejust in stainless steel with 18kt white gold bezel and stainless steel Integral bracelet.
Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 961. Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022-5383.
© 1989 Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc.

Rolex, Oysterquartz, Datejust and Integral are trademarks.



Ripe with the same spirit of creation that gave birth to 'The Golden Age' and 'The Movida', Spain has become 'a country on the verge.' Now Bloomingdale's presents Spain, La Moderna; our most diverse international undertaking ever. A sensual mosaic of culture, myth, tradition. . . and technology. Leading the world's creative community through a thrilling new renaissance, with all the fire and intensity of the people themselves. Premiering September 13 in all our stores, come with us to Spain, Europe's rising star.

From our exclusive "Artists of Spain" collection, the Sybilla dress inspired by Miró. One from a collection by 8 international designers, for us alone.

FOR THEIR HELP IN CREATING "SPAIN: EUROPE'S RISING STAR" BLOOMINGDALE'S SALUTES:

Domecq Importers, Inc.
ICEX Instituto Español de Comercio Exterior
Iberia Airlines of Spain

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
SEP 17 1990

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 17, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33

"HACK WEDNESDAY" . . . . *Margaret Atwood* 38

"THE BARBER" (POEM) . . . . *Michael Collier* 40

"FROZEN CHARLOTTES" (POEM) . . . . *Susan Prospere* 44

PROFILES (DIZZY GILLESPIE) . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 48

A REPORTER AT LARGE
(A STREET KID IN THE DRUG TRADE—PART II) . . . . *William Finnegan* 60

THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver* 91

"SIGNS AND PORTENTS" (POEM) . . . . *Katha Pollitt* 92

LETTER FROM MEXICO CITY . . . . *Alma Guillermoprieto* 93

BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 105
BRIEFLY NOTED 108

COVER: *Bob Knox*

DRAWINGS: *Jack Ziegler, Robert Mankoff, Donald Reilly, J. B. Handelsman, Michael Maslin, Michael Crawford, Mischa Richter, Warren Miller, Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, Alicia Czechowski, Roz Chast, Leo Cullum, Eldon Dedini, Ed Fisher, Ed Arno, George Booth, Gahan Wilson, Danny Shanahan, James Stevenson, Robert Weber*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVI, No. 31, September 17, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, and various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

HOTELS

UNITED STATES

Austin

Boston

Chicago

Chicago
(Ritz-Carlton)

Houston

Houston
(Inn on the Park)

Los Angeles
(At Beverly Hills)

New York
(The Pierre)

Newport Beach, California

Philadelphia

San Francisco

Seattle
(The Olympic)

Washington, D.C.

CANADA

Montreal

Ottawa

Toronto

Toronto
(Inn on the Park)

Vancouver

UNITED KINGDOM

London
(Inn on the Park)

RESORTS

Canada
(Minaki Lodge)

Dallas
(Las Colinas)

Maui
(Wailea)

Santa Barbara
(The Biltmore)

Nevis, W.I.
(Late 1990)

Carlsbad, California
(Aviara, 1992)

Hawaii
(Kona, 1992)

Scottsdale
(At Pinnacle Peak, 1993)

For reservations, call your travel agent, or in the U.S. call: (800) 332-3442; in Canada (800) 268-6282.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

MARTHA LIVES BY THE CREDO THAT THE OUTCOME OF YOUR DAY MAY INDEED HANG BY A THREAD.
Martha, Seamstress
The Pierre, New York

She knows in her heart that an impeccable appearance can be one of your strong suits. A sentiment shared by those she works with. From the valet who launders your shirts and presses your trousers, to the individual who collects your shoes each night and returns them at dawn, polished to perfection. At The Pierre, we believe that you, as well as your room, should be beautifully appointed.

Four Seasons
The Pierre
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021 Phone (212) 838-8000 or (800) 332-3442.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

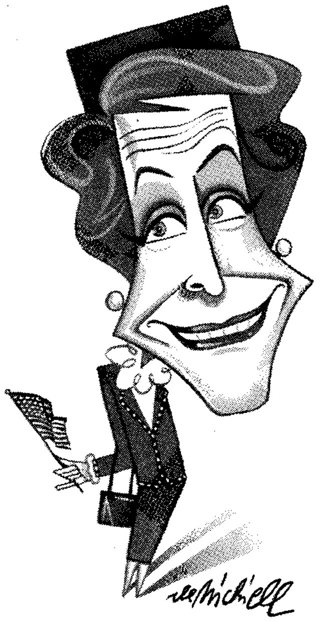
THE THEATRE

A SURPRISING number of r.g.s turned out this year for Wigstock, the drag-theatre community's annual Labor Day celebration in Tompkins Square Park. "R.g." stands for "real girl"—which term a friend of ours used to describe Kendyll and Tiffany, two N.Y.U. students we ran into. Kendyll and Tiffany are both theatre majors, so we didn't ask them what they were doing there, and they didn't ask us. In any case, it was—as the cop we interviewed pronounced—a fine day and a fun occasion.

The cop was there because there'd been some unpleasantness the year before. (According to Lady Bunny, who presided over the festivities, there were also some members of the Pink Panthers, a recently formed civilian patrol, "prowling around for all of our safety.") Our friends were there because they wanted to see Lypsinka, the proclaimed genius of late-twentieth-century American drag (who moonlights as John Epperson, a rehearsal pianist for American Ballet Theatre). We were there because we wanted to mention that a revival of "Camille" (which opened last week at the Ludlam Theatre, with Everett Quinton in the title role) is virtually the first Off Broadway production of *la rentrée*. Wigstock seemed as good a hook as any.

The event lends itself to abbreviations, because, while so much of what one sees is remarkable, one doesn't wish to be indiscreet remarking on it; and, by the end of the afternoon, we'd coined several: b.h.a., for instance (of interest only to a short person who wanted to see what was occurring onstage), stands for "big hair alert."

Hearts stopped, briefly, once, when Lady Bunny approached the mike and, in the voice and manner of one trying hard to appear calm, asked if anybody in the audience lived anywhere near Tompkins Square Park, as there was an emergency. We waited for news of a heart attack or seizure of some sort, but it turned out that the only light bulb backstage—the one in the dressing room—had burned out, and the girls couldn't put their makeup on.


Al Hirschfeld...

Terry Sweeney in "It's Still My Turn"

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Midsummer—A play by Paul Parente. Preview on Sept. 10. Opens Sept. 11 at 6:45. (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Romeo and Juliet—A Mayan-language version of Shakespeare's play, presented by Mexico's Laboratorio de Teatro Campesino e Indigena. Previews Sept. 11-12. Opens Sept. 13 at 8, and runs through Sept. 16. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are free but required, call 861-7277.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

Through the Leaves—A revival of the 1976 play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, with Ruth Maleczech and Frederick Neumann. Previews Sept. 14-16. Opens Sept. 16 at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Whatnot—A musical comedy conceived and written by Howard Crabtree and Mark Waldrop, with a score and lyrics by Dick Gallagher. Mr. Crabtree, John Treacy Egan, Mark Lazore, and Jennifer Smith make up the cast; Mr. Waldrop directed. Previews through Sept. 16. Opens Sept. 18 at 8. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 688-6022.)

Young Playwrights Festival—Fully staged short plays by four writers in their teens: "Hey Little Walter," by Carla Alleyne; "Believing," by Allison Birch; "Mutterschaft," by Gregory Clayman; and "Psychoneurotic Phantasies," by Gilbert Feke. Previews through Sept. 17. Opens Sept. 18 at 8, and runs through Oct. 6. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

RECENTLY OPENED

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Camille—A revival of Charles Ludlam's 1973 play. With Everett Quinton, who also directed. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Carreño—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross. Directed by Gene Frankel. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. With Randy Graff and Dee Hoty. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Falsettoland—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine. Seen recently at Playwrights Horizons, the show resumes performances on Sept. 14. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Forever Plaid—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St., 595-7400.)

Further Mo'—This lively, touching, and brilliantly performed small-scale musical, set in a New Orleans vaudeville theatre in 1927, is a real gem. Written by Vernel Bagneris (who also stars), it uses blues singing (mostly quite recherché songs) to say something about the plight of the black entertainer in American history and culture. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

It's Still My Turn—Terry Sweeney, a former "Saturday Night Live" cast member, portrays Nancy Reagan in this one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Light Up the Sky—This revival—after forty-two years—of Moss Hart's comedy about the Boston tryout of a Broadway-bound play is intermittently funny. The most entertaining scenes are those with Betsy Joslyn, as a producer's wife, who's engaged in a non-stop gin game with Peggy Cass, the star's mother; and, near the end, with the invaluable Bill McCutcheon, as a visiting Shriner. Among the other admirable performers are John Bolger and Linda Carlson. Larry Carpenter directed. The handsome setting, by Andrew Jackness, of a suite at the Ritz-Carlton, was lighted by Dennis Parichy, and Martin Pakledinaz designed the appropriate costumes. Whatever Mr. Hart's intentions were, affection supersedes satire every step of the way; he was stagestruck. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes Sept. 23.)

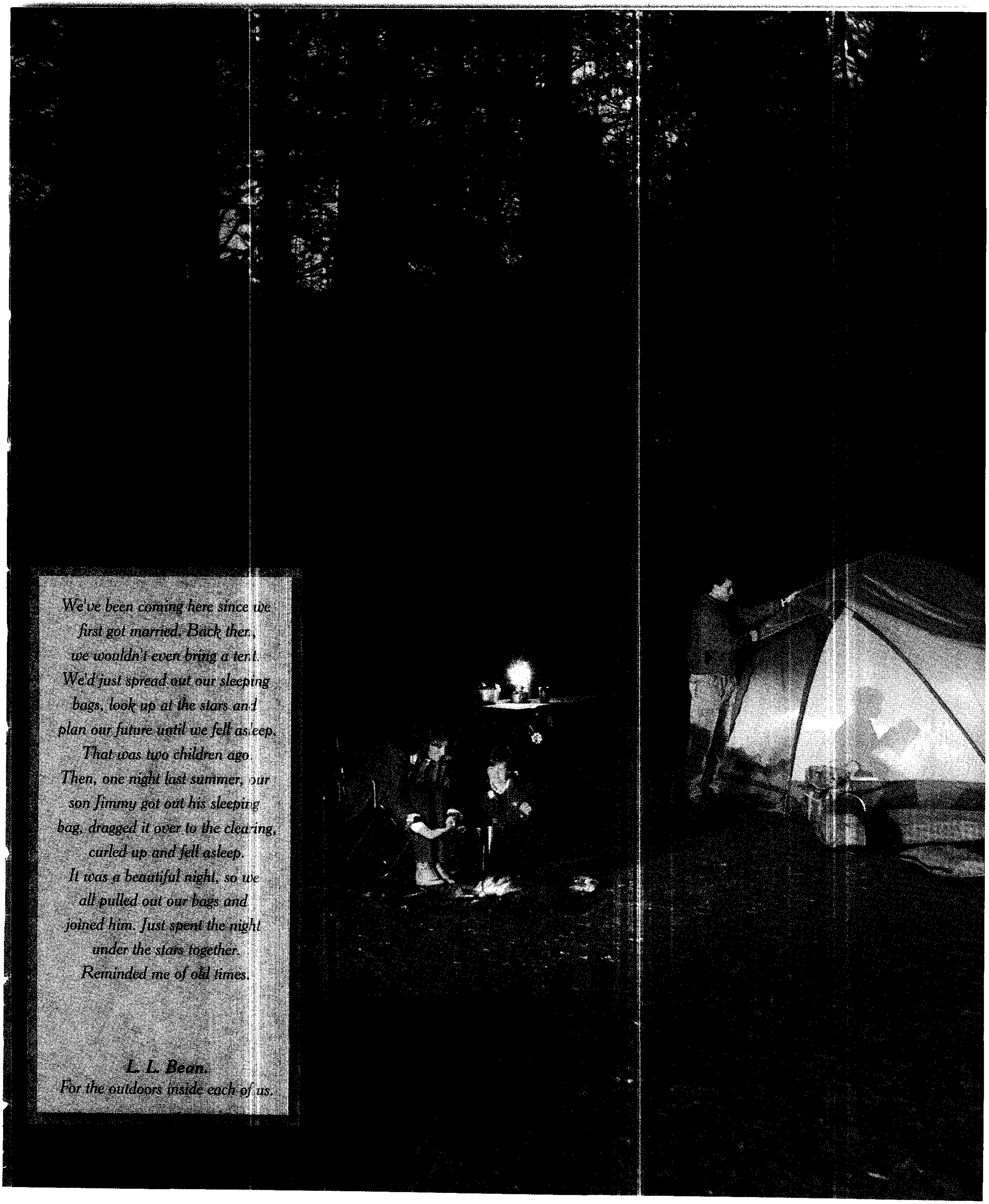
Lusting After Pipino's Wife—A comedy by Sam Henry Kass, presented by the Primary Stages Company. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

Misalliance—Shaw's comedy, presented by the Jean Cocteau Repertory company. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Money Talks—Caveat emptor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is



We've been coming here since we first got married. Back then, we wouldn't even bring a tent. We'd just spread out our sleeping bags, look up at the stars and plan our future until we fell asleep. That was two children ago. Then, one night last summer, our son Jimmy got out his sleeping bag, dragged it over to the clearing, curled up and fell asleep. It was a beautiful night, so we all pulled out our bags and joined him. Just spent the night under the stars together. Reminded me of old times.

L. L. Bean.
For the outdoors inside each of us.

For 78 years, L. L. Bean has offered durable, practical products for men and women who love the outdoors. Our catalog includes active and casual apparel, footwear, equipment and accessories. All fully guaranteed and honestly priced. If you'd like a copy, please call 1-800-548-4304 anytime.

L.L.Bean®
FREEPORT, MAINE

© L. L. Bean, 19

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

the groom. John Dosset fills in for Mr. Hutton on Sept. 11-16. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Quiet on the Set—A comedy by Terrell Anthony about soap operas, with actors from "All My Children" and "Guiding Light." (Reviewed in this issue.) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

The Rothschilds—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book), with a sixteen-member cast led by Mike Burstyn. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director, Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? With Swoosie Kurtz and Courtney B. Vance. (6/25/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while LaVern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirtieth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **A FEW GOOD MEN:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. Starting Sept. 13, Chip Zien replaces Mr. Jeter. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **GYPSY:** This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). With Linda Lavin. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DANCE

"Butoh: Body on the Edge of Crisis"—Michael Blackwood's new documentary about the thirty-year-old Japanese dance form—contains penetrating, if baffling, images. One of them, showing a perfectly still near-nude man hanging upside down like a dormant bat over a tranquil body of water, is the product of the group Sankai Juku, the Butoh company that has gained the largest following internationally. Now based in Paris, Sankai Juku remains more concerned with inventing highly worked visual effects for the proscenium stage than in plumbing the depths of the alarming, improvisatory libido with which the Butoh form is frequently associated. Indeed, some observers do not consider such a restrained group to be practitioners of the form at all. The narrator of another recent documentary, "Dance of Darkness," by Edin Velez, proposes that "for Butoh to exist it has to remain dangerous. If it is seen as purely exotic spectacle, which, on one level, it is, then it will be dead. . . . Butoh, probably like true flamenco, has to exist in its natural habitat. It can't be performed at the Lincoln Center, and if it does it will cease to be Butoh."

From September 18 through 23, Sankai Juku returns to City Center for the first time in six years; it brings an evening-length work from 1986 called "Unetsu" ("The Egg Stands Out of Curiosity"), described by Jean Viala in his recent book, "Butoh: Shades of Darkness," as a "mysterious ceremony at the edge of the water," with "ghostly beings," "priests of a strange religion," and a snake man who "awakes from a long sleep to dance an infernal hymn to life." As Mr. Viala continues, one glimpses a bigger picture of the competition. "Contrary to other Butoh companies," he writes, "Sankai Juku manages to create the illusion that the world it presents to the public exists independently of those who perceive it. The stage becomes a vast place of secret rituals which the audience attends without ever being solicited or abused."

Sankai Juku—The Japanese Butoh troupe in the opening performances of a one-week engagement that will run through Sept. 23. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Sept. 18 at 7:30 and Sept. 19 at 8.)

Court Art of Java—The New York début of a traditional Indonesian performing-arts troupe. Sept. 19 at 8: "Wayang Wong," a dance-theatre adaptation of a tale from the Mahabharata. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sept. 23.)

Dance Theatre Workshop—Sept. 13-15 at 8: Jo Lechay in "Affamée (Starved)." . . . ¶ Sept. 17-18 at 8: Deborah Riley presents "Countdown 2000," "Eye to Eye," and other works. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

PURE PENDLETON®

Town Clothes™ available at these and other fine stores.

ALASKA
Brewsters Pendleton Shop, Anchorage

ARIZONA
Arizona Pendleton, Mesa: Fiesta Mall • Tucson: Tucson Mall
Desert Pendleton, Phoenix: Metro Center
Dillard's Southwest

CALIFORNIA
Brea Pendleton, Brea
Buffalo Shirt Co., Half Moon Bay
Bullock's, Southern California Stores
Campbell's, Stockton
Crystal Court Pendleton, Costa Mesa
Gottschalk's, Fresno
Harris', Riverside County • San Bernardino County
Henshey's, Santa Monica
The Highlander Shoppes, San Bernardino
Jud Green, San Mateo
Nordstrom, Corte Madera: The Village at Corte Madera • San Francisco: San Francisco Centre, Stonestown Galleria
San Diego Pendleton, San Diego
San Gabriel Valley Pendleton, San Marino
Santa Barbara Pendleton, Santa Barbara
South Bay Pendleton, Torrance
The Sport Shop, Laguna Hills
Sullivan's, Bakersfield
Walnut Creek Pendleton, Walnut Creek
Weinstock's, Sacramento: Downtown, Sunrise

COLORADO
Cherry Creek Pendleton, Denver
Colorado Springs Pendleton, Colorado Springs

IDAHO
Harvey's, Coeur d'Alene
Snake River Pendleton, Twin Falls: Magic Valley Mall

IOWA
Von Maur, Selected Stores
Younker's, Selected Stores

MINNESOTA
Bob's Clothing, Alexandria
Carson Pirie Scott, Selected Stores
D.B. Dahlstrom, Minneapolis
Dayton's, Selected Stores
Old's Pendleton Shop, Minneapolis

NEBRASKA
Dillard's, Selected Stores
Younker's, Selected Stores

NEVADA
Bullock's, Las Vegas

NEW MEXICO
Dillard's Southwest
Santa Fe Pendleton, Albuquerque • Santa Fe: On The Plaza

NORTH DAKOTA
Keith's, Jamestown

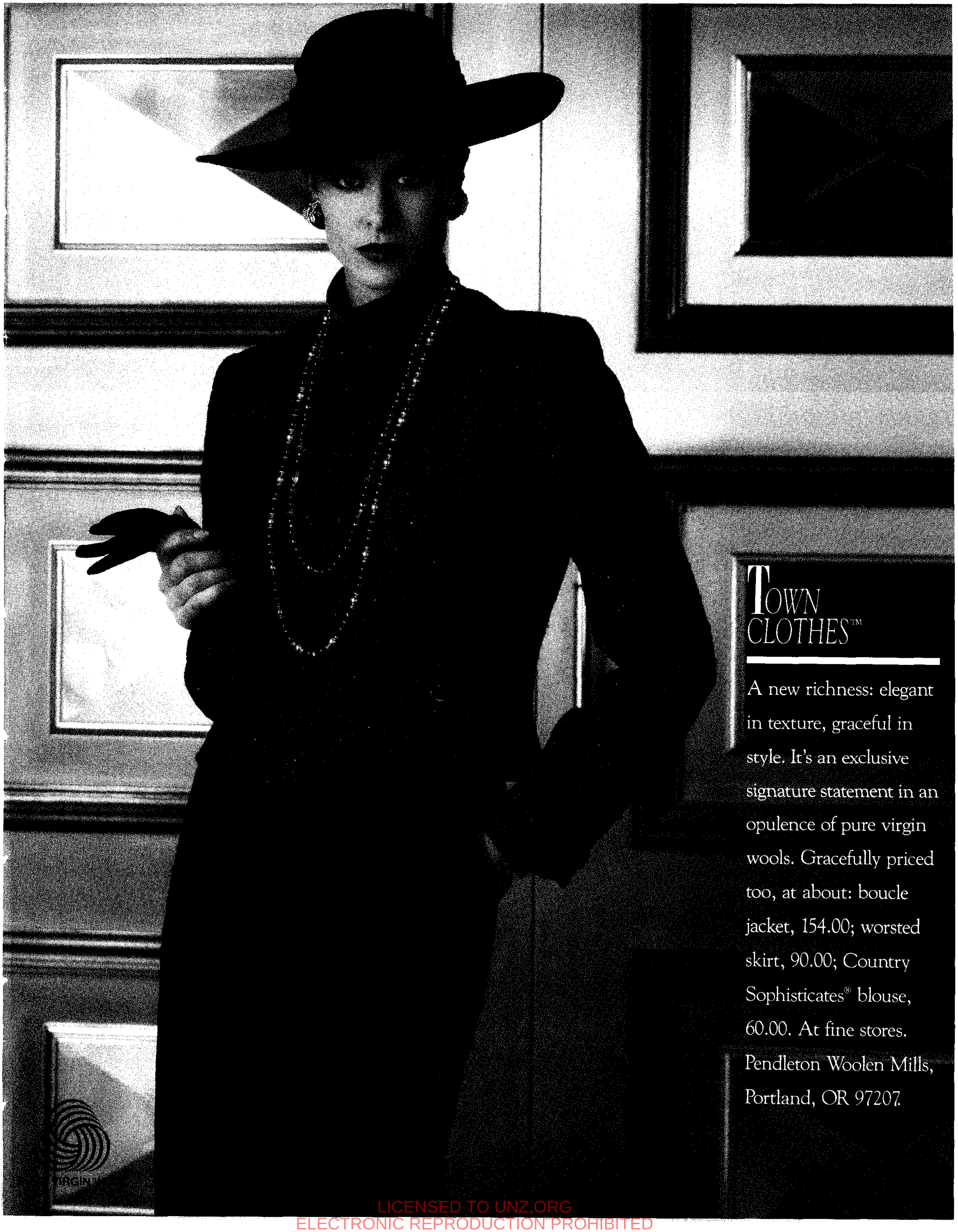
OREGON
Frederick & Nelson, Beaverton: Washington Square
Made in Oregon, Beaverton: Washington Square • Portland: Airport • Salem: Downtown
Meier & Frank, Beaverton: Washington Square • Clackamas: Clackamas Town Center • Portland: Lloyd Center • Salem
Pacific Crest, Gresham • Sunriver
Reed & Cross, Eugene

UTAH
Wasatch Pendleton Shop, Salt Lake City: Cottonwood Mall

WASHINGTON
Bellevue Pendleton, Bellevue
Country Classics, Leavenworth
Frederick & Nelson, Bellevue • Everett • Olympia • Seattle • Spokane • Tacoma
Harvey's, Spokane: Northtown, University City
Kraff's, Toppenish
Seattle Pendleton, Seattle

WYOMING
Jackson Hole Pendleton, Jackson Hole

PURE WOOL. PURE PENDLETON.®



TOWN
CLOTHES™

A new richness: elegant in texture, graceful in style. It's an exclusive signature statement in an opulence of pure virgin wools. Gracefully priced too, at about: boucle jacket, 154.00; worsted skirt, 90.00; Country Sophisticates® blouse, 60.00. At fine stores. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, OR 97207.

Fifty years ago, a tradition was just beginning. And AT&T was just the phone company.

It's been 50 years since "The Telephone Hour" first aired on the nation's radios, ringing in a new AT&T tradition of bringing the arts to America, of partnering the daring, the innovative, the profound. Today, we're continuing that tradition on the airwaves with "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour" and "AT&T PRESENTS." And we're bringing that tradition to the nation's theaters with our national theater program, AT&T: *OnStage*; to concert halls with the AT&T American Encore Series; to performance centers with the AT&T Dance Tour; and to museums around the world with an extraordinary array of art exhibitions. Our thanks to the scores of institutions with whom we've worked, for a half-century of unforgettable events—representing the most diverse and long-running corporate commitment of its kind. It's a tradition we not only celebrate, but pledge to continue for years to come.

AT&T
50
YEARS
WITH THE
ARTS
1940-1990

© 1990, AT&T

AT&T
The right choice.

NIGHT LIFE

YOU may have noticed that occasionally a night club will drop from our weekly listings, like a chapter from a Beijing University history book. Though sometimes this might happen because, say, the club has taken to booking animal acts, most often it's because the place has closed its doors. In the past several months, two members of our regular lineup have gone under. Café Gianluca, on the Upper West Side, boarded up last spring. The club was a modest, two-floor affair within hearing range of the Beacon Theatre: downstairs, lesser-known jazz combos and singers worked out; upstairs, patrons dined on Italian food and, at least in our experience, had to endure the musical selections of a bartender overly fond of Barbra Streisand. Mikell's, a twenty-two-year-old jazz and R. & B. haunt on Columbus Avenue at 97th, closed down in April. The club, which had the casual atmosphere of a neighborhood bar, had been a showcase for some of the better groups around town, and its proprietors, Pat and Mike Mikell, had played an active role several years ago in loosening the city's restrictive cabaret laws. (Tramps—45 West 21st Street—is holding a tribute to Mikell's on September 10.) The Eagle Tavern, a century-old bar at 355 West 14th Street, has also disappeared from our pages, but it's making a comeback. This summer, in the crackdown that followed the Happy Land fire, a city building inspector shut down the bar's back room, which featured traditional Irish music on Friday nights. The owner is currently making renovations, and the room is scheduled to reopen later this month.

Actually, on balance the past year or so has been an encouraging one for the club scene, with new venues popping up everywhere: Spiral, Chase, Condon's, Kilimanjaro, Manny's Car Wash, Marquee, and Woody's, among others. Haven't these people heard that there's a recession?

(A highly arbitrary lisiting, in which boldface type is used to pick out the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—New York Cabaret Nights—WNYC's live cabaret program—will be broadcast from the spiffed-up Oak Room on Sept. 17. The host, singer-pianist Steve Ross, has a nice, light touch when it comes to interviewing performers, and he seems to know just when to shut up and let them sing. Taking the stage on the 17th will be Lee Roy Reams; J.Q. and the Bandits; and Annie Hughes. The Oak Room's regular season will resume on Sept. 25.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The entrancing magician **JEFF MC BRIDE,** who, with his giant red mane and elaborate costumes, looks like a cross between Tina Turner and a Kabuki dancer, is in residence for the next couple of weeks.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. A few of this week's performers: the **KYSIA BOSTIC** Group (Sept. 13); the **JON GORDON** Quartet (Sept. 17); the **MIKE LONGO** Trio (Sept. 18). Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—At least once in his or her life, every native New Yorker should try to get a table at the Blue Note when **RAY CHARLES** is playing. It can be a frustrating experience—particularly for those with an innate fear of crowds or cover charges—but if you're up to it Charles will be here on Sept. 17-22. For a lower-impact outing to this glitzy jazz house, the fleet-fingered jazz-fusion acoustic-guitar hero **AL DI MEOLA** and his World Sinfonia quintet will come in Sept. 11-16. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—"I'm sorry, but these are four-person tables and you're a party of three." "Could we take a two-person table and just add a chair?" "No, I'm afraid you can't, but maybe I can hook you up with a nice party of five." **TOWER OF POWER** comes in Sept. 11-12; **CARLENE CARTER** and **CLIFF EBERHARDT** perform on Sept. 13; and **KENNY RANKIN** and **CAROL SISKIND** appear Sept. 14-15. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. Pianist **MULGREW MILLER** and bassist **IRA COLEMAN** will be here through Sept. 15; pianist **MICHAEL WEISS,** bassist **PETER WASHINGTON,** and drummer **LEWIS NASH** perform Sept. 16; and the **KEVIN EUBANKS** Quartet starts up Sept. 17. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

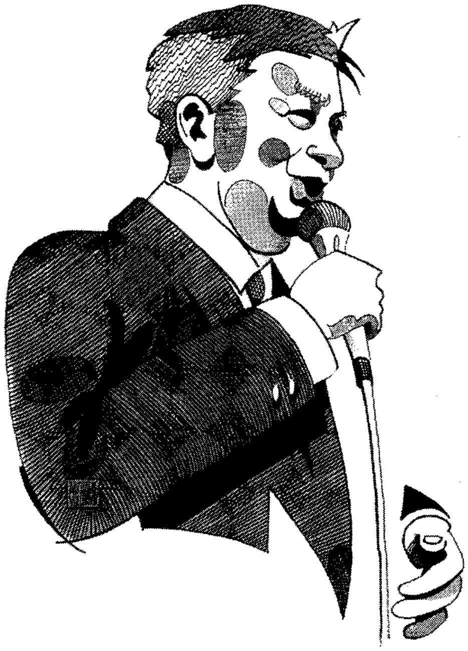
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and, for the next month or so, **MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH.** This Houston-based vocal trio—Stritch also plays piano—has a wide repertoire of vintage Broadway standards and pop. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Thursdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans' Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** performs from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by metalheads, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor at an easy pace; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. On Sept. 16, the Loren Schoenberg big band will preside over the Third Annual Duke Ellington Dance. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffitied walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Other clubs of the era have fizzled, but CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. Among them: Fire in the Kitchen (Sept. 14); Alice Donut (Sept. 15); Theories of the Old School (Sept. 18); Laughing Hyenas (Sept. 19). Music from nine-thirty on Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. A quartet belonging to longtime Count Basie saxophonist and flutist **FRANK WESS** is in swing Sept. 11-16. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a "Take no prisoners" atmosphere. Show times are Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays at midnight, and Saturdays at eleven.



Mel Tormé at Michael's Pub

Dan Lynch, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you; inside you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar. The place brightens up considerably at ten, with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

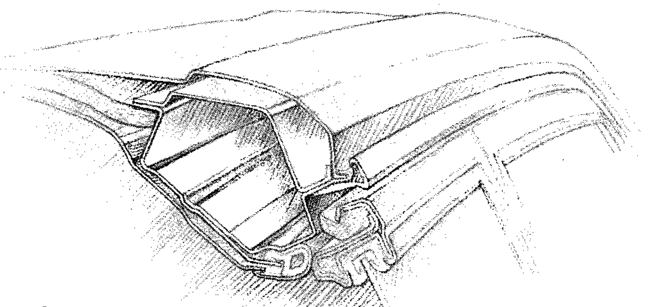
Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—The soul-food necessities—stacks of napkins and glasses of water big enough to put out a brush fire—and plenty of peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays and zydeco on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

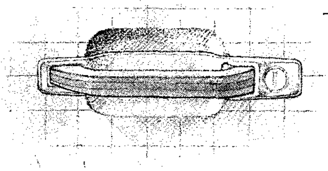
Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. Singer and composer **CASSANDRA WILSON,** whose tricky, angular songs run from jazz to funk to reggae, is in session until Sept. 16. The **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** trio begins a week-long gig Sept. 18. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the green-house roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. Pianist **MIKE WOFFORD** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** will be here Sept. 11-16. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and red-chili clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance.

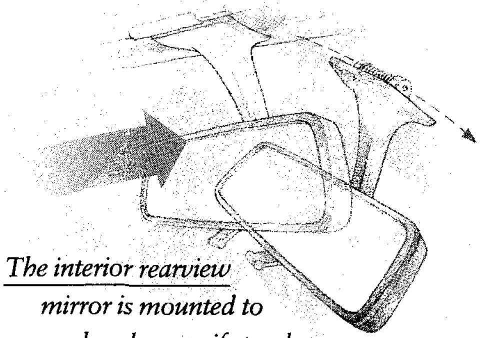
Grill 53, 111 W. 53rd St. (265-1600)—A sedate, manly, carpeted steakhouse in the Hilton Hotel that features a wide railed platform where jazz combos hold sway. The dependable hotel-style décor—green leather banquettes, turn-of-the-century pencil drawings—lets you imagine you're in any city in the world. Seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is here through Sept. 16. Music Wednesdays through Sundays at seven-thirty.

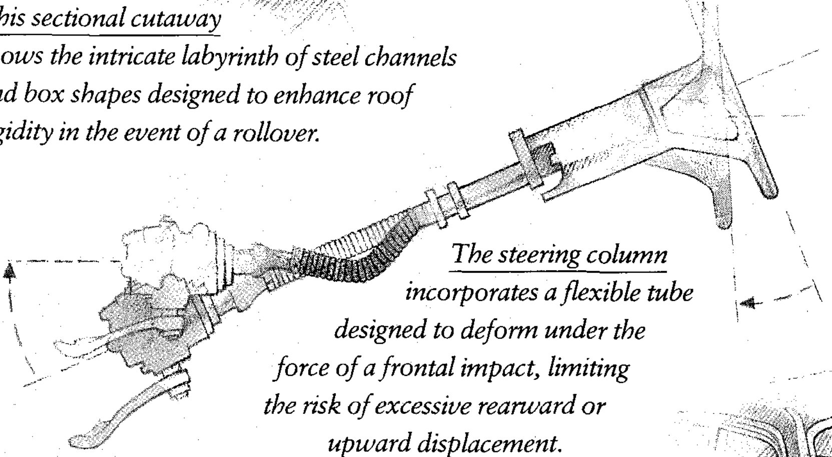




The exterior door handle is not a styled flap but a sturdy grip. Its looped shape is meant to permit maximum pulling force should rescue assistance ever be needed.

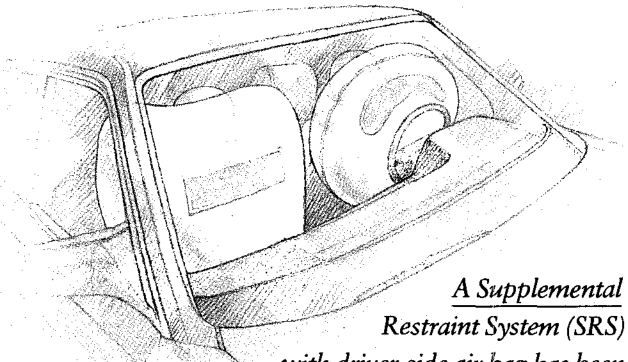
This sectional cutaway shows the intricate labyrinth of steel channels and box shapes designed to enhance roof rigidity in the event of a rollover.

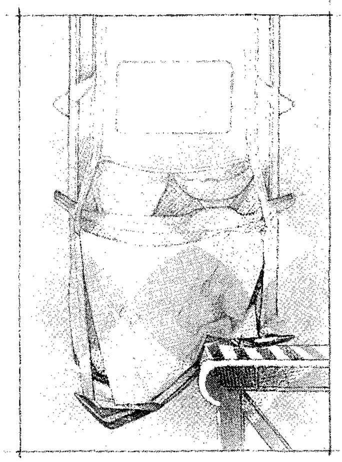




The steering column incorporates a flexible tube designed to deform under the force of a frontal impact, limiting the risk of excessive rearward or upward displacement.

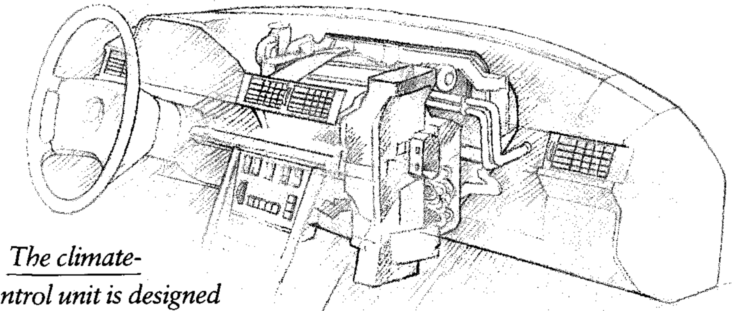
The interior rearview mirror is mounted to break away if struck with moderate force.

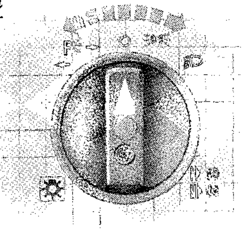




The frontal structure is designed to absorb and channel kinetic energy not only in head-on but also offset frontal impacts—more frequent and more severe. Mercedes-Benz pioneered both the basic energy-absorbing body concept and this offset enhancement.

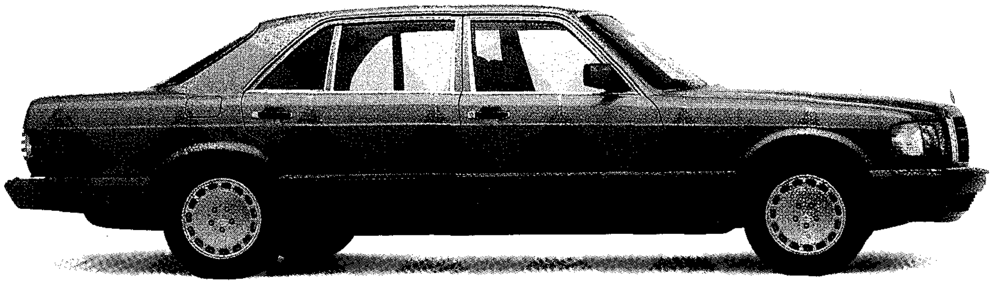
A Supplemental Restraint System (SRS) with driver-side air bag has been standard in every Mercedes-Benz since 1985. On many models, the system now includes both driver and front passenger air bags.



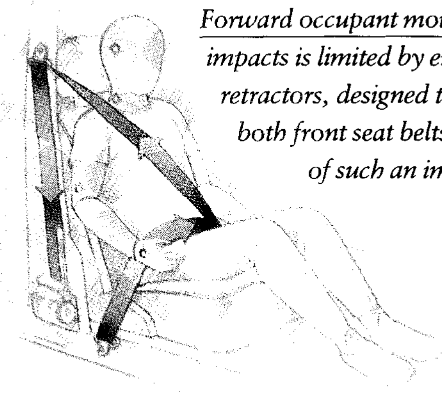


Like every interior control and lever, this recessed headlight-control switch is designed and shaped and placed to help reduce the chance of occupant injury in a severe impact.

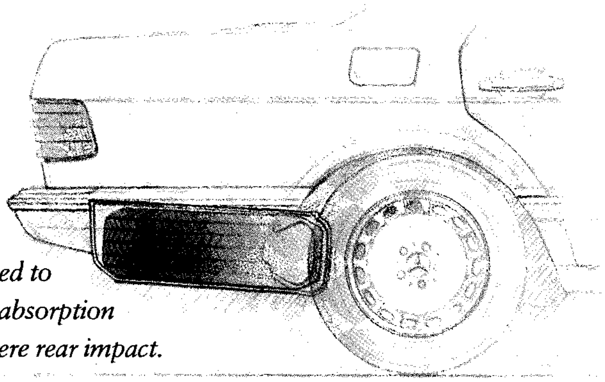
The climate-control unit is designed to be crushable in a severe impact, minimizing the risk of its being pushed rearward into the passenger area.



© 1990 Mercedes-Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, NJ

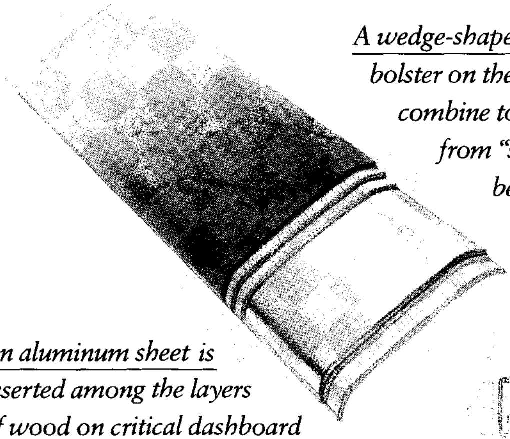


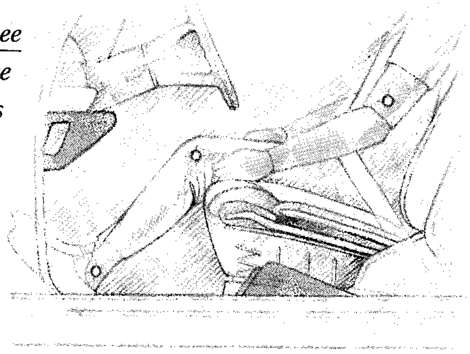
Forward occupant movement in certain impacts is limited by emergency tensioning retractors, designed to tighten slack in both front seat belts within milliseconds of such an impact.



The spare tire's placement is designed to add extra energy absorption in case of a severe rear impact.

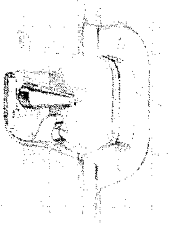
A crash course in Mercedes-Benz





A wedge-shaped seat insert and a padded knee bolster on the instrument panel's lower edge combine to help prevent front occupants from "submarining" under their seat belts in a severe frontal impact.

An aluminum sheet is inserted among the layers of wood on critical dashboard areas to help prevent splintering under the force of a direct impact.



Recognizing the importance of keeping occupants inside the car in a severe impact, Mercedes-Benz places extreme importance on door-lock design. This cone-type lock was patented in 1959 and has since been steadily refined.

The most effective single safety element is still the seat belt. So please, buckle up—even if you drive a Mercedes-Benz. For more information about Mercedes-Benz safety, call 1-800-243-9292 or visit your authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer. Some of the safety features depicted vary from model to model.

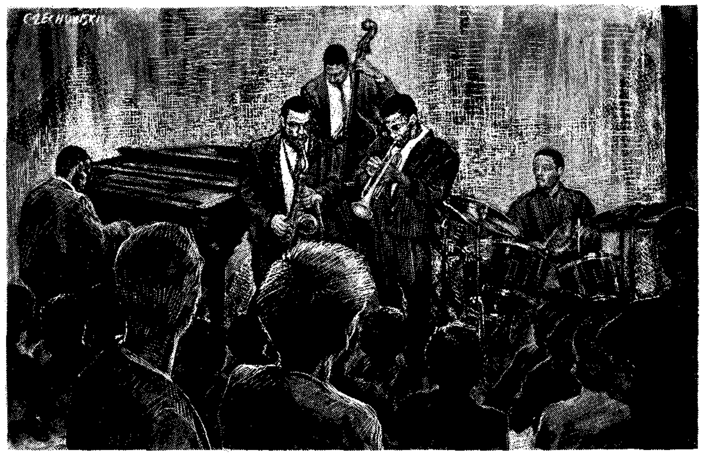
ENGINEERED LIKE NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD

NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Kilimanjaro, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—The northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the huge dance floor seldom lies fallow. **SAM FAN THOMAS** will be here on Sept. 15.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. The piano-bass team of **LEE MUSIKER** and **JAY LEONHART** will be here Sept. 11-15. *Music from nine-thirty.*

Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.



The Harper Brothers at the Village Vanguard

M.K., Fifth Ave. at 25th St. (779-1340)—Live jazz every Saturday night at ten—go figure. A quintet led by **JUNIOR COOK,** with Cecil Payne on sax, performs on Sept. 15. Dining.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—A recent addition to the little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Don't go expecting to be sprayed with soapy water and massaged by large brushes: the fluorescent sign outside is the only car-wash reference. Inside, the place looks like an adman's idea of a blues bar. Bo Diddley, Jr., performs here Sept. 14-15.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St., between Tenth and Eleventh Aves. (929-3257)—A Palladium-style venue on what is, at night, a more or less deserted block. Outside, there's an airplane diving into the roof; inside, there's some weird lighting and art, and about as many college kids as live in Boston. The sound system, which seems just right for records, is not so reliable when it comes to live acts. On a recent visit, in fact, the sound was so bad that one would have sworn there was an intern at the mixing board.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. **MEL TORMÉ,** whose incredibly well-preserved pop-jazz baritone can be heard here as of Sept. 11, was singing on the radio regularly by the age of four. Since then, he co-wrote that song about "chestnuts roasting on an open fire"; he made his movie début, along with Sinatra, in "Higher and Higher"; and he penned a frank biography of Judy Garland, as well as his own autobiography, 1988's "It Wasn't All Velvet." Tormé will be performing with the fifteen-piece **BUDDY RICH BAND.** Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Golden-girl singer-actress **SUSAN ANTON,** who made her Broadway début in David Rabe's "Hurlyburly" and who appeared in "Cannonball Run II," but who was never one of Charlie's Angels, is in residence just now. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. Tuesdays are the property of **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** a band that relies on period instruments, old-fashioned felt-bannered music stands, and original-score arrangements to re-create the look and sound of a thirties swing outfit. *Music begins at six on Sundays, at eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine Fridays and Saturdays.*

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you can usually find some worthwhile bands. **BILLY BRAGG** performs here on Sept. 15. *Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.*

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up *and set 'em down to* sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. New Orleans' **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** performs Sept. 13; **GATO BARBIERI** comes in for a two-night stand on Sept. 19. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Spo-dee-o-dee, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A night club in a part of Chelsea the real-estate agents don't show you. It's a modest-sized space, with room to dance, a stage that's occupied most nights, and a décor that includes Victorian-style chandeliers, movie-theatre drapes, and murals of Cotton Club-era dancers. At peak hours (late), you'll get an eyeful of waves, perms, teased and sprayed locks, lip gloss, pumps, fishnets, fringed jackets, and designer-outlet New Wave apparel.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** leads a quartet here through Sept. 16; the thundering **MC COY TYNER** begins a two-week engagement here Sept. 18. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's like an urban Disneyland (Chelsea Billiards, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is a lot bigger and a lot slicker than the old Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. On Sept. 14, guitarist **MARC RIBOT,** who has worked with Tom Waits and Elvis Costello, performs with **EVAN LURIE.**

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." The **BOBBY WATSON HORIZON QUINTET** will be here through Sept. 16, and the brash, young Washington jazz collective known as the **HARPER BROTHERS** starts up on Sept. 18. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

Woody's, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—A surprisingly reliable showcase for alternative bands. Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's club is a black-painted basement with mirrors, rotating spotlights, and enough sofas to rival Jennifer Convertibles. Stones memorabilia, with an emphasis on Ronnie himself, provide the primary decoration. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays, from about eleven.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** leads a trio here Sept. 16. Music weeknights and Sundays from eight.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Red Skelton—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 12 at 8.

Deborah Margolin—In performances of her new work, "970-DEBB," which has something to do with answering machines. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Sept. 13-16 at 9:30. Through Sept. 30.)

Karen Finley—In a week-long reprise of "We Keep Our Victims Ready." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Sept. 18-22 at 8.)

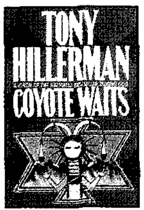
Ann Meredith—Presenting ". . . And No One Heard Me Scream," a piece about incest. (Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Sept. 20 and Sept. 22 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 619-1955.)

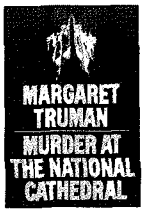
HOUSE PROUD

At 324-330 West 43rd Street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, there is an apartment house in full, unusual bloom. Signs posted on the building say "Keep Out" and "No Loitering," but nobody pays any attention; everyone in the neighborhood seems to congregate there, attracted by nine window boxes and one clambering vine, all blossoming like mad. Several years ago the flowers were real. But now their colors (sophisticated grays, hot pinks, yellows and reds) and their shapes (unchanging) derive not from nature but from Woolworth's. Paulie Schaum, a resident of the building for thirty-three years and the man in charge of its over-all design concept, says that he switched from real to fake flowers to avoid vandalism. Described by his neighbors as "a born artist," Paulie doesn't stick to just flowers: in the past he's decorated the place with dolls, and right now the sidewalk adjacent to his front stoop is painted with his impressionistic rendering of the hazy sky. With a surrealistic flourish, he's posed an apple and a peach in a couple of the window boxes, and the perfectly manicured hand of a mannequin emerges from the soil of another. Paulie, who worked as a hairdresser for years—with the Copacabana girls and at his own shop, the Fifty-Eighth Street Powder Puff (his specialties were the beehive and the pageboy)—has big plans for the block's future. They include painting a street lamp to simulate a back yard enclosed by a picket fence; erecting a Star of David constructed from window-shade sticks; and adorning a curbside tree with Christmas lights varnished with red nail polish. His motivation: "I live here. I want it to look nice."

Get the Mysteries Everyone's Raven About… At Your Chamber Door.

Tap into *Mystery Guild* membership with savings no mortal ever dared to dream before. *40% to 60% off publishers' edition prices.* At least that much . . . *and sometimes more!*


TONY HILLERMAN
COYOTE WAITS
3368 $19.95/**$7.98**

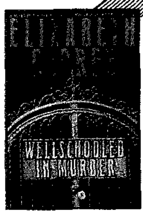

MARGARET TRUMAN
MURDER AT THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL
3376 $18.95/**$7.98**

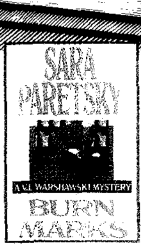
MILK AND HONEY
FAYE KELLERMAN
*1990 $17.95/**$6.98**

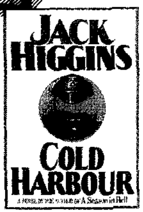
STARDUST
ROBERT B. PARKER
1495 $18.95/**$7.98**

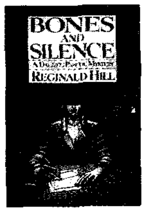
ED McBAIN
THREE BLIND MICE
A NOVEL
0034 $18.95/**$7.98**

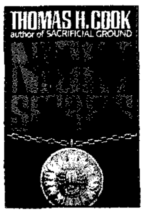
"G" is for Gumshoe
SUE GRAFTON
2600 $16.95/**$7.98**

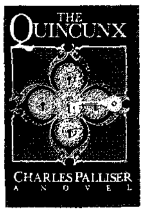

ELIZABETH GEORGE
WELL-SCHOOLED IN MURDER
6544 $17.95/**$7.98**

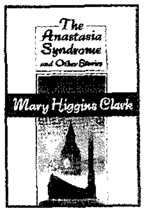

SARA PARETSKY
A V.I. WARSHAWSKI MYSTERY
BURN MARKS
2089 $18.95/**$7.98**


JACK HIGGINS
COLD HARBOUR
3269 $19.95/**$10.98**

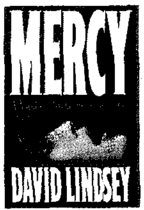

BONES AND SILENCE
REGINALD HILL
6551 $17.95/**$7.98**


THOMAS H. COOK
author of SACRIFICIAL GROUND
NIGHT SECRETS
6569 $18.95/**$7.98**


THE QUINCUNX
CHARLES PALLISER
A NOVEL
6577 $25.00/**$12.98**

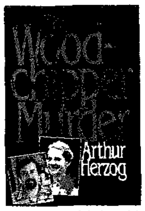

The Anastasia Syndrome and Other Stories
Mary Higgins Clark
9878 $19.95/**$11.98**

THE WENCH IS DEAD
COLIN DEXTER
2998 $15.95/**$8.98**

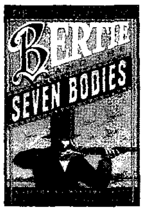

MERCY
DAVID LINDSEY
*3244 $21.95/**$12.98**

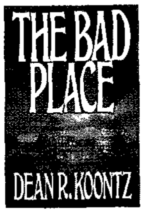
Put an end to midnights dreary.

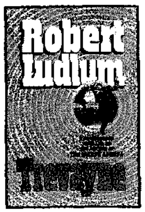
Take 6 books for 99¢ when you join now!

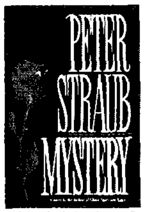

Woodchopper Murder
Arthur Herzog
*3046 $18.95/**$10.98**

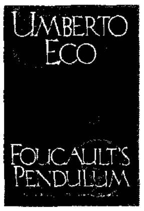
JOHN MORTIMER
THE NARROWING STREAM
2709 $17.95/**$10.98**

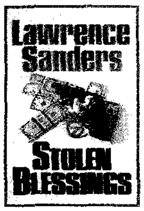

BERNIE
SEVEN BODIES
2170 $16.95/**$7.98**


THE BAD PLACE
DEAN R. KOONTZ
*2626 $19.95/**$11.98**


Robert Ludlum
Trevayne
2113 **$7.98x**


PETER STRAUB
MYSTERY
2980 $19.95/**$11.98**

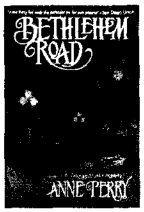

UMBERTO ECO
FOUCAULT'S PENDULUM
2915 $22.95/**$7.98**


Lawrence Sanders
STOLEN BLESSINGS
2568 **$9.98x**

Martha Grimes
The Old Silent
6478 $18.95/**$7.98**

POODLE SPRINGS
RAYMOND CHANDLER
ROBERT B. PARKER
1818 $18.95/**$6.98**

THE MYSTERY LOVERS COMPANION
8011 $16.95/**$7.98**


BETHLEHEM ROAD
ANNE PERRY
3293 $19.95/**$7.98**

Prices in fine print are for publishers' editions. **Prices in bold print are for Club hardcover editions.** **x Hardcover edition exclusively for Club members** * Explicit scenes and/or language

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU JOIN…

6 BOOKS FOR 99¢. Send no money now. You'll be billed 99¢, plus shipping and handling, when your membership is accepted.

A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION. If you're not 100% satisfied with your books, return them within 10 days *at our expense*. Your membership will be canceled and you'll owe nothing.

THE FREE CLUB MAGAZINE. You'll receive 14 issues a year. Each issue includes the Featured Selection(s) plus a number of Alternates—some exclusive Club editions. Twice a year, you may also receive offers of Special Selections.

SHOPPING MADE SIMPLE. To get the Featured Selection(s), *do nothing*—it will be sent automatically. If you prefer another book—or none at all—simply return your Member Reply Form by the date shown. A shipping and handling charge is added to each order.

AN EASY-TO-MEET OBLIGATION. Take up to 1 year to buy 4 more books at regular low Club prices. Afterwards, you may resign membership anytime. Or you may continue to enjoy the benefits of belonging to *Mystery Guild.*

HUGE DISCOUNTS . . . from 40% to 60% off publishers' hardcover editions. Club books are sometimes altered in size to fit special presses.

RISK-FREE RETURN PRIVILEGES. If you get an unwanted book because your Club magazine came late and you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return the book *at our expense.*

MYSTERY® G·U·I·L·D

OVER 40 YEARS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MYSTERIES

MAIL TO:
Mystery Guild
Garden City, NY 11530

Please write book numbers here:

17291 23

YES! Please enroll me in *Mystery Guild* according to the risk-free membership plan described in this ad. Send me the 6 BOOKS I've indicated. Bill me just 99¢, plus shipping and handling.

Mr./Mrs.
Miss/Ms. ______________________________
please print

Address ______________________________ Apt. ________

City ____________________ State ________ Zip ________

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members serviced from Canada, where offer is slightly different. Sales tax added where applicable. We reserve the right to reject any application.

NYK 9/17/90

ART

PETER PENNOYER'S "Doghouse for Small Dogs" is actually the tallest edifice on view in an architectural show at the Cooper-Hewitt that also includes such witty canine-minded fantasies as Ted Porter's "Bauwauhaus"; Lee Skolnick's suburban "Lap Dog Pool House"; Donna Seftel's four-part deconstructionist "Tecton House" (a dog's "machine for living"); a "Trojan Dog," by Lewis Davis and William H. Paxson; and a delightfully funky picket-fence-and-AstroTurf affair by Ron Chung, who was inspired by the idea of a modern-day Tom Sawyer—boy-dog extraordinaire. There are also a couple of gingerbreadish dog-biscuit constructions, as well as a pair of homages to the Seeing Eye dog that feature Braille, one of which proposes Masonic symbolism and the other an A-frame roof in the shape of an open book. And there is Smart Design's "Lassie Come Home"—an old TV console painted blue, with a picture of June Lockhart and company on the inside—which could be read as an homage to Nam June Paik.

Pennoyer's place, however, was definitely *the* place to be. Designed to make little yappers feel real big, it is deck-painted in a shade of pale buff with piny-green trim, and its boxlike base—the living quarters—gives way to an open midsection made up of columns, of the osteopathic order, that in turn support a cupola. This modest Yankee dome is graced by a timepiece whose otherwise plainspoken face is ornamented by the silhouette of a terrier and by bony clock hands that echo the attenuated, tibia-shaped stele underneath. A pert little varsity flag tops this all off, and it, too, sports the emblem of a bone, in lieu of an alma mater, a Jolly Roger, or the ineffable monogram of some formidable summer establishment—the Casino Lawn in Newport, perhaps, or the track in Saratoga. Architectural whiffs of Ledoux and Inigo Jones, of Stanford White and Palladio, float about this dogged little folly. Bareboned as it may be, it sure ain't no dog's manger: it's definitely U.

Lynda Benglis

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective featuring eighty paintings and thirty drawings by the British artist Joseph Wright (1734-97). . . . ¶ "Glories of the Past" is an exhibition of bronze and marble sculptures, vases, and jewelry made between 5000 B.C. and A.D. 800 that focusses on works from the Mediterranean and the Near East. Starts Sept. 14. . . . ¶ "Art of Central Africa" is a dense and compact show drawn from the nineteenth-century holdings of the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Berlin, and includes some of the finest works known from Angola, the People's Republic of Congo, and southern Zaire. The range is quite extraordinary, but the strongest works are the "power figures," which were used for curing afflictions and for revenge. Each figure has an intense gaze, usually with its tongue sticking out of a rounded mouth, as if it were in some remote, drugged state. The most riveting figure is almost completely covered with fierce iron spikes, which were driven into it to unleash its powers. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ "Chess and Art." Perhaps Duchamp would have abandoned making art for the cerebral game of chess had he been the holder of this offbeat collection of fanciful chess sets. Included are chess pieces from various Middle Eastern cultures dating from the seventh century to the twelfth; a travelling set from nineteen-twenties Nigeria with a rollable board of hide; a particularly elaborate fourteenth-century European knight carved in walrus tusk in the form of St. George and the Dragon; and the famed "Crimean War" set from the mid-nineteenth century, with the white side representing the coalition against Russia, the major pieces being portraits of the various European and North African members of the alliance (the Russian aristocracy, ironically, are the reds). There is also a particularly surreal set from 1885, with owls, walruses, and bears, and Man Ray's enigmatic geometric sets, with their own understated surreal touch. . . . ¶ "Reflections of the Floating World," an exhibition of Japanese Edo Period (1603-1868) wood-block prints that deal with the reflective quality of mirrors and water. Included are works by Utamaro, Hokusai, and Hiroshige. Through Oct. 28. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden is open (when the weather is fine), with a new lineup of twentieth-century sculptures and a sixty-five-foot shade-providing pergola. Through Oct. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

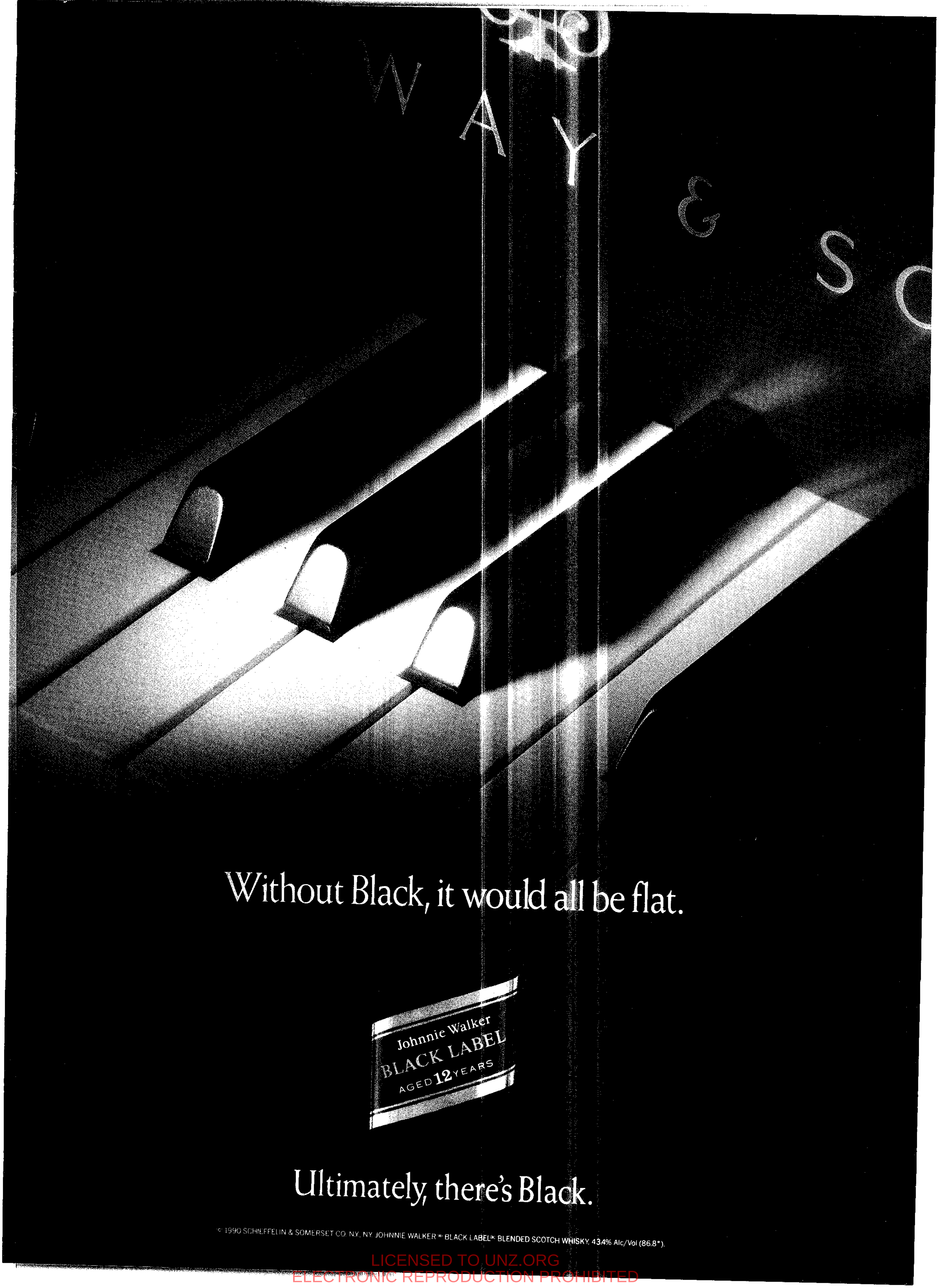
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"First Light." Printmaking is not a medium one would expect James Turrell to excel at, but this suite of twenty etchings is glorious. Each depicts a white "light" form—a triangle, a cube, a plane—floating in an otherwise darkened room, usually in a corner. The viewer is drawn to each form like a bug to light, and the effect is similar to that of the artist's sublime light environments. They recall the early corner paintings of Robert Moskowitz, but they are much more sensate. With their progression of shapes from print to print they are also reminiscent of the systemic drawings and prints of Sol LeWitt, although they are mysterious in a way LeWitt's never are. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A group of ten grisaille drawings by Ed Ruscha called "Some Los Angeles Apartments," made in 1965 in conjunction with the photography book of the same name. Ruscha is an artist who loves the look of graphics, and in these renderings of postwar residential buildings, such as the Bronson Tropics, the Normandie, and the Beverly Glen, you can see how carefully he emulates the effects of airbrushing and other tricks. There is almost always a poetic absurdism to Ruscha's work. Here it is the fact that these portraits of existing apartment houses look like architectural proposals that have come straight off the drawing board. They are drawn as if they were meant to convince a developer. It is both funny and touching that this artist could have such vast and untrammelled hope about what may have inspired another to write a "Day of the Locust." Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ A retrospective of nearly a hundred paintings, constructions, and drawings by Burgoyne Diller (1906-65). Starts Sept. 14. (A show of drawings is at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ If an artist's value were measured by his influence, Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) would certainly be among the most important of this century: he trained more young American hopefuls than anyone else. But one need only have looked at MOMA's recent "Matisse in Morocco" show to realize that Hofmann was a fine but ultimately minor artist. He certainly knew how to paint, and there are many charmers in this meticulously arranged retrospective, along with a few great paintings—"Memoria in Aeternum" and "Song of the Nightingale" float to the top. But there's also a lot of well-balanced glop. Hofmann represents the beginning of the end for abstract painting, offering vision without ever being a visionary. In the long run he may be best remembered not as the mentor of Burgoyne Diller, Louise Nevelson, Alfred Jensen, and Helen Frankenthaler but as the dean of abstract painting, a teacher who transformed scores of unfocussed artists into competent ones by training them to make "good" compositions that "worked." Through Sept. 16. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A display of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings and works on paper titled "Monet and His Contemporaries." Included are five works by Monet, and others by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, and Picasso. Starts Sept. 14. . . . ¶ "Caribbean Festival Arts" presents costumes, masks, videotapes, music, and photographs related to the traditional celebrations of Jonkonnu, Carnival, and the Islamic Hosay. The thirty-six costume ensembles include materials such as mirrors, feathers, sequins, and beads, and range from human scale to sixteen feet tall. Through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Too little attention is given to installation art nowadays, but if this exhibition—the third in a series on artists working in Brooklyn—is an accurate representation, it's best left in obscurity. Much of the fifth floor of the museum has been converted into a sort of freak show, but one low on entertainment value. There are "pictures" that tell stories when you open their doors, paintings that emit music, works that light up, even a fountain that churns what looks like cherry-colored septic waste. The sometimes provocative collaborative group TODT is represented by a trite work, best described as a yucky post-industrial surgery center, complete with metal catwalks, X-rays of deformed children, and examining-room furniture that suggests torture. If you exit the show here, you will enter a display of American paintings, and face John Singer Sargent's "Portrait of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley," which depicts the kind of perfectly charmed leisure world that could very well have inspired TODT's horrific vision. The rosy-cheeked Mrs. Hammersley is poised in a red velvet gown on her satin davenport, fresh as the moment she arrived for her sitting. The artist's brush is at its most animated, with each stroke serving a purpose. For all its age and tradition the portrait is fresher than any of the installation work behind it. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

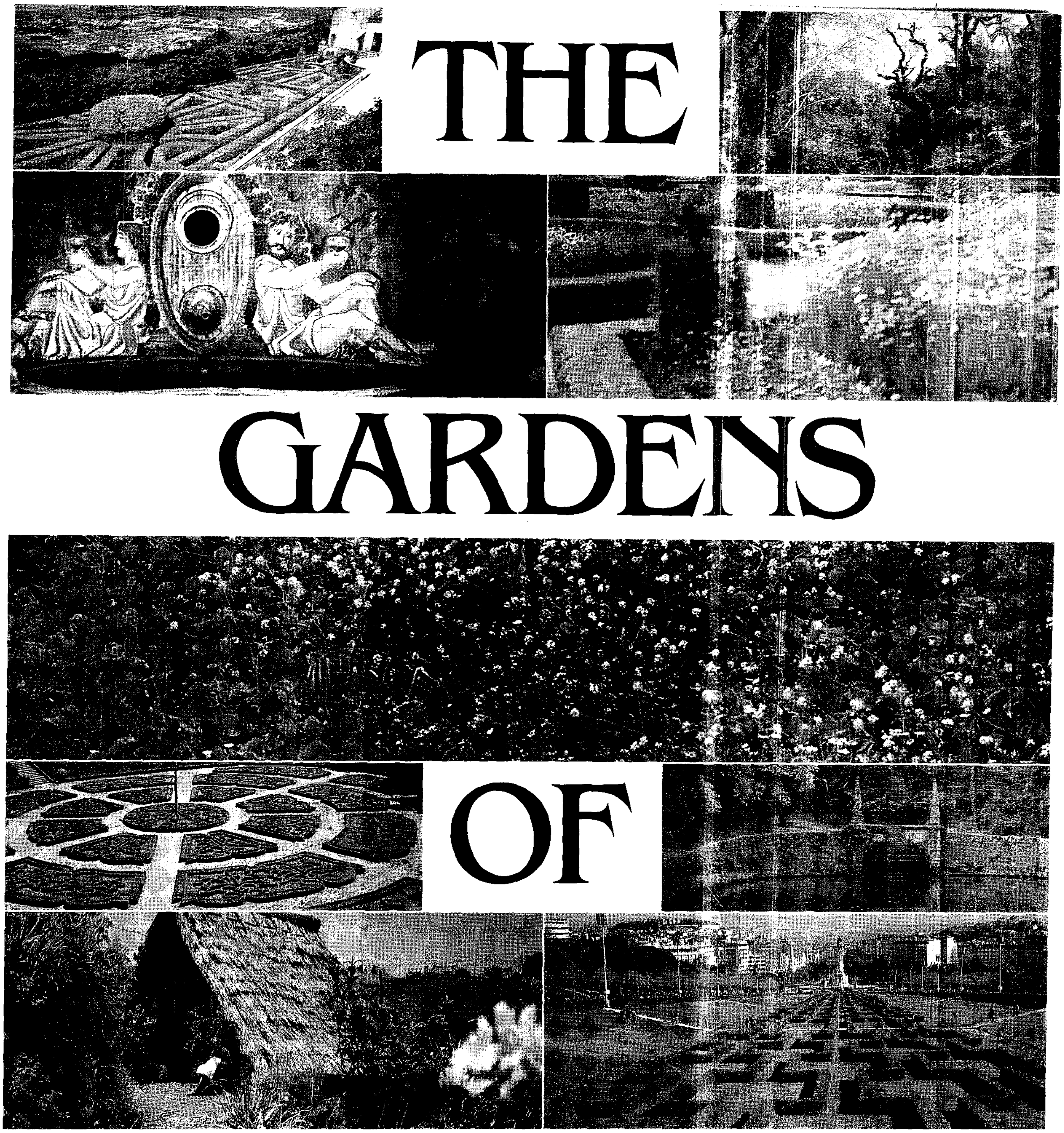
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shortly after King Leopold II of Belgium was forced to end his rampage through the inappropriately named Congo Free State—today's Zaire —this museum mounted an expedition through that vast area which employed thirty-eight thousand porters and lasted from 1909 to 1915. The travellers brought back fifty-four tons of collectibles, most notably the rare animals that continue to grace the dioramas in the Akeley Hall of African Mammals. This show is primarily made up of objects relating to the expedition and accumulated from the Mangbetu people of what is now northeastern Zaire: musical instruments with highly inventive figurative carvings; photographs of people with outrageous hats and hairdos; books such as "The Curse of Central Africa," from 1903, by Captain Guy Burrows; sculptures with Brancusiesque faces that should inspire further rethinking of the history of abstraction; and numerous pieces that display colonial references, including gourds carved with images of armed soldiers. (Open


WAY & SO
Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS

Without Black, it would all be flat.

Ultimately, there's Black.

© 1990 SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO. NY, NY. JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).



THE GARDENS OF PORTUGAL

The blazing array of flowers along a simple country road. The elegant flowered terraces of an 18th century palace. Madeira and The Azores, rising above the sea like islands of orchids. All of Portugal is a garden, where beauty grows around every turn. It's truly a land of discoveries.

Portugal
Where Europe meets the Atlantic

TAP AIR PORTUGAL

For an information kit write: Portuguese National Tourist Office, P.O. Box 9016, Dept. DMNKI, East Setauket, N.Y. 11733-9016.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ninety-three works from the forties to the present by the fibre artist Ed Rossbach. After his later student days at the Cranbrook Academy of Art, where he produced the sombre and restrained fabric design (1947) on view, Rossbach went on to explore numerous textile techniques. But it was when he cut loose, concentrating less on technique than on the play of his imagination, that he excelled, such as in "Early Cross" (1967), a woven cloth that resembles a fragment of a fresco with Coptic imagery. Despite its religious-sounding title, it was named for his neighbor Mrs. Cross, whom he saw each morning retrieving her newspaper in a pink bathrobe. In his basketwork Rossbach was even more whimsical: note the origami basket from 1981 that combines a Japanese form with a Mickey Mouse image (a recurrent motif), or the brilliantly colored rag basket of 1973 with Op references. Through Nov. 4. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

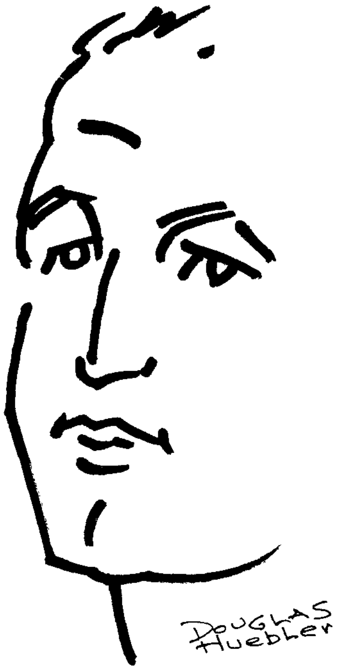
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are on view in the museum's garden. Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ An exhibition of nearly two hundred pieces of elaborately worked gold jewelry spanning four thousand years of Grecian culture. From the Benaki Museum, in Athens. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Seventy-eight drawings and watercolors by the German artist Adolph Menzel (1815-1905). Through Nov. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Why I Got Into TV and Other Stories." Ilene Segalove is a regular on the video circuit. Her taped stories, as well as her radio programs and photographic collages—the subject of this "mid-career" retrospective—are about growing up in TV land. The works define the chasm between her mother's generation of happy homemakers and her own generation, between the ideals of male art and the everyday realities of women. Her stories are delivered, as one might expect, with a heavy dose of irony. Sometimes her wives have shaken their shackles: one tape begins with the narration "Prometheus Unbound: Gloria Unbound. I haven't worn a girdle in twenty years." But often their liberation consists of no more than overthrowing the tedium of homemade clothing starch with wash-and-wear leisure suits. There are moments of surrealistic resonance, like the videotape of a wife who declares, "I thank God every day that I was born in California," or the photograph in which the artist has erased her nipples in imitation of Barbie. But for the most part Segalove's work falls flat and remains in the shadow of Baldessari's. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ "A Day in the Warsaw Ghetto" is an exhibition of eighty-five photographs taken in September, 1941, by German Army sergeant Heinz Jöst. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A show of ten paintings and drawings, and a contemporary interpretation of a sukkah, or improvised shelter, by the artist Eli Content. Through Nov. 1. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Jacques Marchais Center of Tibetan Art, 338 Lighthouse Ave., Staten Island—Jacqueline Norman Klauber was one of those great, eccentric travellers who steep themselves in a place without ever going there. Under the name Jacques Marchais, she amassed a very good collection of Tibetan art, and to house it she built a structure resembling a Tibetan mountain temple, with an acoustic-tile ceiling and rustic New York State fieldstone. It's one of New York's sweeter museums, located in a quiet hillside neighborhood on Staten Island and surrounded by a modest terraced garden. Marchais, a Midwesterner, took her Tibet seriously. "According to Buddhist law," one wall label explains, "a monk's vow can be taken when a child is old enough to scare a crow." She filled an altar and several display cases with ritualistic objects, sculptures of various deities, and portrait statues of lamas; most of this material is less than a few hundred years old. There is a curious collection of eleven silver implements used by the Sixth Panchen Lama to perform a fire ceremony, a set of wood purgatory guardian figures, some elaborate cups made of human skulls, and several aprons carved from human bones. Through Nov. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			



Self-portrait by Douglas Huebler

Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—In a show of works by three mid-career Puerto Rican sculptors, Melquíades Rosario, the youngest, is by far the most compelling. His sculptures—of raw and smoothed wood and, to a lesser extent, concrete and stone—are very modernistic and lyrical, somewhat in the organic spirit of Louise Bourgeois's work. Antonio Navia's delicate and precisely constructed pieces are reminiscent of intricate ship models and electronic instruments. Also on display are several ceramic works by Jaime Suárez. Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ "Art Underground: A Public Art Project by Nitza Tufiño," a show of drawings, ceramic decorations, and two murals to be installed in the subway station at 103rd Street and Lexington Avenue this fall. The work is far less inspirational than the ceramic-tile decorations for the Broadway-and-86th-Street station that the artist did in collaboration with twelve secondary-school students. Through Sept. 16. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The Gibson Girl did everything: she boated, she bicycled, she played tennis, she drove, she partied, and she married. Of course, all of these pursuits demanded different costumes, and Charles Dana Gibson's turn-of-the-century drawings created the kind of versatile mystique that would make Calvin Klein fall off his horse. The Gibson Girl's heyday, from 1895 to 1905, is celebrated in this show of fourteen full costumes, along with drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective featuring fifty-nine works by Gari Melchers (1860-1932). Included are portraits, religious scenes, landscapes, and nudes. Through Nov. 4. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"From Receiver to Remote Control" will explore the impact of the television set on twentieth-century America. On display will be more than a hundred then and now sets, along with VCRs and other TV paraphernalia. Viewers will even have a chance to participate in some of the installations (don't touch that dial!). Starts Sept. 14. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition that reunites more than sixty of the American paintings that were displayed at the 1889 World's Fair, in Paris. Included are works by John Singer Sargent, Theodore Robinson, William Merritt Chase, and James McNeill Whistler. Through Nov. 15. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures to several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. Through Nov. 28. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Michael Kidner—A latter-day Constructivist whose work is generated by systems governing algebraic permutations and the "optics of color." Kidner has a nice, plummy, boatman's or carpenter's sense of materials, particularly wood and string. "The Net (From Mies van der Rohe to Freiburg Cathedral)," a 1987 movable wall construction made of elastic, wood, hooks, and steel rings, is arguably the pièce de résistance. It suggests a platform-tennis court deconstructed by a mercurial and romantic ball boy. Here, as elsewhere, we are met with an impeccable nonobjective literalism. Through Oct. 20. (Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Rediscovering Pompeii"—The mood of this show of recent excavations is fascinating and bizarre. Viewers in the darkened rooms of the main exhibition space are greeted by a recessed circular pit containing a "Woman from Oplontis," whose painfully contorted remains are cast in resin. Among the many gorgeous and refined objects here is the dazzling "Bronze Hand from the Cult of Sabazius." It not only rivals Donatello but serves as one of the very few overt examples of the Pompeians' focus on sex—their unabashed and very famous erotica was a cornerstone of daily life. This fact is discreetly mentioned in the exhibition, yet only Sabazius' busy hand and one Augustine phallus, it seems, were considered fit for our eyes in this age. Through Sept. 15. (I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art, Madison Ave. at 56th St.)

Group Show—A crisp and quirky glimpse of work by four very different painters who are not necessarily what they seem. The inspired and rather maniacal Mike Bidlo, best known for his impeccably "forged" Pollocks and Picassos, is represented here by one early and one very late de Chirico—so late, in fact, that it suggests early-eighties East Village art. Jane Kaplowitz, too, is known for anxious modernist reprises, most recently seen in a 1988 show of very intelligent and offbeat cartoons, but now she has broken through to the more insouciant realm of . . . wallpaper borders! Her big painting is of a blown-up bird-with-nest repeat—delivered faithfully, in soft decorator colors—but it also seems to be a sort of reductio ad absurdum, kinda rueful and kinda sweet, on the theme of motherhood. I. Rice Pereira's painting is an abstract tossup of dippiness and acidity, geometry and wooziness—a deadpan echo of the Whitney's Hans Hofmann show. And Rob Wynne, the abstract painter who (along with Kaplowitz) organized this endearingly neurotic exhibition, is by inclination a romantic but seems to mistrust the repercussions of

PUT ON THE DOG

Now you can wear all the personality and wit of *The New Yorker.* This 100% cotton T-shirt featuring the irascible bull terrier created by New Yorker artist George Booth will suit the magazine's fans to a tee.

670075

Please send me the following Booth dog T-shirts:

___ Large (111013) @ $14.95 each = $______

___ Extra Large (111021) @ $14.95 each = $______

Include sales tax in
CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY = $______

Shipping $2.50 per shirt = $______

My check or money order for
is enclosed = $______

Send order to:

New Yorker Wear℠
P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

Name ______

Address ______
UPS will not deliver to P.O. Box, please use street address.

City ______

State/Zip ______

Please allow 4–6 weeks delivery. U.S. and Canada only.

© 1990 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

TIME WARP

At the cobbled corner of Joralemon Street and Willow Place, in Brooklyn Heights, a pedestrian picks up the sound of what could be the wild rapids of a nearby river. Along Willow Place, the sound swells and, at No. 27, reaches a deafening roar. The source is Substation 21 of the New York Transit Authority, whose function is to convert A.C. power (purchased from the New York Power Authority) to D.C. as juice for the subway system. The station is one of the last sixteen manually operated substations, which once numbered fifty. Beyond the locked gates (the inner doors are left open in clement weather) you can see seven elephantine (sixty-two-and-a-half-ton) rotary converters, resembling cast-iron-enclosed paddle wheels of a gargantuan, mythical ferryboat. Their dark-green painted armatures, with burnished copper and brass fittings, are illuminated by a string of light bulbs around the fifty-foot-high ceiling—in the evening, their eerily lighted forms are even more clearly delineated and magisterial.

While you can't get past the gate at Willow Place, a fifteen-minute walk away, at the New York Transit Museum (at the corner of Boerum Place and Schermerhorn Street; through Jan. 5), is a display including photographs of substation interiors by Gerald Weinstein, who has devoted the past ten years to documenting historic technology. His photographs contain no people—they're sheer celebrations of the machine. (Substation 21 is seen in "Rotary Board," with its meters and levers seemingly frozen in time.) "These few remaining substations are archeological sites of early-twentieth-century electrical engineering," Mr. Weinstein says. "Gradually, the machines are being replaced by rectifiers. A rectifier is a box with dials. It sits there and hums. With nothing to excite the imagination, they're hard to photograph."

overt romanticism on a contemporary audience. His two snappy paintings have a bright polka-dot façade, but in their drips we may think we're seeing the tracks of their tears. These artists all play it cool and matter of fact, but something hotter and stranger lurks beneath their accomplished surfaces: they may all be closet Pagliaccis. Through Sept. 15. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

SEASON OPENERS—**ROBERT ARNESON,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (starts Sept. 14); **LYNDA BENGLIS,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Sept. 29); **ROBERT BIRMELIN,** Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through Oct. 6); **JOANNE CARSON** and **JAN HOLCOMB,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 6); **LOVIS CORINTH,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 3); **WILLEM DE KOONING,** Salander O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 15); **HERBERT FERBER,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Oct. 4); **RAFAEL FERRER,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through Oct. 3); **BARRY FLANAGAN,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (starts Sept. 14); **MAURICE GOLUBOV,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Sept. 25); **HARRY HOLTZMAN,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 27); **DOUGLAS HUEBLER** and **MICHAEL GONZALEZ,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 6); **RALPH HUMPHREY,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Oct. 6); **PATRICK IRELAND,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 1); **MICHAEL KESSLER,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through Sept. 29); **JAMES LITTLE,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Oct. 2); **ANDREW MASULLO,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Oct. 6); **PIETER LAURENS MOL,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 6); **DAVID NELSON,** Petersburg, 130 Prince St. (through Sept. 29); **RICHARD NONAS,** Burgin, 130 Prince St. (starts Sept. 14); **BEVERLY PEPPER** and **BURGOYNE DILLER,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 6); **ADRIAN PIPER,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Sept. 29); **ROBERT STACKHOUSE,** Dolan Maxwell, 154 Wooster St. (through Oct. 6); **PAT STEIR,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 6); **STEPHEN TANIS,** French, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Sept. 29); **ROBIN WINTERS,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through Oct. 3).

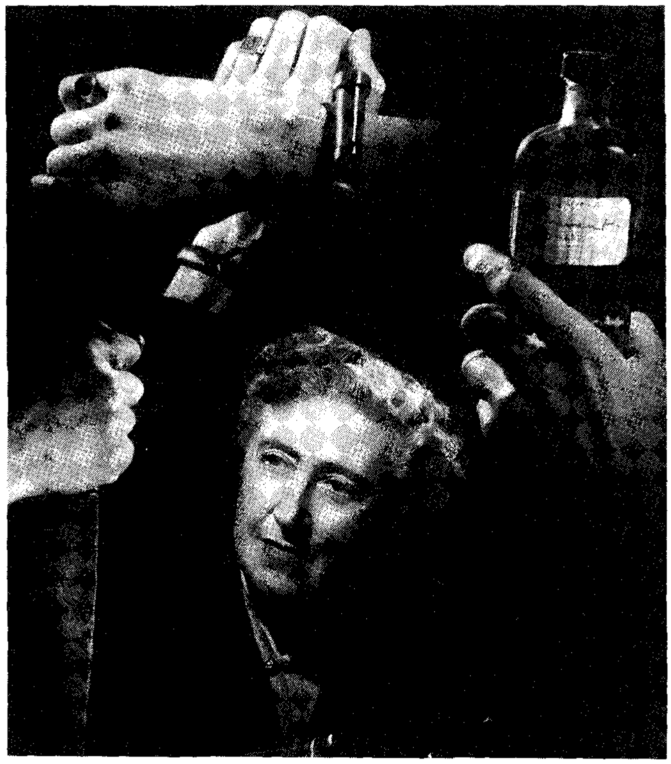
OTHER VENUES

ARTHUR GETZ—An exhibition of forty-seven works, including sketches and original paintings for *New Yorker* covers. Through Oct. 13. (Illustration House, 96 Spring St.)

THE ANCHORAGE—The artists exhibiting this summer in New York's most dramatic space for contemporary art, the vaulted brick anchorage beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, take very seriously the various indications that our golden society is falling apart. As usual, the quality is uneven, and some things look much better than they actually are. There is an overabundance of sound installations with echoing voices and low-level, mood-evoking blue lights. (One includes the spoken text "We are the names of time. To talk is human.") But there are also some very affecting works. Jim Goldberg has constructed a full-size house of the picket-fence variety; on its exterior he has projected slides of homeless youths and their drawings, which describe in documentary detail the squalor, danger, and isolation in which they live. Nancy Rubins has erected a personal public monument, a memorial to a collaborator who died recently of AIDS. It is a massive piece that is composed of a huge dead oak tree and sixty thousand pounds of rubble from a sculpture they constructed together, most of it contained now in sealed metal cases. In a simple, stark sound show, Jerry Allyn makes such commonsense statements as "Jasper Johns sells in the millions, paintings with defaced flag use" and "Wouldn't you love to hear Rohrabacher tell us why Courbet's rollicking, and decidedly lesbian-looking, women are glorious?," and repeatedly wonders what it would take to "get the sixty per cent we rarely hear from to write to their Senate and their Congress" in support of freedom of speech and the N.E.A. Through Oct. 7. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

SNUG HARBOR CULTURAL CENTER, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island—The 1990 sculpture festival features the usual range of lacklustre, uninspired public art on these otherwise splendid grounds. Some of the drearier works are a multipart "environmental" piece in which an artist has placed binoculars in various locales to "frame" the landscape, and the grandly titled "Nectar for Neptune," in which a tree has been rigged so that it splatters an old fountain with a piddle of water. Some works are better, however. Kit-Yin Snyder has constructed a more fitting tribute to the site and the gods with an outdoor structure in the form of the Temple of Jupiter, at Pompeii. It echoes the five magnificent Greek Revival structures of Snug Harbor, and is made out of young evergreens and shallow reflecting pools. It's a shame this is only a temporary work. Down a dirt road worthy of Stephen King, past crumbling iron fences that are now home to occasional passages of satanic graffiti, Jeff Spaulding has arranged a number of dead trees in mock voodoo rituals, including a particularly violent cluster featuring Christmas trees that died without ever being unbound. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily, dawn to dusk.) . . . ¶ At the Newhouse Center for Contemporary Art, on the grounds of the cultural center: "Family Stories," a show of autobiographical art works, almost all of which are embarrassingly bad. Among the few exceptions are the large black-and-white staged family photographs of Nic Nicosia, and the documentary photographs of immigrant and native Chinese communities by Pok-Chi Lau. There are also some poignant drawings by Whitfield Lovell including a literal family tree, which seems to have been inspired by Hispanic folk portraiture. Through Sept. 23. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

It's murder turning 100.



Especially when you're Agatha Christie.
Join us for a week-long celebration of the late doyenne of mystery writing, starting with a revealing documentary about her own rather mysterious life.

Follow a trail of clues and sift through the evidence presented in this fascinating portrait of the reclusive Dame Agatha to discover how much fact there was in her fiction. You may come to the conclusion that she was the greatest mystery of all.

The Life Of
Agatha Christie
Sunday
September 16th
9:00 PM ET

A&E®

followed by
a week
of her greatest
mysteries

©1990 Arts & Entertainment Network HEARST/ABC NBC

PH. ALBERT WATSON - ART WORK ALAS
BASILE®
BASILE U.S.A. Inc. New York - Tel. (212) 2233322

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE hurt in the eyes of the people who are still alive in the photographs on view at the Jewish Museum is the embodiment of suffering. The subjects are Jews in the Warsaw ghetto in September, 1941—two years after the Germans conquered Poland—and the photographer was Heinz Jöst, a hotelkeeper who was a sergeant in the German Army at the time. His pictures remained a secret until ten years ago, and little is known about why he took them, leaving his intentions open to each viewer's interpretation. We're told that Jöst photographed the ghetto on his day off; it was his birthday. This fact, in conjunction with the injustice portrayed in the pictures, contributes to the overwhelming sense of tragedy with which the show is infused. These images—of starving men, women, and children; of the dead piled in mounds—are a violent shock to the psyche. A quote on display from a diary kept by a fourteen-year-old during that period says it plainly: "All these scenes are very hard to bear and I go home sad."

This is an exhibition that reveals the profound role photography can play in feeding memory and recording history; the photographs are yet another needed reminder of the cruelty that some people have had to endure, and that others have wrought. Is that what the Jews are trying to communicate as they look into the camera with such purpose? Or are they simply expressing the burden of one more abuse, here in the form of a man in a German uniform taking their pictures?

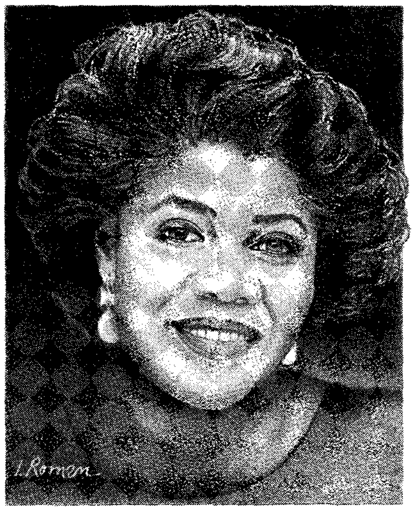
Sandy Skoglund—This artist's installations are a balancing act between kookiness and incredible things made somehow plausible. In her newest piece, "The Green House," the Borden gallery's door, floor, and walls are covered with green straw, as are the furniture and objects that fill the room. Practically the only things that aren't green are twenty-two sculptures of dogs—and they're purple. Photography crops up here in several ways. All around the room are little green straw-covered frames of the type one usually fills with family pictures. And in the back of the installation is the climax of the piece—a large photograph of a green room that's almost identical to its re-creation in this gallery. Through Sept. 29. (560 Broadway.)

Season Openers—**EVERGON,** Shainman, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 6); **RICHARD PARE,** Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (through Sept. 22); **STEPHEN JOHN PHILLIPS,** Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St. (through Sept. 29); **MAN RAY,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8, through Nov. 25); **KENNETH SNELSON** and **NICHOLAS NIXON,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Oct. 6).

MUSIC

MUSICAL events planned and promoted within New York's immigrant communities tend not to attract a mixed public. We visited a concert production of "Così Fan Tutte" sung in Korean by the Emille Opera Company last season, and don't recall seeing any obviously non-Korean faces in the audience. We do recall a lively portrayal of the Don Alfonso, some fine singing from the women, and a conductor who manifestly knew his business. The brochure for the company's presentation on September 13—highlights from "Rigoletto" and "Carmen," at Alice Tully Hall—reminds us that several artists now at the Metropolitan, City Opera, Washington Opera, and other venues have served part of their apprenticeships with the Emille Opera. (Hei-Kyung Hong, who recently graced the cover of *Opera News*, is one of them.)

Education in Western music has flourished in South Korea in the past two decades; the personnel list of any Juilliard School concert will testify to the number of Korean musicians who come to finish their training there, and teachers are growing accustomed to the reliably high level of their Korean students' technical and theoretical preparation. And Korean composers are being provided with an interesting resource: a corps of operatically trained vocalists used to expressing themselves in Korean. (The Emille troupe has produced one Korean opera, "The Tales of Maiden Choon-Hyang," by Il-Nam Chang.) So a look in on the Emille Opera, besides affording possible advance notice of an emerging vocal talent, will bring an encounter with a musical culture that may one day claim a place of its own in the mosaic of international opera.



Florence Quivar, with the New York Philharmonic

Black Music Repertory Ensemble—A vocal/instrumental group sponsored by Chicago's Center for Black Music Research performs music by notable black composers from the nineteenth century to the present, ranging from Will Marion Cook and James Reese Europe to Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake. The concert boasts several New York premières, including Sidney Lambert's "Rescue Polka Mazurka" (1869), Montague Ring's "Three African Dances" (1913), David Baker's "Through This Vale of Tears" (1986), and Wendell Logan's "Runagate, Runagate" (1989). Kay George Roberts conducts, and Hilda Harris, William Brown, and Donnie Ray Albert are featured vocal soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sept. 10 at 8.)

St. John's College Choir, Cambridge—George Guest conducts the English choir in music by Josquin, Tallis, Victoria, Bruckner, and others. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 257-7013. Sept. 11 at 7:30.)

New York City Opera—**TOSCA,** with Martha Thigpen, Antonio Barasorda, and Donnie Ray Albert; conducted by Louis Salemno.

(Sept. 11 at 8 and Sept. 16 at 2.) . . . **STREET SCENE,** a revival of Kurt Weill's 1947 classic, with Langston Hughes' lyrics based on Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize-winning tragedy depicting New York tenement life. The large cast includes Margaret Cusack, Sheryl Woods, Rachel Rosales, Joyce Castle, Kevin Anderson, and William Parcher; Chris Nance. (Sept. 12 at 8 and Sept. 15 at 2.) . . . **FROM THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD,** in English (with supertitles), with John Absalom, Jon Garrison, Eugene Perry, John Lankston, Harlan Foss, and John Calvin West; Christopher Keene. (Sept. 14 and 18 at 8.) . . . **CARMEN,** with Susanne Marsee, Stephanie Friede, Fabio Armiliato, and Dean Peterson; Joseph Colaneri. (Sept. 15 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—The season's opening night is conductor Zubin Mehta's thousandth concert with the Philharmonic. The program features orchestral music by Mozart and Tchaikovsky, Bloch's "Schelomo," and Tchaikovsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme," with cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. (Sept. 12 at 7.) . . . ¶ Mahler's "Symphony No. 3," with mezzo-soprano Florence Quivar, the Westminster Symphonic Choir, and the American Boychoir, conducted by Zubin Mehta. (Sept. 14 and Sept. 15 at 8, and Sept. 18 at 7:30.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

AUDUBON STRING QUARTET—With pianist Lev Natochenny (gold-medal laureate of the Busoni International Competition) performing quintets by Dimitri Shostakovitch and Alfred Schnittke. (Bösendorfer Center, 406 E. 79th St. Sept. 12 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSIC TODAY—Rhonda Kess directs a program of new music-theatre works by Harrison Birtwistle, William Albright, and György Ligeti. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 12 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC—A violin/cello/piano trio performs Mozart, Beethoven, and Smetana. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Sept. 13 at 7:30 and Sept. 16 at 4.)

EMILLE OPERA COMPANY—Highlights from Verdi's "Rigoletto" and Bizet's "Carmen." (Alice Tully Hall. 874-6770. Sept. 13 at 8.)

NANCY GARNIEZ—Piano, plays Mozart, Schumann, Bartók, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. 247-7800. Sept. 15 at 5:30.)

VICTOR BOUCHARD AND RENÉE MORISSET—The Quebec-based duo-pianists perform Mozart, Poulenc, Dvořák, and Rachmaninoff. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sept. 17 at 8.)

MANHATTAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Richard Auldon Clark conducts works by Stravinsky, Respighi, and Otto Luening. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 18 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

BILLY IDOL—As an Englishman in L.A., Billy Idol has completed the transformation from cool, skinny punk rocker with a great guitarist (Steve Stevens) to muscular Hollywood Idol whose music is pure product. In the eighties, his sexy howling on songs like "White Wedding" and "Rebel Yell" demanded your attention. Now, on his new album, "Charmed Life" (his first without Stevens), he mumbles his lyrics shamelessly, like a drunken Elvis. To push this low-voltage collection (which includes a useless remake of the Doors' classic "L.A. Woman"), Idol is mounting his biggest, most video-oriented tour yet. Call it Idol Rock. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Sept. 14 at 8.)

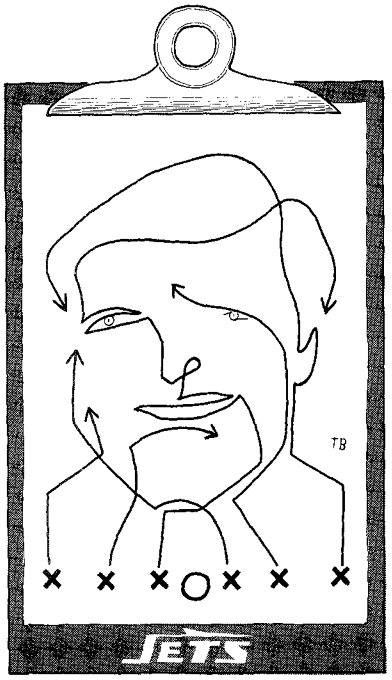
GRATEFUL DEAD—A Grateful Dead concert is an institution old enough and strangely American enough to warrant an exhibit at the Smithsonian. It's a movable Chautauqua, a portable Mardi Gras, a temporary city where any evening of the week can be the weirdest Saturday night of your life. It's an even bet whether the music will lift off toward ecstasy or meander and noodle through the swamps of repetition, but, either way, the bumper sticker is correct: there is nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Sept. 14-16 and Sept. 18-20 at 7:30.)

BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE—With Cowboy Junkies. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 43rd St. Sept. 12 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4777.)

JAMES TAYLOR—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. Sept. 12 at 8.

INDIAN AND PAKISTANI MUSIC—With Alla Rakha, Sultan Khan, Zakir Hussain, and Nafees Ahmed. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sept. 15 at 7.)

SCHANZER/SPEACH DUO—With Thomas Buckner and Barbara Held. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. Sept. 15 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



Bruce Coslet, head coach of the New York Jets

PAUL KNOPF—With the Washington Square Jazz/Gospel/Blues Choir. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Sept. 16 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—With Judy Collins, Maureen McGovern, Robert Merrill, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sept. 14 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—Vs. the St. Louis Cardinals, Sept. 10-11 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, Sept. 12-13 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, Sept. 14 at 7:35, and Sept. 15-16 at 1:35.

YANKEES—Vs. the Texas Rangers, Sept. 10-12 at 7:30.

JETS—Bruce Coslet's début at home, vs. the Cleveland Browns, Sept. 16 at 1.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000. The Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands; for information about tickets, call 421-6600.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Futurity and the Woodward Handicap are on Sept. 15, and the Matron is on Sept. 16. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

HARVEST FESTIVAL—The people at the New York Botanical Garden have set aside the weekend of Sept. 15-16, from 10 to 5, for the expert judging of Bronx-grown fruits, vegetables, and flowers, and other diversions. For more information, call 220-8777.

"NEW YORK IS BOOK COUNTRY"—On Sept. 16, from 11 to 5, nearly two hundred book-selling kiosks will be set up along Fifth Avenue from 48th to 57th Streets. Rare, foreign, antique, popular, children's, and travel books will be on hand for buyers and browsers alike. At noon, Tsepo Mokone, Isaiah Sheffer, and Lois Smith will read short stories at the Donnell Library (20 W. 53rd St.).

CITY ISLAND TOUR—It's a little like the Hamptons and a little like parts of Queens: check it out with the Hungry Pedalers, the bikers who like to eat out. Italian coffees and a picnic lunch provide sustenance for this thirty-mile ride. Meets at the Maine Monument, Columbus Circle, at 8:45 A.M. on Sept. 16. For more information, call 989-8851.

MEMORANDUM—The Feast of San Gennaro, ten days of bacchanalian activities in Little Italy, starts Sept. 13.

Small Ship Adventure Cruises

Explore areas of natural beauty that are bypassed by conventional cruise ships.

YACHTSMAN'S CARIBBEAN
Aboard 100-passenger *Nantucket Clipper,* visiting Charlotte Amalie, Tortola, Virgin Gorda, Jost Van Dyke, Peter Island. December - March, 8 days, from $1,500.

◆◆◆

ORINOCO/LOWER CARIBBEAN
Aboard 138-passenger *Yorktown Clipper,* visiting Curacao, Bonaire, Los Roques, Isla Margarita, Tobago, Orinoco River, Trinidad. December & January, 11 days, from $2,400.

◆◆◆

COSTA RICA/PANAMA
Aboard 138-passenger *Yorktown Clipper,* visiting Panama City, San Blas Islands, Portobelo, Panama Canal (transit), Darien Jungle, Las Perlas Islands, Marenco Biological Station, Manuel Antonio National Park, Carara, Poas Volcano, San Jose. February & March, 13 days, from $2,750.

Clipper Cruise Line
7711 Bonhomme Avenue
St. Louis, MO 63105
Call toll-free
1-800-325-0010
(in Missouri 314-727-2929)
Please rush brochures, as marked:
☐ Yachtsman's Caribbean
☐ Orinoco/Lower Caribbean
☐ Costa Rica/Panama Canal
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________
or see your travel agent

CLIPPER
IN THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE
Yorktown Clipper & Nantucket Clipper are of U.S. Registry.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

"Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "The Two Jakes" (†). From Sept. 14: "May Fools" (†).
Theatre 2: "After Dark, My Sweet" (directed by James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 3: "The Unbelievable Truth" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke, Adrienne Shelly, and Christopher Cooke.
Theatre 4: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater, Samantha Mathis, Scott Paulin, Ellen Greene, Mimi Kennedy, and Annie Ross.
Theatre 5: "Wild at Heart" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 13: "Wild at Heart" (†). From Sept. 14: "Bashu, the Little Stranger" (Bahram Beizai).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Sept. 13: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.
From Sept. 14: "Landscape in the Mist" (Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Freshman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Mo' Better Blues" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Freshman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Air America" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr. From Sept. 14: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).
Theatre 4: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Two Jakes" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 13: "Delta Force 2" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris. From Sept. 14: "Death Warrant" (Deran Sarafian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott and Ed Flanders.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghost" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater, Samantha Mathis, Scott Paulin, Ellen Greene, and Annie Ross. From Sept. 14: "Death Warrant" (Deran Sarafian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 13: "The Lemon Sisters" (Joyce Chopra), with Diane Keaton, Carol Kane, and Kathryn Grody. From Sept. 14: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Presumed Innocent" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Witches" (†).

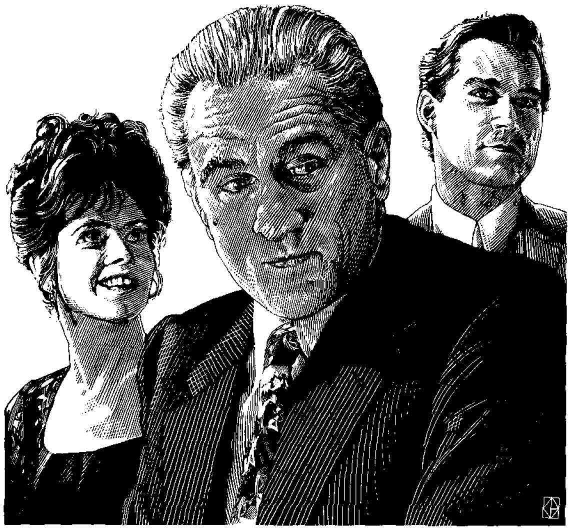
Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack. From Sept. 14: "Hardware" (Richard Stanley), with Dylan McDermott and Stacey Travis.
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Sound of Music" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.
Theatre 2: "Darkman" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)



Lorraine Bracco, Robert De Niro, and Ray Liotta in "GoodFellas"

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Lemon Sisters" (Joyce Chopra), with Diane Keaton.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 18: "Presumed Innocent" (†). From Sept. 19: "GoodFellas" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Ray Liotta, Joe Pesci, Lorraine Bracco, and Paul Sorvino.
Theatre 2: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi.
Theatre 3: "Bye Bye Blues" (Anne Wheeler).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Air America" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr.
Theatre 2: "The Freshman" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 11: "Wild at Heart" (†).
From Sept. 12: "Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "The Two Jakes" (†). From Sept. 14: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater. From Sept. 14: "Death Warrant" (Deran Sarafian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 13: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
From Sept. 14: "White Hunter, Black Heart" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ghost" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Lemon Sisters" (Joyce Chopra), with Diane Keaton.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Darkman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "Def by Temptation" (James Bond III). From Sept. 14: "Death Warrant" (Deran Sarafian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 2: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Camp at Thiaroye" (1988, directed by Ousmane Sembene and Thierno Faty Sow; in French).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Solaris" (1976, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt. From Sept. 14: "Hardware" (Richard Stanley), with Dylan McDermott and Stacey Travis.
Theatre 2: "Darkman" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 13: "The Witches" (†).
From Sept. 14: "White Hunter, Black Heart" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Jeff Fahey, George Dzundza, Alun Armstrong, and Marisa Berenson.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Lemon Sisters" (Joyce Chopra), with Diane Keaton, Carol Kane, and Kathryn Grody.
Theatre 2: "Ghost" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†); and "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 13: "Bye Bye Blues" (Anne Wheeler). From Sept. 14: "Grim Prairie Tales" (Wayne Coe), with James Earl Jones and Brad Dourif.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 2: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott and Ed Flanders.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 13: "Mo' Better Blues" (†). From Sept. 14: "Hardware" (Richard Stanley), with Dylan McDermott and Stacey Travis.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 11: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack. From Sept. 12: "Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Shirley MacLaine, Dennis Quaid, Gene Hackman, and Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 5: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.
Theatre 6: "Life Is Cheap . . . But Toilet Paper Is Expensive" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 7: "The Lemon Sisters" (Joyce Chopra), with Diane Keaton.
Theatre 8: "Wild at Heart" (†).
Theatre 9: "Darkman" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater.
Theatre 2: "Men at Work" (Emilio Estevez), with Charlie Sheen and Estevez.
Theatre 3: "The Witches" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The Two Jakes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott and Ed Flanders.
Theatre 3: "The Freshman" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wild at Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: "Darkman" (†).
Theatre 6: "After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 13: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.
From Sept. 14: "Postcards from the Edge" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Shirley MacLaine.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Sept. 13: "The Witches" (†).
From Sept. 14: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through Sept. 13: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†); and "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
From Sept. 14: "Fools of Fortune" (Pat O'Connor), with Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Iain Glen, and Julie Christie.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"The Unbelievable Truth" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke, Adrienne Shelly, and Christopher Cooke.

Loews Fine Arts (formerly the Paris), 4 W. 58th. (980-5656).
"Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Men at Work" (Emilio Estevez), with Charlie Sheen and Estevez.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Ghost" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Wild at Heart" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Icicle Thief" (Maurizio Nichetti; in Italian), with Nichetti.
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 13: "May Fools" (†). From Sept. 14: "Life and Nothing But" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Sabine Azema, and Pascale Vignal.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Darkman" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "The Lemon Sisters" (Joyce Chopra), with Diane Keaton, Carol Kane, and Kathryn Grody. From Sept. 14: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack. From Sept. 14: "White Hunter, Black Heart" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood, Jeff Fahey, George Dzundza, Alun Armstrong, and Marisa Berenson.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 13: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi. From Sept. 14: "Death Warrant" (Deran Sarafian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 4: "The Freshman" (†).
Theatre 5: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
Theatre 6: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Witches" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott and Ed Flanders.
Theatre 2: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Def by Temptation" (directed by James Bond III), with Kadeem Hardison.
Theatre 2: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).
Theatre 3: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.
Theatre 5: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
Theatre 6: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Sept. 13: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi.
From Sept. 14: "State of Grace" (Phil Joanou), with Sean Penn, Ed Harris, Gary Oldman, and Robin Wright.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Arachnophobia" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 13: "Delta Force 2" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris. From Sept. 14: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi, Charles Grodin, Anne DeSalvo, and Mako.
Theatre 3: "Delta Force 2."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Sept. 13: "The Lemon Sisters" (Joyce Chopra), with Diane Keaton, Carol Kane, and Kathryn Grody.
From Sept. 14: "Death Warrant" (Deran Sarafian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 13: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott and Ed Flanders. From Sept. 14: "Hardware" (Richard Stanley), with Dylan McDermott and Stacey Travis.
Theatre 2: "Darkman" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin.
Theatre 2: "The Witches" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Sept. 10: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938, directed by Henry King), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Ethel Merman, Tyrone Power, and Jack Haley; and "Song of the Islands" (1942, Walter Lang), with Betty Grable and Victor Mature.
Sept. 11-12: "Viva Las Vegas" (1964, George Sidney), with Elvis Presley and Ann-Margret; and "The Girl Most Likely" (1958, Mitchell Leisen), with Jane Powell and Cliff Robertson.
Sept. 13-15: "Hollywood Hotel" (1937, Busby Berkeley), with Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert, Rosemary Lane, and Frances Langford; and "Singin' in the Rain" (†).
Sept. 16-17: "A Date with Judy" (†); and "Two Weeks with Love" (1950, Roy Rowland), with Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban, Debbie Reynolds, Charleton Carpenter, Louis Calhern, and Ann Harding. Mr. Carpenter will be present on Sept. 16 at 6.
Sept. 18-19: "Step Lively" (†); and "Riding High" (1950, Frank Capra), with Bing Crosby.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Sept. 13: (Separate admissions) "Sullivan's Travels" (1941, Preston Sturges), with Veronica Lane, Joel McCrea, and Margaret Hayes; "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944, Sturges), with Bette Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "Preston Sturges: Rise and Fall of an American Dreamer" (1990, Ken Bowser), a documentary.
Sept. 14-17: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944, Preston Sturges), with Eddie Bracken and Ella Raines; and "The Great McGinty" (†).
Sept. 18: "The Big Pond" (†); and "Fast and Loose" (1930, Fred Newmeyer), with Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Frank Morgan, and Ilka Chase.
From Sept. 19: "Strictly Dishonorable" (1931, John M. Stahl), with Paul Lukas, Sidney Fox, and Lewis Stone; and "Child of Manhattan" (1933, Edward Buzzell), with Nancy Carroll, John Boles, and Warburton Gamble.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 10: "The Spiders" (1919, Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "Spies" (1929, Lang; a German silent film).
Sept. 11: "Mother Wore Tights" (1947, Walter Lang), with Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, Mona Freeman, and William Frawley; and "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942, H. Bruce Humberstone), with Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, and Laird Cregar.
Sept. 12: "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" (1957, John Sturges), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas; and "The Gunfighter" (1950, Henry King), with Gregory Peck.
Sept. 13: "The Guardsman" (1931, Sidney Franklin), with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
Sept. 14-15: "Walkabout" (1971, Nicolas Roeg); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts.
Sept. 16: "Ministry of Fear" (1944, Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (†).
Sept. 17: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Sept. 18: "It Should Happen to You" (1954, George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935, John Ford), with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson.
Sept. 19: "China Seas" (†); and "Riffraff" (1935, J. Walter Ruben), with Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Sept. 10 at 3: "Two for the Road" (1967, directed by Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney, William Daniels, and Eleanor Bron. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 6: "The Sound of Music" (†). . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 3: "A High Wind in Jamaica" (1965, Alexander Mackendrick), with Anthony Quinn, James Coburn, and Lila Kedrova. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 6: "Two for the Road." . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at noon and 6: "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" (†). . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2:30: "First Spring of Youth" (1979, Davlat Khudonazarov; a Russian film, in Tadzhik). . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 8:15: "The Roof of the World" (1928, Vladimir Alekseevich), a silent Russian documentary. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: "Testament" (1983, Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6 and Sept. 15 at noon: "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" (1983, Robert M. Young), with Edward James Olmos. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Testament." . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 5: "Eat a Bowl of Tea" (1989, Wayne Wang), with Victor Wong. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at noon: "The Wash" (1988, Michael Toshiyuki Uno), with Nobu McCarthy and Mako. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 2:30: "Stand and Deliver" (1987, Ramon Menendez), with Edward James Olmos and Lou Diamond Phillips. . . . ¶ Sept. 16 at 5 and Sept. 17 at 2:30: "Smooth Talk" (1985, Joyce Chopra), with Laura Dern, Treat Williams, and Mary Kay Place. . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6: "Stand and Deliver." . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 2:30: "El Norte" (1984, Gregory Nava), with David Villalpando. . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 6: "The Wash."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. Sept. 11-15: Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome" (1960, CBS), with Julie Harris. . . . From Sept. 18: Paul Gallico's "Verna: USO Girl" (1978, PBS), with Sissy Spacek, William Hurt, and Howard Da Silva. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." Sept. 11-15: "Bruce Chatwin" (1982, Nigel Wattis), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . Sept. 11-15: "The Spirit of Music" (1988, Jeremy Marre), which shows the trumba dance ceremonies of Madagascar and traces the roots of the samba. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From Sept. 18: "Making the Mahabharata" (1989), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . From Sept. 18: "The Origin of Music" (1988, Jeremy Marre). Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Courthouse Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Sept. 10-13 at 5:30 and 10:30: "Ariel" (†). . . . ¶ Sept. 10-16 at 7 and 9: The New York Lesbian and Gay Experimental Film Festival. . . . ¶ Sept. 10-16 and 17-19 at 7: "How to Be Louise" (1989, Anne Flournoy); and "Moona Luna" (1990, Emily Breer). . . . ¶ Sept. 10-16 at 9: "Tales from the Winnipeg Film Group," a program of six short films.

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Sept. 17 at noon: "Sambizanga" (1972, Sarah Maldoror; from Angola, in Portuguese). . . . ¶ Sept. 17 at 6: "Faces of Women" (1985, Desiré Ecaré; from the Ivory Coast, in Baoulé, Jula Bété, and French). . . . ¶ Sept. 18 at 6: "Ouaga, African Cinema Now!" (1988, Kwate Nee-Owoo and Kwesi Owusu), a documentary.

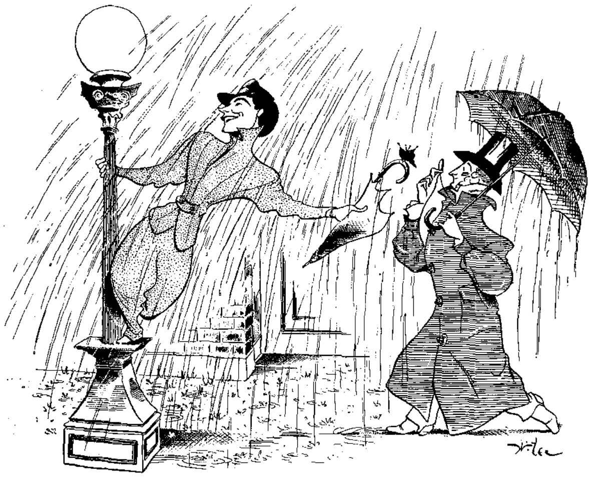
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Akira Kurosawa's Dreams—Not one of its eight segments feels like a real dream. The kind of power that Kurosawa aims for, and intermittently achieves, in this picture is less oneiric than ceremonial. The film is a succession of sweeping dramatic gestures and lofty incantations performed in an atmosphere of hushed solemnity. The second half of "Dreams" is weak: the fifth episode, "Crows," about a fantasy encounter with van Gogh, is a thin conceit; and the remaining three segments are all static, self-conscious, and didactic. But there's greatness in the film's first hour. The opening segment, "Sunshine Through the Rain," is the vision of a small child who wanders into a forest and witnesses a wedding procession of foxes; the sequence has a wholly original sense of the rapturous fear and awe we feel when we first come upon the wonders of the natural world. The second episode, "The Peach Orchard," is also lovely (though its mood and pace are too similar to those of the first). The third segment, "The Blizzard," about four men trapped in a snowstorm, is all snow, howling-wind effects, and bleak, undifferentiated vistas of despair, until Kurosawa pulls a miracle out of the white void: a woman in long black hair and diaphanous robes appears to the party's leader as he battles sleep. It's a transcendent image, perhaps the most piercing ever made of the desires that keep people from surrendering to death. And the fourth episode, "The Tunnel," about a man returning from war and encountering his dead comrades, is a brilliant, hypnotic piece of filmmaking. Its images are simple, stark, and resonant, its dramatic shape is lucid and classically satisfying, and its rhythm is overwhelming, unstoppable: it moves with a sorrowful marching pace, the rhythm of grief. With Akira Terao, who plays the dreamer in six of the segments; Mieko Harada as the Snow Fairy; Martin Scorsese as van Gogh; and Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Takao Saito and Masaharu Ueda. In Japanese. —T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/10/90.) (57th St. Playhouse.)



Arachnophobia—It's O.K. You don't feel suckered, though you don't feel elated, either. A deadly arachnid that is discovered in Venezuela kills a young photographer, crawls into his coffin, and travels from the Amazon to the fictional little town of Canaima, California. There, the hairy-legged intruder—a tarantula as big as a big guy's fist—breeds with a harmless domestic spider, and troops of poisonous bugs begin marching out of bathroom drains. But when it comes down to the basics of scare comedy the arachnids are short on personality and so is the movie. The script, credited to Don Jakoby and Wesley Strick, has too many B-picture precursors, and the first-time director, Frank Marshall, is like a Boy Scout remaking "Jaws." Jeff Daniels is smooth as the doctor with the phobia, but his dread seems shallow. The doctor's wife (Harley Jane Kozak) is presented as the fearless, competent one; then she's dropped from view. John Goodman, in the role of the local exterminator, brings up the energy level. Also with Julian Sands as the uppity entomologist, Brian McNamara as his assistant, and Henry Jones and Mary Carver. The witless musical score, by Trevor Jones, is a flat-out insult.—P.K. (Embassy.)

Ariel—This antic, briskly dreamlike road movie, by the young Finnish director Aki Kaurismäki, takes us along a route from Lapland to Helsinki, and the unfamiliarity of the sights is bracing. The eerily placid snow-covered landscape is beautifully photographed (by Timo Salminen). There's a haunted stillness to this terrain, a real chill—which, once the taciturn hero, Taisto (Turo Pajala), reaches Helsinki, turns into a more conventional hipster cool. Kaurismäki puts his resolutely inarticulate hero through all the usual deadpan routines in grungy settings: Taisto meets small-time crooks, has random and sometimes violent adventures, and, in general, bounces around like a pinball in that crazy machine called contemporary life. The movie isn't terribly original—essentially, it's an affectionate ripoff of early-sixties Godard—but it's good-humored and fairly unassuming. Kaurismäki has the sense not to fuss over his effects, so his postmodern vaudeville sketches go down easily, and the whole thing's over in seventy-four minutes. Also with Susanna Haavisto and Matti Pellonpää. In Finnish.—T.R. (8/27/90) (Anthology Film Archives; through Sept. 13.)

The Big Pond (1930)—The pond is the Atlantic, and in this musical starring Maurice Chevalier he's a Frenchman whose intentions are often misunderstood in the United States, particularly by George Barbier, the rich, chewing-gum-manufacturer father of the girl Chevalier loves (Claudette Colbert). Preston Sturges did part of the rewrite job on the 1928 Broadway play, but the spoofy film is remembered chiefly for the charming songs that Chevalier introduced, especially "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight." With Nat Pendleton. Directed by Hobart Henley.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 18.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking China Doll, compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M shipboard melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery, in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone, in his noble-sufferer period, Robert Benchley as a drunk, and Dudley Digges, C. Aubrey Smith, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, and Edward Brophy. Directed by Tay Garnett, from a wisecracking, sexy screenplay by Jules Furthman and James K. McGuinness, based on a novel by Crosbie Garstin.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 19.)

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook).—T.R. (5/7/90) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

Darkman—A comic-book movie made with real conviction. The director, Sam Raimi, works from inside the cheerfully violent adolescent-male sensibility of superhero comics, as if there were no higher style for a filmmaker to aspire to, and the absence of condescension is refreshing. The film's graphic style is all bright colors, high contrast, and skewed angles; its narrative style is breathlessly speedy; its emotions are basic (mostly greed and revenge); and its dialogue is so crude and punchy that you can practically see the exclamation point. The title character, played by Liam Neeson, is a worthy addition to the tradition of angelic-demonic avengers. Yet the picture isn't quite satisfying. Raimi has some terrific visual ideas, but his skills as a director are rather primitive. He doesn't have the technique to match his imagination, and frequently you find yourself responding to the idea of a sequence rather than to the experience of it on the screen. The images and ideas in "Darkman" don't flow, don't carry us along with them, in the way a real filmmaker's would. Raimi has made a first-rate comic book without having made a genuinely exciting movie. Also with Frances McDormand, Larry Drake, and Colin Friels. The screenplay is by Chuck Pfarrer, Sam Raimi, Ivan Raimi, Daniel Goldin, and Joshua Goldin, from a story by the director. —T.R. (9/10/90) (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

A Date with Judy (1948)—A Joe Pasternak–M-G-M musical intended for the whole family; deliberately corny, shiny clean, and cheery, but with some redeeming energy. Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell are the ingénues, and Robert Stack, looking like a Greek god, junior division, is the juvenile. Tolerable score, with one especially pleasing number ("It's a Most Unusual Day"); Richard Thorpe directed. With Wallace Beery, Carmen Miranda, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 16-17.)

The Freshman—This comedy, written and directed by Andrew Bergman, wears its zaniness on its sleeve. The hero, Clark (Matthew Broderick), is a quiet young man from Vermont who has just entered the N.Y.U. film school. Within a few days of arriving in New York, he's making deliveries for an "importer" named Carmine Sabatini (Marlon Brando) and being treated like a member of Sabatini's family (or Family): Carmine's daughter (Penelope Ann Miller) has told her father that she wants to marry Clark, and the old man embraces him, with alarming enthusiasm, as "the son I never had." The movie is overinsistent and very erratic. When Bergman's jokes are good, they're sensational; when they're not so good, he repeats them again and again, as if they'd become funnier through familiarity. In this picture he has actors who play his sort of material to perfection. Miller and Bruno Kirby, as Carmine's fast-talking weaselly nephew, are hilariously unfazed by the family's criminal activities, and Broderick calibrates his reac-

When we are very young, we are possessors of a splendid gift: a mind that knows no limits.

Faced with a new experience, it allows us to make discoveries, gain insights – and, with time, learn something more of the world around us.

And, if we're truly fortunate, we'll never completely let go of the early innocence that keeps us forever open to new ideas.

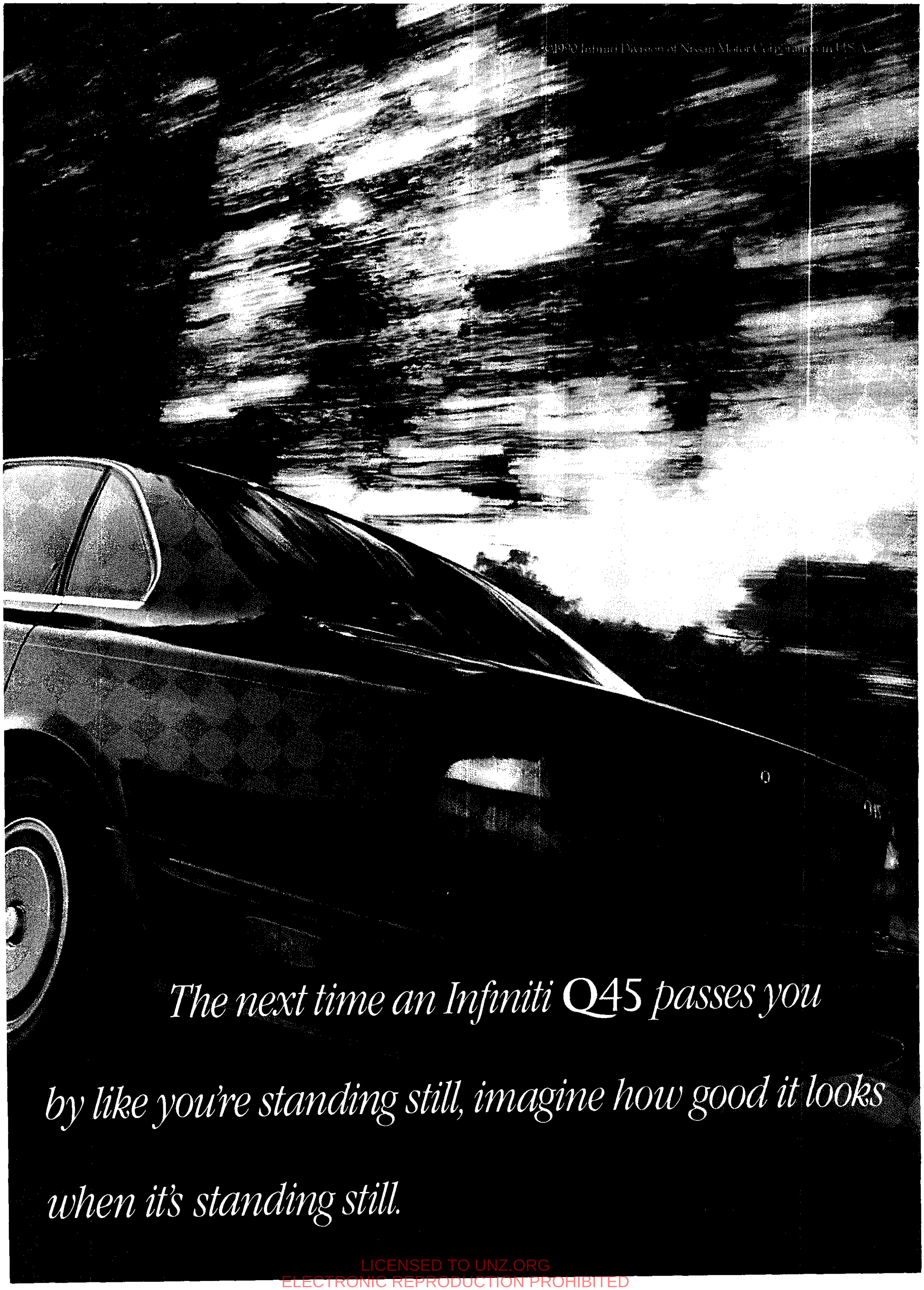
That's why, since 1976, we've funded and provided free-loan educational films to schools, to awaken a young person's imaginative spirit.

Already millions of students have seen "American Enterprise," an exciting profile of U.S. economic history; "The Search for Solutions" on science and problem solving; and "The Challenge of the Unknown," covering mathematics, all in an entertaining and involving way.

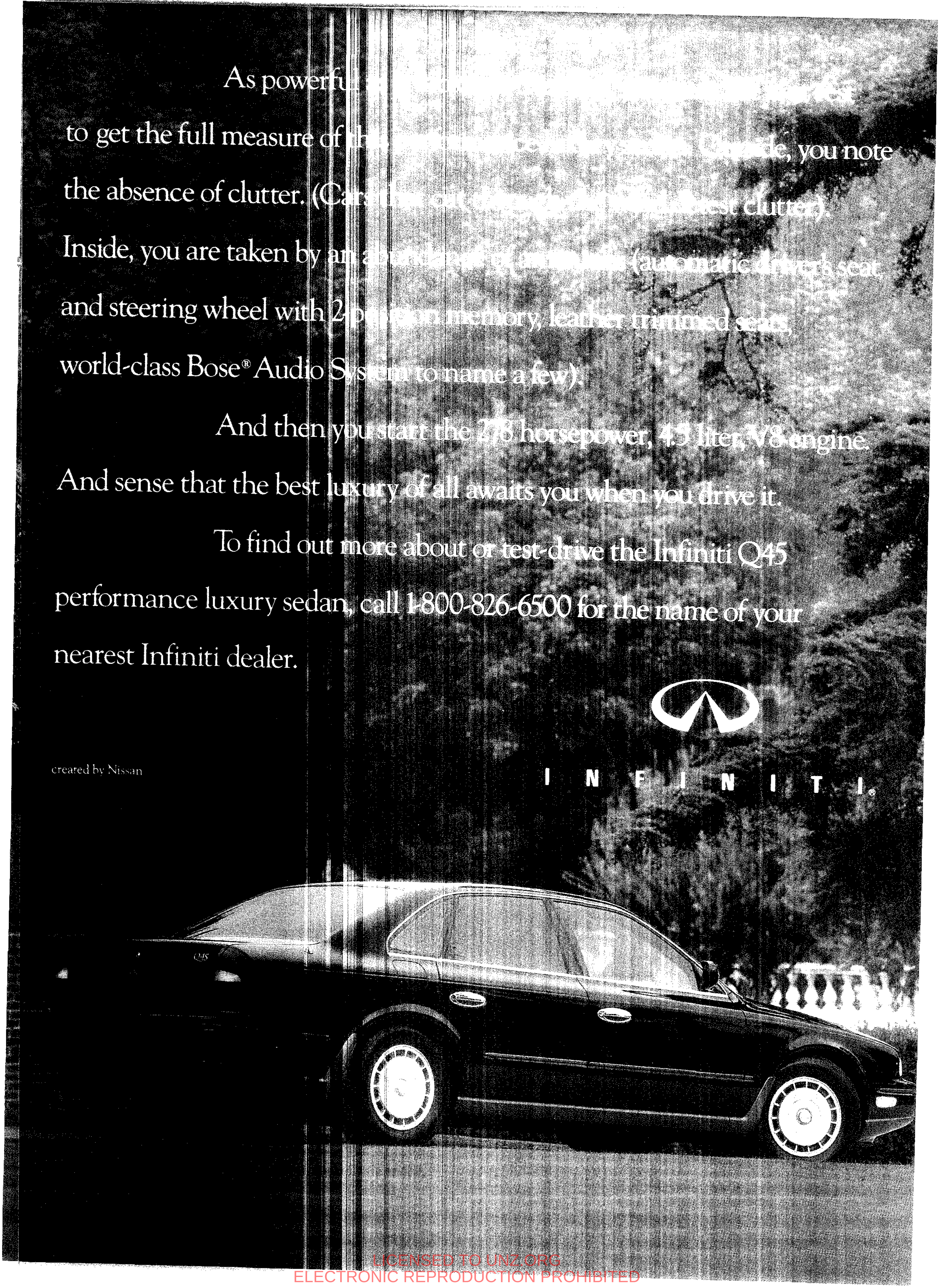
Because it's our desire to help young people realize that the only real limits to learning are the ones we make for ourselves.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

To learn how your local school can obtain these films, write to: Educational Films, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16C-4PB, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74004.


The next time an Infiniti Q45 passes you by like you're standing still, imagine how good it looks when it's standing still.

©1990 Infiniti Division of Nissan Motor Corporation in U.S.A.



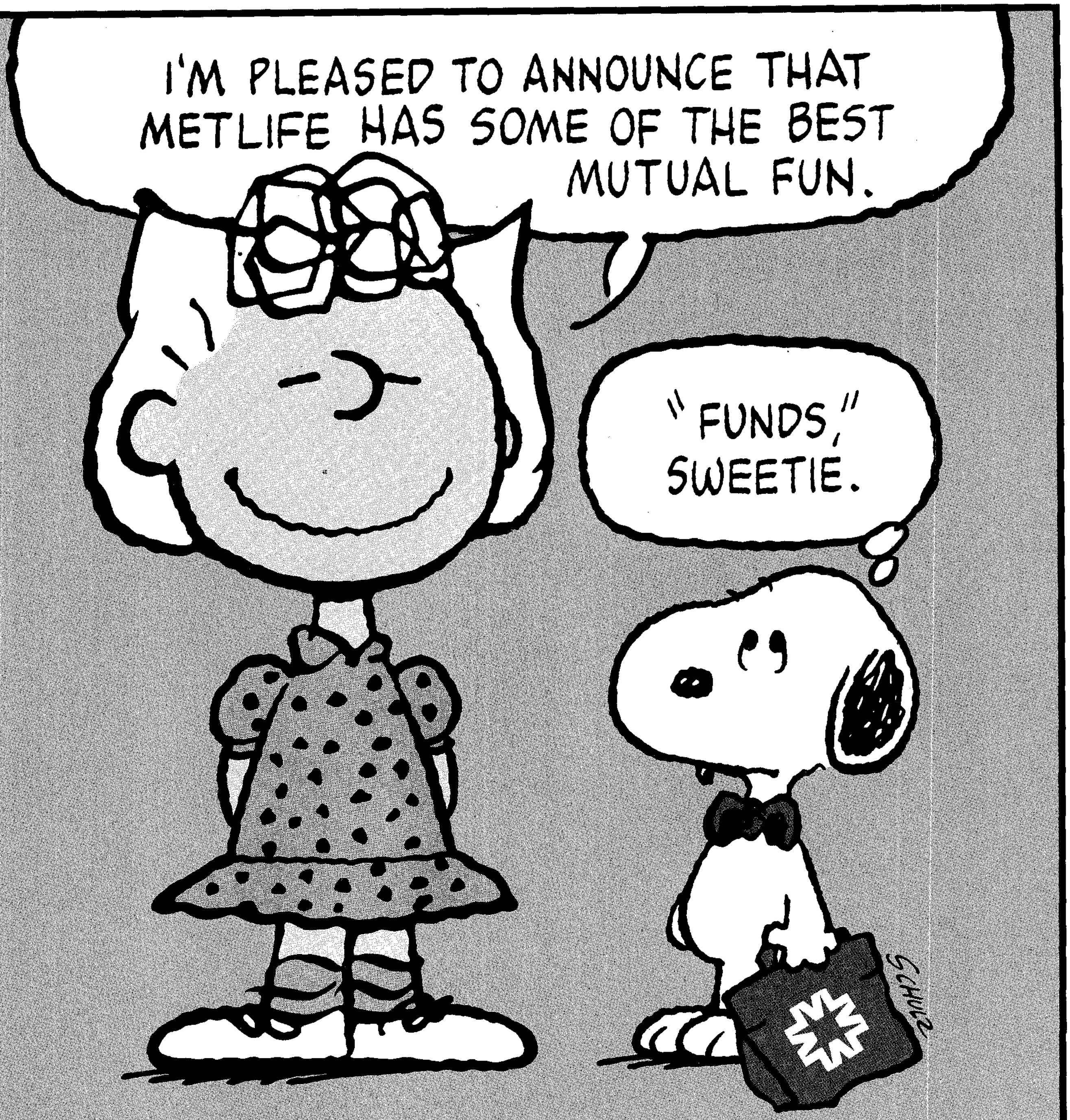
As powerfu[illegible]
to get the full measure of th[illegible] [illegible]de, you note
the absence of clutter. (Cars th[illegible] [illegible]est clutter).
Inside, you are taken by an [illegible] (automatic driver's seat,
and steering wheel with 2-position memory, leather trimmed seats,
world-class Bose® Audio System to name a few).

And then you start the 278 horsepower, 4.5 liter, V8 engine.
And sense that the best luxury of all awaits you when you drive it.

To find out more about or test-drive the Infiniti Q45
performance luxury sedan, call 1-800-826-6500 for the name of your
nearest Infiniti dealer.

created by Nissan

INFINITI®


I'M PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT METLIFE HAS SOME OF THE BEST MUTUAL FUN.
"FUNDS," SWEETIE.
SCHULZ

For instance, MetLife Securities, Inc. now offers the State Street Investment Trust, one of the nation's first mutual funds. Founded in 1924, the Trust has an impressive record of growth. A record achieved by maintaining a diversified equity portfolio of high-quality, well-established companies in a broad range of industries. The Trust has paid dividends every year since 1925.*

And it's a unique opportunity; the State Street Investment Trust has just recently been re-opened to new investors for the first time since 1945.

Of course, the Trust is only one of many different MetLife-State Street mutual funds. There are income funds, growth funds, asset allocation funds and money market funds. And they're appropriate for many different investment objectives.

So talk to your MetLife rep, to get the information you need, to help you decide which funds suit you best.

Call 1-800-433-8356.

GET MET. IT PAYS.®

MetLife®

Please read the funds' prospectuses carefully before you invest or send money.
They contain more complete information, including charges and expenses.
*Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

PEANUTS Characters © 1958, 1960, United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

© 1990 MetLife Securities, Inc., One Madison Avenue, NY, NY 10010

tions with remarkable comic dexterity. And Brando seems to be in a bizarre and wonderful world of his own. People in the movie keep staring at him and commenting on his resemblance to Don Corleone, and he plays along, parodying himself marvellously. In his scenes the movie seems less frantic; its lunacy takes on an air of serenity—a deeper, more inexplicable, and much funnier weirdness. Also with Paul Benedict, Maximilian Schell, B. D. Wong, and Bert Parks (belting out "Tequila" and Dylan's sardonic "Maggie's Farm" at a formal dinner).—T.R. (7/30/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Worldwide Cinemas, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays on screen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over, with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the goofier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

The Ghost and Mrs. Muir (1947)—The dashing Rex Harrison is the ghost of a sea captain and Gene Tierney is the widowed Mrs. Muir, who falls in love with him. Joseph L. Mankiewicz directed this somewhat too gentle and whimsical diversion; it's on the sleepy side—partly because it has all been designed and staged to show "class." The script, by Philip Dunne, is taken from a novel by R. A. Dick. The music is by Bernard Herrmann. The cast includes Edna Best, George Sanders, Natalie Wood, Vanessa Brown, Anna Lee, and Robert Coote.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 13.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—After writing a series of successful pictures, Preston Sturges offered Paramount this script (which was to win an Academy Award) for peanuts, on condition that he be allowed to direct it. Given a three-week shooting schedule and a budget of less than $350,000, he made his début as a director (thus preparing the way for other writer-directors, such as John Huston and Billy Wilder). In this satire of American political corruption, the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor, and, finally, governor, but, having fallen in love, he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, partly because of Donlevy's lack of personality (the viewer can't see what would attract the competent, worldly woman—played by Muriel Angelus—who marries him), and partly because of the uneven pacing. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty, and Akim Tamiroff peps up every scene he's in. With Allyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hoyt, Steffi Duna, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Harry Rosenthal, Robert Warwick, Frank C. Moran, and Dewey Robinson; many of them were to become members of the Sturges "stock company."—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 14-17.)

May Fools—Louis Malle's new film takes place in May, 1968, when, for a few chaotic weeks, French society seemed on the verge of remaking itself: students were rioting, workers were striking, and the country came to a standstill. The characters in this picture are far removed from the stirring street theatre of May, '68, but they're affected by it nonetheless. The setting is a shabby estate presided over by Milou (Michel Piccoli), a genial man in his sixties who lives the life of a lazy country sensualist: he keeps bees, browns in the sun, and gropes the housekeeper. On the sunny day when the story begins, his mother dies, and he summons the rest of the family for the funeral and the reading of the will. There's a sense that things are about to change, both on the large scale of French society and on the infinitely smaller one of Milou's life. Malle and his co-writer, Jean-Claude Carrière, use the upheaval of May, '68, very deftly: it intrudes on their comedy like distant thunder on a sunny day, but the threatened downpour of Meaning never develops—we get a cooling shower of light ironies instead. Piccoli gives one of the best performances of his long career: he's vigorous and radiantly good-humored. Although its charm sometimes feels a bit too easy, the film is enjoyable throughout. It just bounces along to the rhythm of its remarkable score, composed and played by the eighty-two-year-old jazz violinist Stéphane Grappelli; the movie, like the music, has a delicate swing to it. Also with Miou-Miou and Michel Duchaussoy. In French.—T.R. (7/16/90) (Lincoln Plaza; through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Angelika Film Center; starting Sept. 14.)

Mo' Better Blues—The hero of Spike Lee's film is a trumpet player named Bleek Gilliam (Denzel Washington), who is squarely in the tradition of obsessive, single-minded movie jazz musicians. Lee's script presents Bleek with a series of choices, about his love life, his artistic life, and the connections between them. The problem with the picture is that it doesn't frame the hero's choices so that we know what's at stake. And Lee doesn't seem to have thought through the role of the music. He has set the film in the present—in pointed contrast with other recent movies about jazz—but his attitude toward the music's relationship to contemporary culture is incoherent. The picture has a distracted, meandering quality. Denzel Washington's magnetism and intelligence keep the movie watchable even during its most aimless stretches, but the script doesn't allow him to shape the performance. Lee's filmmaking here is all notions and no shape: hard, fierce blowing, rather than real music. Also with Wesley Snipes, Joie Lee, Cynda Williams, Giancarlo Esposito, Dick Anthony Williams, John and Nicholas Turturro, and the late Robin Harris. Lee himself plays a comic lovable-sidekick role. The score is by Bill Lee (the director's father), and the music of Bleek's quintet is played by the Branford Marsalis Quintet, with Terence Blanchard as the trumpet soloist.—T.R. (8/13/90) (Bijou Cinema, Baronet, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through Sept. 13.)

Presumed Innocent—A ponderous adaptation of Scott Turow's cunningly plotted mystery novel. The director, Alan J. Pakula, has shot and paced the movie as if it weren't a mystery but a serious character study, an art film. It's lit (by Gordon Willis) like "Cries and Whispers," only without the bright-red accents: the movie's palette seems to consist of brown and gray—earnest, business-suit colors. The lunacy of treating this story as a deep exploration of character is that the only thing we really want to know about the character in question—Rusty Sabich (Harrison Ford), a Midwestern prosecutor accused of murdering one of his colleagues (Greta Scacchi)—is: Did he do it or not? Ford, in what is probably an unplayable role, has to maintain a tense, repressed, impenetrable expression throughout. Bonnie Bedelia, as Rusty's nervous, self-deprecating wife, gives lovely shadings to a tough part. As the judge presiding over Rusty's trial, Paul Winfield supplies some sorely needed comedy. And Raul Julia, as the hero's lawyer, is an elegant, commanding presence in the courtroom scenes. Also with Brian Dennehy. Screenplay by Pakula and Frank Pierson.—T.R. (8/13/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Cinema I; through Sept. 18.)

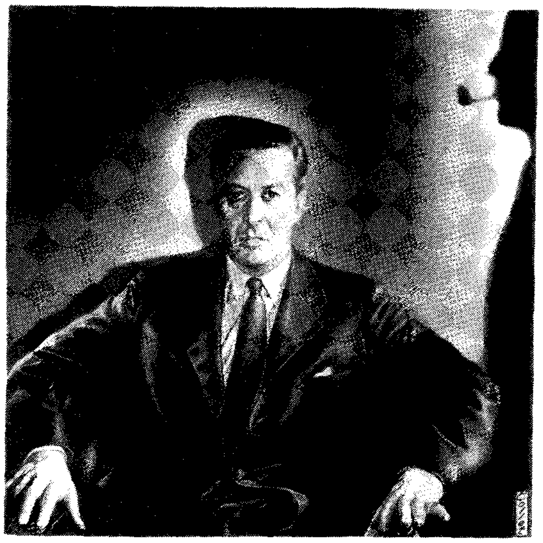
Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (Gramercy, Sutton, and Guild.)

Carol Reed's "The Fallen Idol" (playing September 16 at Theatre 80 St. Marks), written by Graham Greene from his short story "The Basement Room," is a psychological thriller with subtleties and tensions that at times recall Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." The central figure is a lonely boy named Felipe (Bobby Henrey), an ambassador's son living in a sprawling London embassy; the story hinges on his hero-worship for the butler, Baines (Ralph Richardson), an unhappily married man in love with an embassy secretary named Julie (Michèle Morgan). The villain is Mrs. Baines (Sonia Dresdel), whom Greene described as "thin, menacing, dusty." Her life-denying decision to hang on to Baines at all costs—and Baines' dreams of escape—traps Felipe in a tissue of lies.

This vintage (1948) suspense film is remarkably tender; it gains a fluid emotionality from the shifts in Felipe's heart. With an absent father and a mother ailing far away from home, Felipe clings to Baines as his life raft. Baines is a decent, playful, alternately bluff and decorous sort, with a genuine fondness for the boy. The moviemakers have an uncanny feeling—expressed in both dialogue and camera angles—for how a child gets through the same events as adults yet experiences them completely differently. In one wistful sequence, Baines and Julie steal some time for each other when they take Felipe to the zoo; the viewer is torn between sympathy for the furtive lovers and for the boy, who badly needs companionship. In "The Fallen Idol," childhood and adulthood travel on parallel tracks connected by catastrophe.

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, on its own terms, it works. This M-G-M version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carry the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. A performance of the play was filmed so that the stars, the director, Sidney Franklin, and a raft of adaptors would get the idea; that may explain Franklin's showing a little zip, for a change, and Shearer's acting halfway human. With Reginald Denny, Una Merkel, and, in a role added in the film, Jean Hersholt.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 13.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant satire of Hollywood in the late twenties, at the time of transition from silents to talkies, is probably the most enjoyable of all American



At Theatre 80 St. Marks,
Ray Milland in "Ministry of Fear"

movie musicals. The teamwork of the stars, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds, is joyful and the material is first-rate—ranging from parodies of the Busby Berkeley style of choreography to the Charleston and Black Bottom performed straight. The film falters during a too long love song on a deserted studio stage (later cut from some of the prints) and during a lavish oversized Broadway ballet, but these sequences don't seriously affect one's enjoyment. With Jean Hagen as an imbecile movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, Rita Moreno as a flapper actress, Madge Blake as a syrupy columnist, Douglas Fowley as a distraught director. Directed by Kelly and Stanley Donen from the witty, affectionate script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The songs by Nacio Herb Brown with lyrics by Arthur Freed include "All I Do Is Dream of You," "Make 'Em Laugh," "I've Got a Feeling You're Fooling," "Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Fit as a Fiddle," "Should I?," "You Were Meant for Me," "Good Mornin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and, of course, "Singin' in the Rain." The song "Moses" is by Comden and Green and Roger Edens. Cinematography by Harold Rosson.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 13-15.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Set in Austria in 1938, this is a tribute to freshness that is so mechanically engineered and so shrewdly calculated that the background music rises, the already soft focus blurs and melts, and, upon the instant, you can hear all those noses blowing in the theatre. Whome could this operetta offend? Only those of us who, despite the fact that we may respond, loathe being manipulated in this way and are aware of how cheap and ready-made are the responses we are made to feel. We may become even more aware of the way we have been turned into emotional and aesthetic imbeciles when we hear ourselves humming the sickly, goody-goody songs. The dauntless scrubbed-faced heroine (Julie Andrews), in training to become a nun, is sent from the convent to serve as governess to the motherless Von Trapp children, and turns them into a happy little troupe of singers before marrying their father (Christopher Plummer). She says goodbye to the nuns and leaves them outside at the fence, as she enters the cathedral to be married. Squeezed again, and the moisture comes out of thousands—millions—of eyes and noses. Wasn't there perhaps one little Von Trapp who didn't want to sing his head off, or who screamed that he wouldn't act out little glockenspiel routines for Papa's party guests, or who got nervous and threw up if he had to get on a stage? The only thing the director, Robert Wise, couldn't smooth out was the sinister, archly decadent performance by Christopher Plummer—he of the thin, twisted smile; he seems to be in a different movie altogether. With Eleanor Parker, Richard Haydn, Peggy Wood, Anna Lee, Marni Nixon, and Charmian Carr, Heather Menzies, Nicholas Hammond, Duane Chase, Angela Cartwright, Debbie Turner, and Kym Karath. The music is by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II; the script by Ernest Lehman is based on the stage version by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.—P.K. (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 10.)

Step Lively (1944)—An R.K.O. musical version of the John Murray and Allen Boretz stage farce "Room Service," which had already been filmed (to generally dismal results) with the Marx Brothers in 1938. This time, instead of the gang of characters running back and forth in one hotel room, they run clockwise and counterclockwise, through many hotel rooms. The star is Frank Sinatra, so calmly self-possessed that whenever the pack closes in he lies down on a bed or a dance floor and the thundering feet pass over him. Between times, he sings some Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne songs, including "As Long As There's Music." His cool head saves him in a movie that would be enough to eclipse the career of an ordinary singing star. With Gloria De Haven, Adolphe Menjou, Anne Jeffreys, Walter Slezak, Eugene Pallette, and George Murphy, who, directed to be idiotically rambunctious, sinks in this morass. Tim Whelan directed.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Sept. 18-19.)

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. Screenplay by Almodóvar. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

Total Recall—This fifty-million-dollar science-fiction thriller is full of relentless action and spectacular effects, and it's no fun at all. It's as heavy-spirited as its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger: imposing and implacable, like the killer robot Arnold played (or embodied) in "The Terminator." The script, by Ronald Shusett, Dan O'Bannon, and Gary Goldman, is based on a story by Philip K. Dick; the plot keeps twisting and turning, but we stop following it before the picture is half over. It's just a frame for meaty action sequences—a skeleton nestled deep inside ballooning muscles. The director, Paul Verhoeven ("RoboCop"), composes striking images, but they're oppressive and completely impersonal: every weird angle, every close-up of a face contorted with pain, every splash of bright-red blood is an effect borrowed from horror comics. The picture itself is a terminator: when it's over, you feel as if the life had been pounded out of you, and you never want to go to the movies again. Also with Sharon Stone, Ronny Cox, and Rachel Ticotin. Cinematography by Jost Vacano.—T.R. (6/18/90) (Criterion Center.)

The Two Jakes—Directed by and starring Jack Nicholson, this sequel to "Chinatown" (1974) begins absorbingly, with hard-edge dialogue and muffled echoes of the earlier film. Nicholson's Jake Gittes, the private detective specializing in divorce, takes on a client, Jake Berman (Harvey Keitel), a budding real-estate developer, and finds himself caught up in a murder case that somehow involves Katherine Mulwray, the daughter of Evelyn Mulwray, the Faye Dunaway character he loved in "Chinatown." But when we've got the setup clear in our heads and expect the movie to rouse itself, to develop a present tense and get going, it remains airless and murky. It proceeds phlegmatically, bringing in more and more characters and complications, and losing us. We don't get the film-noir thrill of mystery and resolution. By the time the plot comes together (more or less), we're benumbed. As the director, Nicholson doesn't give the characters any snap and he doesn't build the scenes; it's as if he were scratching his head each time the camera got turned on. As Gittes he wears a bitter half smile and gives a groggy performance. It's a spiritless movie, dark and mannered. There are good people in the cast—Meg Tilly, Madeleine Stowe, Rubén Blades, Frederic Forrest, Eli Wallach, David Keith, Joe Mantell, Richard Farnsworth—but they're emotionally distanced from us, and they don't seem to matter. The script (though not the narration) is mostly by Robert Towne; the cinematography is by Vilmos Zsigmond.—P.K. (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Angelika Film Center, and Loews New York Twin; through Sept. 13.)

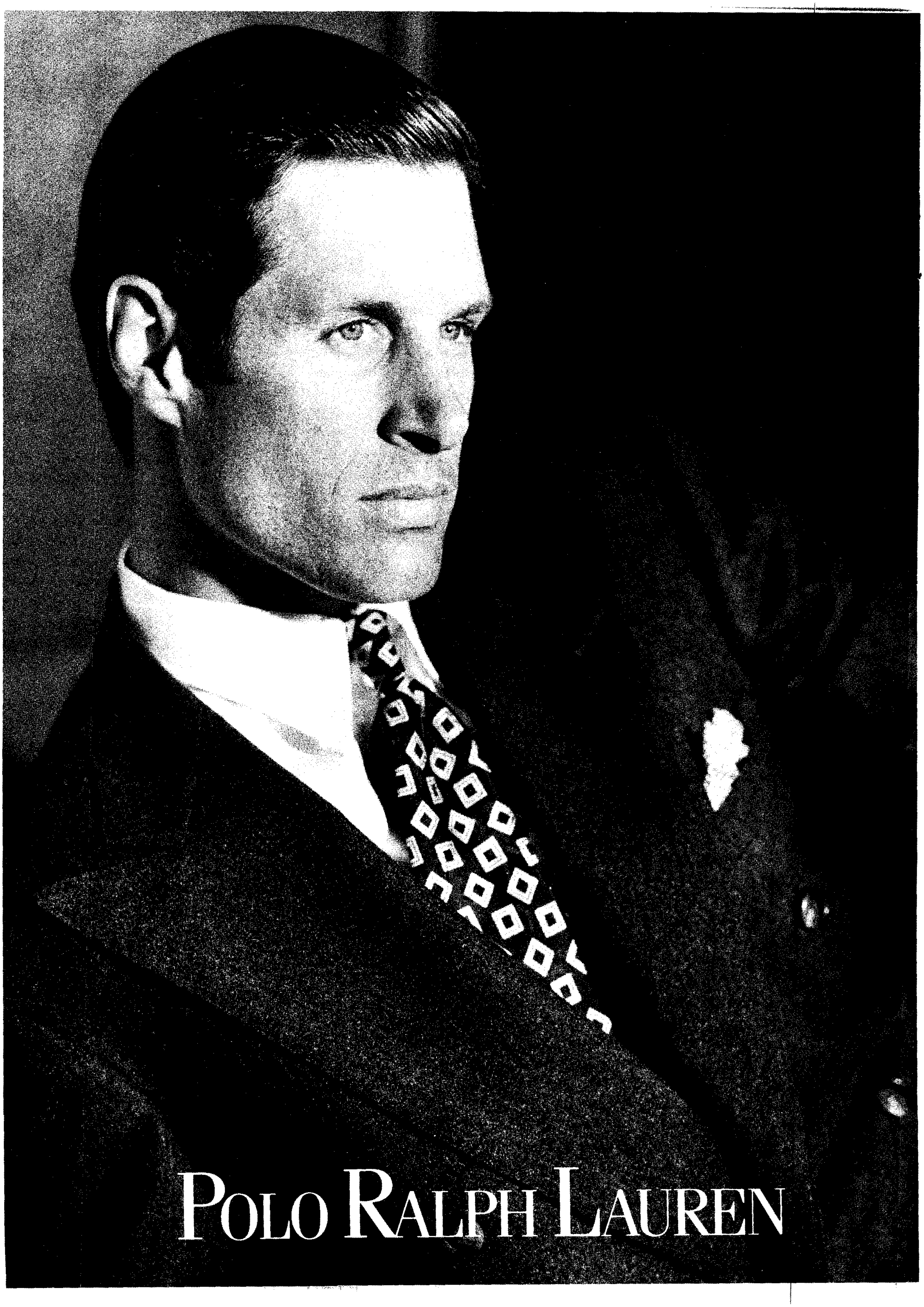
Wild at Heart—Right from the start, just about everything is wrong with David Lynch's new movie, and the wrongness has an escalating, vertiginous quality. Every false move seems to lead to another, more disastrous than the one before. It's a buzzing, hyperkinetic picture, but its wildness is all on the surface: the images are elaborately conceived, arresting, and meaningless, like tattoos. The novel by Barry Gifford on which Lynch based his screenplay is a languorous, arty trifle about a pair of lovers named Sailor (Nicolas Cage) and Lula (Laura Dern), who drive from North Carolina to Texas and stop at ratty hotels and motels along the way; they're hard-lovin' losers who smoke a lot and don't get to the place they set out for (California). Their happiness is threatened by a variety of kinky villains, mostly of Lynch's invention: Gifford's poky Deep South odyssey is now an orgy of evil, full of graphic violence and grotesque craziness. The shocks don't have much resonance, though; the weirdness here is inexpressive and trivial, even silly. And the lurid villainy always seems diversionary, a baroque disguise for a bland, lifeless, and overfamiliar story. The movie is one startling lapse of taste after another; it's a sorry spectacle. Also with Diane Ladd, Willem Dafoe, Harry Dean Stanton, Isabella Rossellini, Grace Zabriskie, J. E. Freeman, W. Morgan Sheppard, Calvin Lockhart, David Patrick Kelly, and Crispin Glover.—T.R. (8/27/90) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Sept. 11.)

The Witches—The ads say "From the imagination of Jim Henson and director Nicolas Roeg." It would be more accurate to say "From the imagination of the writer Roald Dahl." This quirky fairy-tale movie is about the diabolical, gleeful evil that's hidden behind normality. (It's about women who secretly hate children.) What Henson and Roeg supply is their craftsmanship and their affection for the novel's adult, calmly macabre tone. (The movie promises to be an enduring, slightly scandalous joy.) As the Grand High Witch of the World, the black-clad Anjelica Huston lifts her arm up high in a towering salute and, addressing the witches of England at their annual meeting, held at a seacoast hotel, she outlines her plan: all the children in the land are to be turned into mice. The nine-year-old Luke (Jasen Fisher), who overhears her speech, is hunted down and transformed, but, blessed with a practical-minded Norwegian granny (Mai Zetterling) who's an expert on witches, he sets out to foil the plan. The movie doesn't have Dahl's narrative confidence, and it goes in for a little sweetening, but it has major compensations. Pale, bespectacled Luke is rather mousy to start with, and when he becomes a light-brown critter who can be cradled in his granny's hand it seems almost a fulfillment. His greedy pal Bruno (Charles Potter) seems fulfilled, too—as a blobby gray rodent. The two mice are triumphs for Henson's workshop. Zetterling is the hypnotic storytelling granny of our dreams; Huston is a gutsy, camp witch, with an accent that slips like her features; her terrified underlings—bald, drag-queen witches—are like a child's drawings of the Devil. With Bill Paterson and Brenda Blethyn as Bruno's parents, Rowan Atkinson as the hotel manager, and Jane Horrocks as Miss Irvine. The script is by Allan Scott; the exteriors were filmed in Bergen, Norway, and at the Headland Hotel, Newquay, Cornwall.—P.K. (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews Festival; through Sept. 13.)

BOURKE

Collection

walk, CT 06856 • (800) 243-5598


POLO RALPH LAUREN

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

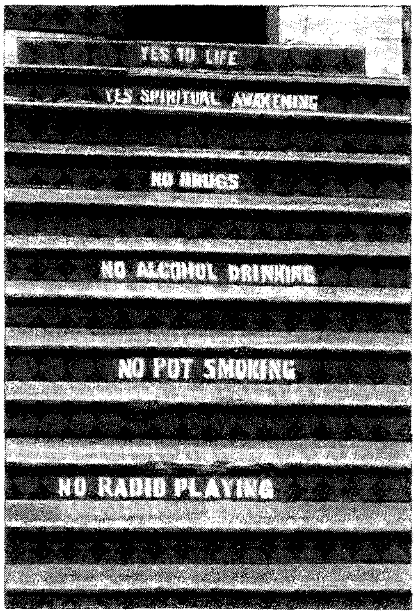
A FRIEND writes:

Proust's great subject, as every comp-lit major knows, was the marvellous correspondences in life—the way incidents and events that at first look like just a lot of unrelated stuff turn out, when you get them in the right order, to be pieces of an immense and intricate pattern. My wife and I experience plenty of the unrelated stuff, but the opportunity to float off and discover its unexpected patternings seldom presents itself. I have an idea, for instance, that the two apparently unrelated paths that lead in opposite directions from our door here on Broome Street—one running off, bumper to bumper, toward the Holland Tunnel (Frank's Way, we like to call it), the other running off toward Mulberry Street (Du Côté de chez Gotti)—are probably the arms of a single encompassing figure. But we can't get far enough back—or up, or away—to really look at it.

Not long ago, when the process of co-op conversion which has been going on in our building since the Beame Administration at last appeared to be drawing to a climax, my wife and I decided to go to France. We were getting so much confusing real-estate advice (too soon, too late, a rip-off, a steal) that the only rational response to our dilemma seemed to be flight. In Paris, we drank and ate and walked and looked, and hardly thought about the co-op plan at all. Then, one morning, we decided to go out and look at the stained-glass windows and the long, bread-shaped statues of Chartres, and while we were planning our trip we noticed that there on the map was a little town with a familiar name—Illiers, which was the original of the village of Combray, the narrator's home town in "Remembrance of Things Past." We decided to tack a visit to Illiers on to our day at Chartres.

We got to Illiers early in the evening, and the first thing we did was to walk over to Proust's aunt's house, on the Rue du Docteur-Proust; we discovered that it was only half of a two-family house, and that the house was for sale. We jotted down the name of the real-estate agents, and when we got back to Paris we asked a Parisian we know to call them for us. The price of the Proust house was six hundred thousand francs, or roughly what the co-op people were asking for our apartment. We had obviously stumbled onto one of those strange Proustian parallels.

Proust's House: surrounded by "the sweet savour of warm bread, smells lazy and punctual as a village clock, roving and settled, heedless and provident, linen smells, morning smells, pious smells; rejoicing in a peace . . . and in a prosiness which serves as a deep source of poetry to the stranger who passes through their midst."



Our House: also surrounded by aromas as punctual as a village clock—the accumulated smells of the Mexican place down the street and the smell of the big charcoal broiler in that restaurant over on Wooster that has been, in the past seven years, a Japanese country inn, an Indian tandoori oven, an Ethiopian hut, and a Key West saloon, and is now an American barbecue.

Proust's House: fronting on the center of town and facing a church where the congregation "had managed by agelong repetition to acquire a destructive force, to impress itself on the stone, to carve ruts in it," while the tombs below "furnish the choir with a sort of spiritual pavement."

Our House: facing a video-rental store that was recently locked up by the feds for nonpayment of taxes, and features a façade that has also managed, by agelong repetition, to acquire its own destructive force, as pieces of it fall off and imperil passersby below, thereby creating a kind of spiritual pavement, too, if you look at it that way.

Proust's House: managed by Françoise, the loyal servant who strangely resembles one of the Virtues depicted in Giotto's Arena Chapel frescoes.

Our House: managed by an enigmatic follower of the Lubavitcher rebbe who is generally called the Man with the Yellow Hat, because of his resemblance to the character in the "Curious George" books.

So *there* was the pattern: Proust's house and our house are more or less the same house, just as Méséglise Way and Guermantes Way turned out to be more or less the same path. And not only that: even the experience of watching our building go co-op has been, in terms of its experiential extension (to borrow a phrase from a college paper of mine), a lot like the experience of reading Proust. You begin hopefully, you dream of new vistas of pleasure opening up before you, you think that your friends will think better of you for having done it, you follow each twist and turn and try to find the big picture, and then you get bogged down and the whole thing seems to go on forever. It's a depressing thought, but we may already be living in Combray.

• •

Theremin, Theremin

THE reason this story is called "Theremin, Theremin" is that right now, here, it's Theremin, all Theremin, and nothing but Theremin. Theremin the literary reference, Theremin the object, Theremin the evocation of the ancient avant-garde.

But let's describe Steve Martin. No, not the comedian but the tall, red-haired man, resident of quarters high up in Battery Park City. He is thirty-five years old, and is standing in front of the theremin in his apartment. Steve is wearing Levi's and white Converse sneakers. The theremin is wearing a dull, slightly scratched walnut veneer, and looks a little like a nineteen-thirties radio. It has two antennas: one antenna stands up straight on top of the veneered body, and the other, a loop of metal parallel to the floor, juts out from the left side of the body. You'll have to excuse us for writing this piece in this *flowing* manner, but we are trying to give you an idea of how the theremin is played.

This is a *still point*. You can produce one with a theremin: you can hold a note forever. We won't try that, but it's something to remember. The theremin is the only musical instrument that plays without being touched. This gets us back to the whole *modernisme* idea. Here is a quotation from the *Musical America* of February 4, 1928:

> THEREMIN SHOWS
> PUBLIC
> HIS ETHER MUSIC
>
> Professor Leon Theremin of Russia gave the first public American demonstration of his so-called ether wave music in the Metropolitan Opera House last Tuesday night. . . . The program was the same presented at a private exhibition for invited guests at the Hotel Plaza a week earlier. On Wednesday evening Prof. Theremin gave another private demonstration before a group of scientists and other celebrities at the home of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. . . .
>
> Professor Theremin, in a leaflet, thus explained the working of his apparatus . . .

But we think that Steve Martin, standing behind his 1929 RCA theremin, should explain the working of the apparatus. Here goes.

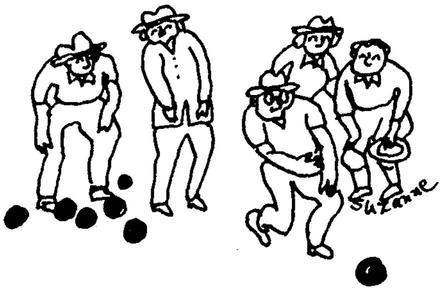
Mr. Martin says to us, "Sit in the Stratolounger now. Are you ready?" Then he says, "What you see before you is one of about two hundred original theremins. It has two antennae: the horizontal antenna regulates the volume, the vertical antenna regulates the pitch. The human body becomes a capacitor and interrupts the electromagnetic field, which regulates the entire sound. I will now demonstrate."

This is the spot in this piece where Steve Martin plays the theremin. He moves his hands, and so forth. Now is the right time to tell you that you have heard a theremin if you saw the movie "The Day the Earth Stood Still" or if you listened to the Beach Boys song "Good Vibrations." Now is also the right time to quote an enthusiastic music critic named Lawrence Gilman, who believed that the theremin ought to be called the Theremophone, and who in 1928 asked rhetorically, "Since it was the invention of the pianoforte that made possible the keyboard music of Chopin and Debussy . . . is it impossible that the invention of the Theremophone may give us some day a music of which we cannot even dream?"

"It gets louder as I raise my left hand," Steve Martin says. "The pitch becomes higher as I move my hand closer to the pole. You'll also notice that I'm providing all the vibrato, by moving my hand back and forth."

The theremin was designed in 1918, a few years after the vacuum tube was invented. Mr. Martin thinks of 1918 as a less cynical time, when people had interesting dreams for the future.

Another great living fan of the theremin is Robert Moog, the inventor of the Moog synthesizer. There is a big issue right there, Mr. Martin says. The question is: Do we use electronic technology to simulate the sounds of existing instruments, or do we try to produce new music?



The Nicest Moment: The nicest moment we had while we were talking with Mr. Martin about the theremin was one in which he jumped up and put on "Good Vibrations" at top volume. When the Beach Boys sang "I'm picking up good vibrations, she's giving me excitations," we could *really* hear the theremin; moreover, we got the idea that Brian Wilson, who wrote the music, was in well-earned communion with the inventor of the theremin (and whatever hope he had for his machine). Brian Wilson was all by himself. Lennon and McCartney had each other.

Theremin the Literary Reference: This part of the story involves the famous novel "Marjorie Morningstar," by the famous novelist Herman Wouk. Here are two paragraphs from Chapter 35, "The Breaking of a Glass":

> SCREEEEEEEEEEE! A frightful sound blared through the apartment. Marjorie shivered from head to foot, and screamed at Schwartz over the noise, "My God! *What's that?*" Almost at once the screech changed into a mixed hideous din, as of a zoo going up in flames—growls, squeals, shrieks, barks, groans, howls. The guests in the dining room, their eyes dilated with astonishment, swarmed toward the foyer, carrying Marjorie and Schwartz with them. . . .
>
> The three Packovitch girls were bounding and prancing like circus elephants, trumpeting with laughter, poking their hands at the pole and the loop; and with every motion of their hands the noise of the theremin changed. It whooped, it grunted, it screeched, it howled, it belched. . . . In the middle of the room, Marsha lay on her stomach on the floor, with her hat over one ear, beating the rug with her fists, kicking her heels, and laughing as though she would die.

Theremin the Detective Story: When Steve Martin told his friend Victoria Traube that he wanted to find a theremin, find out *about* the theremin, find someone who could play the theremin, get a look at a theremin, Miss Traube thought, I didn't think this was going to come up. Miss Traube is a vice-president, and the head of East Coast motion-picture-business affairs, of the International

NAT'L ENDOWMENT
SEAL OF APPROVAL
FOR THE ARTS
ZIEGLER

Creative Management agency. She is a lawyer, and does a lot of negotiating, and has the wry humor that is probably the most important survival skill in this kind of job. Miss Traube comes from an established show-business family. Her father, Shepard Traube, produced "Angel Street" (which is, of course, the play from which the film "Gaslight" was made), and her mother knew—*knows*—the only person in the world who really knows how to play the theremin. The theremin, it cannot be said too often, is difficult to play. Screeches are easy, Schubert is tough.

Victoria Traube told Mr. Martin, "Read 'Marjorie Morningstar.' " He did. The crucial sentences occur on page 531 of the edition we have, early in the aforementioned Chapter 35. "There's only one person in the world who can really make it sound like anything, Clara Rockmore. I heard her at a recital, she does wonders with it," a character says.

Steve called Victoria Traube. "Clara Rockmore. I'm looking for Clara Rockmore," Steve Martin told Victoria Traube.

"Yes, Steve," Victoria Traube said. "You're looking for Clara."

Theremin the Love Story: Steve Martin had not yet decided to make a movie about the theremin. He had always loved the sound, and had wanted to use a theremin in a movie he was writing with a Jehovah's Witness subplot. When he met Clara Rockmore, he was amazed and moved. And when Clara Rockmore, who used to perform with her late sister Nadia Reisenberg, the concert pianist, told him that the inventor of the theremin, Professor Termen (that is how the name is spelled), was alive, in his nineties, and living in the Soviet Union, his amazement was transformed into the sort of commitment that moves mountains and (more rarely) gets films produced.

Mr. Martin told us, "I looked Clara Rockmore's number up in the phone book and I called her, and I got this woman with a Russian accent who was sort of polite but distant, and I said, 'I understand you're a great theremin player,' and she said, 'Well, yes, I have a theremin. It was installed in my apartment by Professor Termen himself.' And I said, 'Really? Can I come up and see it?' 'Well, it isn't working now. Goodbye.' And I thought, Well, that's sort of a dead end. I went to a very small New Year's Eve party at Vicky Traube's house, and her mother was there, and I said something about Clara Rockmore, and her mother said, 'Oh, she's my best friend.' And I said, 'Oh, really?' And she said, 'Yes,' and I said, 'Well, I'd love to meet her sometime.' So I met Clara Rockmore at Clara's apartment, and it ended up being an afternoon with two very sophisticated women who knew how to flirt, and I found myself developing this terrible crush on Clara, who was an extraordinary beauty and is still quite a looker. I mean, what a gas, really something. Someone you would *take to dinner*. So Clara talked, and I just couldn't help myself. She played the instrument for me, and I just freaked out, because it was so much more than I could have expected—her command of it, her seriousness about it. She told me how Termen built it for her and that Termen was still alive. And I said, 'Wait a minute—this guy's still alive?' And she told me the story of how he invented it, and brought it here as part of a way to promote Soviet technology, and how he went back to Russia in the thirties and was thrown into a Soviet prison camp, and on and on. And I said, 'Who else can play this? Whom have you taught to play this?' She said, 'Well, no one.' Then I just looked at her and said, 'I'd like to film you,' and she said, 'No, that would be impossible. I'm retired.' And it just for some reason made me mad. I looked at her and said, 'Listen, you owe it to me to do this and you owe it to yourself and you owe it to Termen, because if you don't work with me on this and let us record what you've done, then all the work you've put into it is wasted.' "

Then Steve Martin really went to work. Among other things, he got in touch with Robert Moog, in North Carolina, and got him to come to New York and fix Clara Rockmore's theremin, which had been in poor repair. This moved Clara Rockmore very much, and changed everyone's outlook. Mr. Martin says, "I just called Moog up on the phone. I said, 'Hi, Bob, this is Steve Martin. You don't know me.' So he came and fixed Clara's theremin, and he wrote me a letter that said that after he took the theremin apart and fixed it Clara turned her back to him and tested it and played a song, and when she turned around there were tears running down her face. And he wrote, 'It's the most satisfying job I've ever done.' "

Theremin the Love Story II:

We talked to Clara Rockmore's friend Mrs. Traube. "Clara is so special. Her opinions are always her own," Mrs. Traube told us. "She doesn't hesitate to say what she thinks. She's never cooked a meal in her life, but she has given a lot of parties, teas. There are things she's *not* interested in. She's only interested in things of the heart and mind."

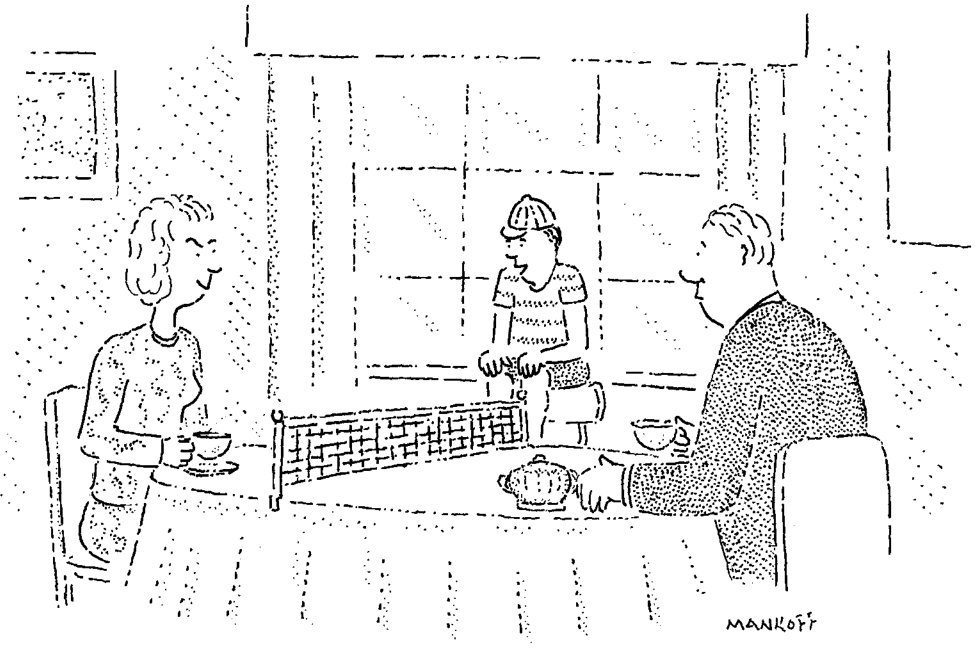
"What does she think of the idea of Steve Martin making a movie about her?" we asked.

"She wishes it had all happened when she was younger," Mrs. Traube said.

THEREMIN THE LUNCH: We had lunch with Victoria Traube. "Clara and Bob Rockmore were a magical couple," Victoria Traube said. "They would swoop down with balloons from Thanksgiving parades. They visited me at summer camp. They were in the vicinity of Fryeburg, Maine, and decided to drop in. Clara had to explain they weren't axe murderers and should be allowed to visit me. They were very vivid people. Very vivid. They had no children. I've never seen the theremin. My mother would say, 'Do you want to go?' And I am embarrassed to say that I'd say no."

Steve Martin joined us. He had with him a prize. He had just got a videotape of "The Delicate Delinquent," Jerry Lewis's first movie without Dean Martin. This movie, which is very hard to find, has a theremin sequence, a long one. Steve Martin suggested that we look at it with him, and we went to the apartment of Mr. Martin's friend Hal Willner, who is going to produce the music for Mr. Martin's movie. This apartment was magical, more or less. You walked up a stairway and had a view of Columbus Circle. Inside were thousands of music units: records, CDs, etc. Steve Martin played the videocassette of "The Delicate Delinquent," and we watched it. It's hard to say at this point exactly what a very young Jerry Lewis looks like, but there he was. In one sequence, he peeks into a funny old professor's apartment. He sees the theremin, he's surprised when it makes a sound in relation to the moves he makes, and then he dances. The theremin is right there in plain view, a kind of co-star. Steve Martin spotted handles on it and figured that it was the theremin owned by a man named Samuel Hoffman, who did a lot of theremin movie work. Probably the most famous appearance of theremin music in a movie, by the way, is in "Spellbound." Gregory Peck is about to have psychotic episodes. The theremin gives a musical warning.

At the end of "The Delicate Delinquent," Mr. Martin took out "Pet Sounds," the Beach Boys album of 1966. This album contains the great Beach Boys song "Wouldn't It Be Nice." Mr. Martin offered to play us a Beach Boys song with the theremin in it, but we said we wanted to listen to "Wouldn't It Be Nice," theremin or no theremin.



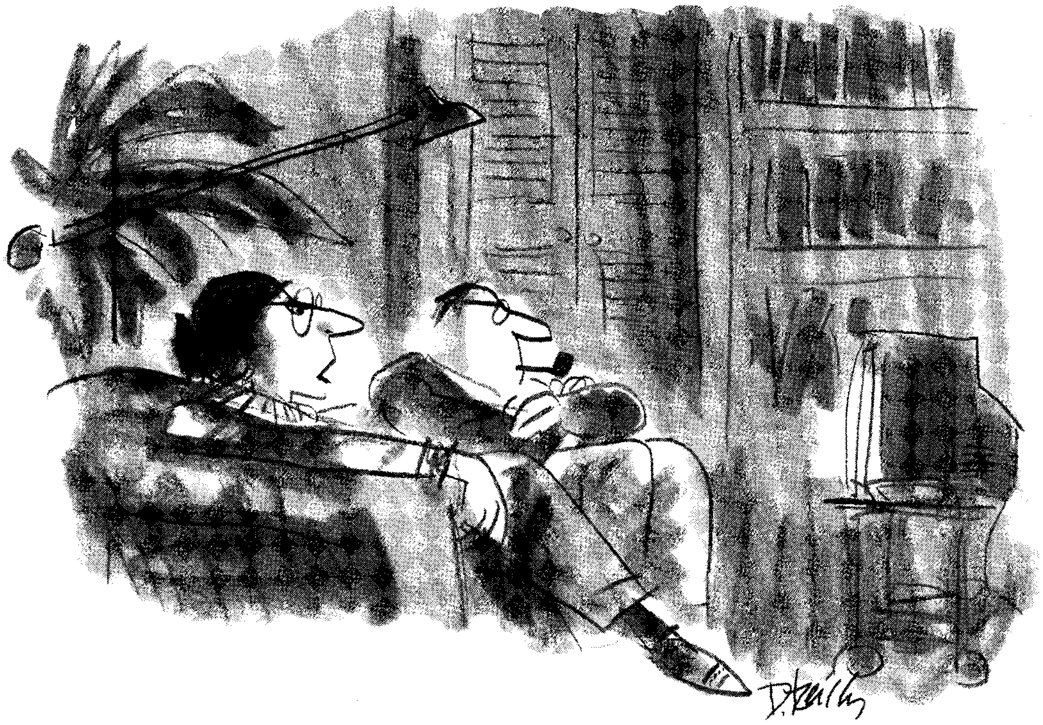
"Advantage, Mom."

Mr. Eggs

FOR fifteen years, Mariana Deutsch owned Samples by Aries, a dressmaking business in the garment district. Last fall, she reached the conclusion that fashion was getting risky but food always endures, so she got out of dresses and into eggs: she bought Dependable Food Products, which owns Mr. Eggs, the largest wholesaler of eggs and egg products in the city. She did so at the suggestion of her son-in-law Jay Klein, who was already a valued Mr. Eggs employee. "I knew that someone with her dynamism and energy would do wonders here," Jay says of his mother-in-law. "I could just see Mariana at Mr. Eggs."

"It's not that I had any special feeling about eggs," Mrs. Deutsch told us the other day. "I use eggs just like a normal person. I cook with them in the kitchen. Am I a good cook? That's what they say. My table's always empty at the end of a meal. I grew up in Israel, and that's where I learned to cook. Let me tell you, as far as the business, what happened was my son-in-law told me to open my eyes to the opportunity. So I opened. It wasn't that the old owner was interested in getting out—it was that I was interested in getting in. And I'm definitely not going to change the name. It's always been Mr. Eggs. The egg symbol on our trucks looks like a boy egg. The phone number is MRS-EGGS, but that's only because we needed another letter. It's a good phone number, because if you want eggs you don't have to think."

Mr. Eggs is ovoid, and has large eyes, a round nose, a gaping smile, skinny legs, and big feet. He wears a boater and a bow tie, and carries a cane. Mrs. Deutsch is square-shouldered, and has medium-length strawberry-blond hair, hazel eyes, an aquiline nose, a narrow jaw, and a bashful smile. When we spoke with her, she was surveying the premises of Mr. Eggs, in South Brooklyn, and she was wearing a chrome-yellow blazer she had made for herself, a black-and-white print blouse, a black skirt, and white aerobics shoes. First, Mrs. Deutsch



"I think it's high time we had an enigma on the Supreme Court."

• •

stopped to see Julius Tauber, her purchaser, who was checking the day's prices on the egg market. Mr. Tauber has a semi-Impressionistic painting of a rooster on one wall of his office and a pile of glossy egg-farm brochures on his desk. When Mrs. Deutsch walked in, he was doing something with a calculator and grimacing.

"From him I've learned everything about eggs," Mrs. Deutsch said, nodding at Mr. Tauber.

"You learn what you learn," Mr. Tauber responded. "Anyway, I'm always correcting people's ideas about eggs. Even where they're from. We get our eggs from Pennsylvania, not so much from New Jersey. New Jersey is practically out of the egg business."

After a few minutes with Mr. Tauber, Mrs. Deutsch relocated to the loading dock and watched a forklift move a load of mayonnaise against a backdrop of dozens of crates marked "The Incredible Edible Egg" and featuring an elegant hand holding an egg aloft. The mayonnaise appeared to be heading for a big white truck, which was decorated with a painting of Mr. Eggs and the slogan "Boy Do I Love Mr. Eggs!" Mayonnaise is a Dependable Food Products inventory item, and so are noodles, paprika, oat-bran-muffin mix, ketchup, chow-mein noodles, cheese, and wax beans. "We carry things that go with eggs," Mrs. Deutsch said as the forklift passed her. "You'd be surprised. We also have butter and spices and strudel dough. In this business, things don't start and end with the eggs."

One of Mr. Eggs' truck drivers was standing behind the forklift, holding a cake box and waving a hand in Mrs. Deutsch's direction. "Oh, this is that wonderful cake one of our customers sends to me," Mrs. Deutsch said when the driver handed her the box. "It has our eggs in it. That's what I mean about eggs' being part of everything. Cakes, noodles—everything. You start thinking about that when you're in this business. Never in my wildest dreams did I think about eggs before. Now I do. I'm learning all the time. There is a national egg show, with everyone from the business getting together. You'd be surprised. It's not just the egg people. It's the chicken people, too. Also the chicken-feed people."

When Mrs. Deutsch made the transition from the dress business to the egg business, she decided to take a few Seventh Avenue standards with her to South Brooklyn. For instance, bigwigs like Calvin Klein and Isaac Mizrahi have clothing showrooms, so Mrs. Deutsch decided that Dependable Food Products should have a food showroom. To this end, she cleaned up a big square room near the warehouse entrance and lined it with gray metal shelving, and put out jars of noodles, beans, nuts, and spices—all the Dependable Food products—and a half-dozen empty Mr. Eggs cartons, marked "Large," "Extra Large," and "Jumbo," in various grades.

"Dresses, eggs—you just have to know how to talk to people," she told us. "They're really the same business. There you need timeliness. Here you need timeliness. There you have the fashion seasons. Here you have Easter and Passover, the big egg holidays. There you have boxes and fabric. Here you have boxes and food. It all boils down to getting your work done."

Welcome

On the Saturday night of Labor Day weekend, we went for a long and generally aimless walk around the Upper East Side. Sometimes that part of town makes us edgy and envious, but on Saturday night it seemed rich with the mystery of empty places. We found ourself walking down Eightieth Street, east of Park, and noticed a particularly beautiful Georgian Revival building on the south side of the street. There was a plaque on the building, and we went across to see what it said. It said "Government of Iraq," and, below, it told the story of what the building had been before it belonged to the Iraqis. (It had once been the home of Clarence Dillon, a "leading financial figure," and had been designed for him in 1930 by the architect Mott B. Schmidt.) There was not another soul on the street, or outside the building—not a guard, not a cop. At the top of the steps, right in front of the door, however, the Government of Iraq had placed a welcome mat. It was made of green plastic, to look like grass, and in the top left corner was a single white-and-yellow plastic daisy.

HACK WEDNESDAY

Marcia has been dreaming about babies. She dreams there is a new one, hers, milky-smelling and sweet-faced and shining with light, lying in her arms, bundled in a green knitted blanket. It even has a name, something strange that she doesn't catch. She is suffused with love, and with longing for it, but then she thinks, Now I will have to take care of it. This wakes her up with a jolt.

Downstairs the news is on. Something extra has happened, she can tell by the announcer's tone of voice, by the heightened energy. A disaster of some kind; that always peps them up. She isn't sure she's ready for it, at least not so early. Not before coffee. She considers the window: a whitish light is coming through it, maybe it's snowing. In any case, it's time to get up again.

Time is going faster and faster; the days of the week whisk by like panties. The panties she's thinking about are the kind she had when she was a little girl, in pastels, with "Monday," "Tuesday," "Wednesday" embroidered on them. Ever since then the days of the week have had colors for her: Monday is blue, Tuesday is cream, Wednesday is lilac. You counted your way through each week by pantie, fresh on each day, then dirtied and thrown into the bin. Marcia's mother used to tell her that she should always wear clean panties in case a bus ran over her, because other people might see them as her corpse was being toted off to the morgue. It wasn't Marcia's potential death that loomed uppermost in her mind, it was the state of her panties.

Marcia's mother never actually said this. But it was the kind of thing she ought to have said, because the other mothers really did say it, and it has been a useful story for Marcia. It embodies the supposed Anglo-Canadian prudery, inhibition, and obsession with public opinion, and as such has mythic force. She uses it on foreigners, or on those lately arrived.

Marcia eases herself out of bed and finds the slippers, made from dyed-pink sheepskin, which were given to her last Christmas by her twenty-year-old daughter, out of concern for her aging feet. (Her son, at a loss as usual, gave her chocolates.) She struggles into her dressing gown, which has surely become smaller than it used to be, then gropes through the pantie drawer. No embroidery in here, no old-fashioned nylon, even. Romance has given way to comfort, as in much else. She is thankful to God she doesn't live in the age of corsets.

Fully dressed except for the bright-pink sheepskin slippers, which she keeps on because of the coldness of the kitchen floor, Marcia makes her way down the stairs and along the hallway. Walking in the slippers, which are slightly too big and flop around, she waddles slightly. Once she was light on her feet, a waif. Now she casts a shadow.

Eric is sitting at the kitchen table having his morning rage. His once red hair, now the color of bleached-out sand, is standing straight up on his head like a bird's crest, and he's run his hands through it in exasperation. There's marmalade in it again, off his toast.

"Ass-licking suck," he says. Marcia knows that this is not directed at her: the morning paper is spread out on the table. They cancelled—Eric cancelled—their subscription to this paper five months ago, in a fit of fury over its editorial policies and its failure to use recycled newsprint, although it's the paper Marcia writes her column for. But he can't resist the temptation: every so often he ducks out before Marcia is up and buys one out of the corner box. The adrenaline gets him going, now that he's no longer allowed coffee.

Marcia turns down the radio, then kisses the bristly back of his neck. "What is it today?" she says. "The benefits of Free Trade?"

There's a tearing sound, like fingernails on a blackboard. Outside the glass kitchen door, the cat has dug its claws into the screen and is sliding slowly down it. This is its demand to be let in. It has never bothered to learn meowing.

"One of these days I'm going to kill that beast," says Eric. It's Marcia's belief that Eric would never do such a thing, because he is tenderhearted to a fault. Eric's view of himself is more savage.

"You poor baby!" says Marcia, scooping up the cat, which is overweight. It's on a diet, but mooches in secret from the neighbors. Marcia sympathizes.

"I just let the damn thing out. In, out, in, out. It can't make up its mind," says Eric.

"It's confused," says Marcia. The cat has wriggled free of her. She measures coffee into the little espresso machine. If she were truly loyal to Eric she would give up coffee, too, to spare him the torture of watching her drink it. But then she would be asleep all the time.

"It's picking up on the national mood," says Eric. "Yesterday it shat in the bathtub."

"At least it didn't use the rug," says Marcia. She peels an envelope of moist cat kibble. The cat rubs up against her legs.

"It would have if it had thought about it," says Eric. "Some grovelling hymn to George Bush." He's back on the editorial page.

"What's he done now?" says Marcia, helping herself to Cheerios. Eric won't eat them because they're American. Ever since the Free Trade deal with the States went through he has refused to purchase anything from south of the border. They've been having a lot of root vegetables this winter: carrots, potatoes, beets. Eric says the pioneers did it, and, anyway, frozen orange juice is overrated. At lunches out, Marcia furtively eats avocados and hopes Eric won't smell them on her breath.

"This is the Panama invasion," says Eric, distinguishing it from a multitude of other invasions. "You know how many they're up to this century? Down there? Forty-two."

"That's a lot," says Marcia, in her mollifying voice.

"They don't think of it as invading," says Eric. "They think of it as agriculture. Sort of like spraying for bugs."

"Were you cold out there? Did you freeze your paws?" says Marcia, picking up the cat again, which has turned up its nose at the kibble. It gives a piglike grunt. *She's missing the children.* Tomorrow they will be home for the holidays, they and their laundry. The children are hers, not hers and Eric's, though even they don't seem to notice this anymore. Their real father has become a figment, somewhere in Florida. For Christmas he sends them oranges, which is about all Marcia ever hears of him.

"It's a drug thing," says Eric. "They're going to arrest Noriega, and presto, ten thousand poverty-stricken junkies will be cured."

"He hasn't behaved well," says Marcia.

"That's not the point," says Eric.

Marcia sighs. "I suppose this means you'll be picketing the American Consulate again," she says.

"Me and a few assorted loonies, and five superannuated Trots," says Eric. "Same old bunch."

"Dress up warm," says Marcia. "There's a wind-chill factor."

"I'll wear my earmuffs," says Eric: this is his one concession to sub-zero weather. "Trots are a nuisance."

"The Mounties think that *you're* one," says Marcia.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot—and two Mounties disguised as bag ladies. Or else those jerks from Ca-Sissies. They might as well wear clown suits, they're so obvious."

Ca-Sissies is Eric's name for C.S.I.S., which really means Canadian Security Intelligence Service. Ca-Sissies taps his phone, or so Eric believes. He teases them: he'll phone up one of his pals and say words like "sabotage" and "bomb," just to activate the tapes. Eric says he's doing Ca-Sissies a favor: he's making them feel important. Marcia says it would interfere with her ever having an affair, because they might listen in and then blackmail her.

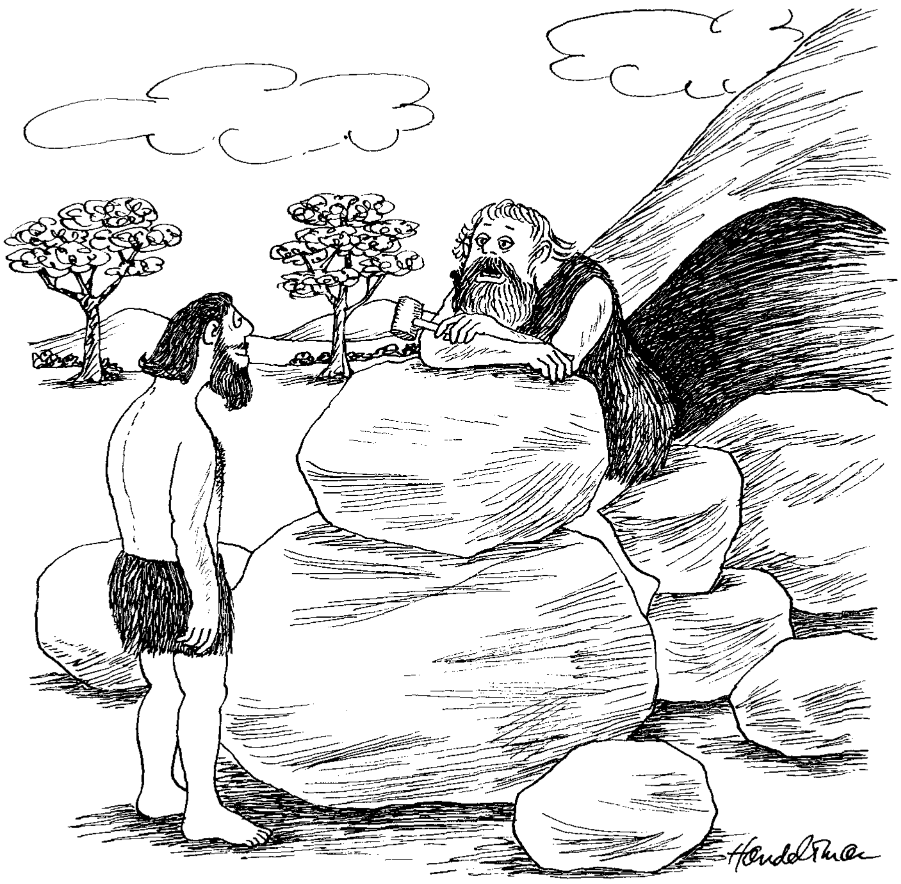
Eric is not worried. "You have good taste," he says. "There's no one in this city worth having an affair with."

Marcia knows that lack of worth has never stopped anyone in this regard. The reason she doesn't have affairs, or hasn't had any lately, is simple laziness. Too much energy is required; also, she no longer has the body for it, for the initial revelations and displays. She would not have an affair without doing something about her thighs, and buying appropriate underwear. In addition, she would not risk losing Eric. Eric can still surprise her, in many ways. She knows the general format of the schemes he's likely to come up with, but not the details. Surprise is worth a lot.

"Love is blind," says Marcia. "Well, I'm off to the temple of free speech." She's glad he's going to picket. It means he's not too old for it, after all. She kisses him again, on the top of his rumpled, sticky head. "See you for dinner. What're we having?"

Eric thinks for a moment. "Turnips," he says.

"Oh, good," says Marcia. "We haven't had those for a while."



"And what do you imagine will be the advantages of changing your name from Peking man to Beijing man?"

• •

MARCIA puts on her cardigan and her heavy, black wool winter coat—not fur, Eric is against fur these days, although Marcia has pointed out that fur is the native way of life and is also biodegradable. She barely gets away with the sheepskin slippers: luckily, their vibrant color makes them look fake. She adds her boots, her scarf, her lined gloves, and her white wool hat. Thus padded, she takes a breath, clenches all her flesh together, and heads through the door, into the winter. The cat shoots out between her legs and immediately thinks better of it. Marcia lets it back in.

This is the coldest December in a hundred years. At night it hits thirty below; car tires are square in the morning, frostbite cases crowd the hospitals. Eric says it's the greenhouse effect. Marcia is puzzled by this: she thought the greenhouse effect was supposed to make it warmer, not colder. "Freak weather," Eric says tersely.

There's ice all over the steps; there has been for days. Marcia has suggested that the mailman may slip on it and sue them, but Eric refuses to use salt: he's in pursuit of some new product that Canadian Tire never seems to have in stock. Marcia holds on to the railing and takes tiny steps downward and wonders if she's getting osteoporosis. She could fall; she could shatter like a dropped plate, like an egg. These are the sorts of possibilities that never occur to Eric. Only large catastrophes concern him.

The sidewalk has been chiselled free of ice, or at least a sort of trail has been made in it, suitable for single file. Marcia makes her way along this, toward the subway station. When she comes out onto Bloor Street it's less treacherous underfoot, but gustier. She breaks into a slow, lumbering trot and reaches the Bathurst station wheezing.

Three of the city's homeless are staked out inside the door. All are young men; two of them are Native Indians, one isn't. The one that isn't puts the twist on Marcia for some change. He says he just wants to eat, which seems to Marcia a modest enough wish: she knows a lot of people who want a good deal more. He is pallid and stubble-faced, and he doesn't meet her eyes. To him she's just a sort of broken pay phone, the kind you can shake to make extra quarters come out.

The two Indians watch without much expression. They look fed up. They've had it with this city, they've had it with suicide as an option, they've had it with the twentieth century. Or so Marcia supposes. She doesn't blame them: the twentieth century has not been a raving success.

At the newsstand she buys a chocolate bar and a *True Woman* magazine, the first Canadian-made but bad for you, the second an outright Yankee-land betrayal. But she's entitled: she gets enough virtuous eating and reality principle in the rest of her life, so for half an hour she'll play hooky and wreck her blood sugar and read escapist trash. She squashes onto the train with the other wool-swaddled passengers and is adroit enough to get a seat, where she thumbs through the holiday fashions and the diet of the month, licking chocolate from her fingers. Then she settles into a piece entitled, with misplaced assurance, "What Men Really Think." It's all about sex, of course. Marcia has news for them: the sum total of what men *really think* is quite a lot bigger than that.

She changes trains, gets off at Union, slogs up the stairs to street level. There's an escalator, but looking at all those slender bodies has made her worried. Eric thinks she has nice thighs; but, then, Eric leads a sheltered life.

THERE are underground mazes downtown, underground shopping malls, underground tunnels that can get you from one building to another. You could spend the whole winter underground, without ever going outside. But Marcia feels a moral obligation to deal with winter instead of merely avoiding it. Also, she has a lot of difficulty locating herself on the "You Are Here" diagrams placed at intervals to help out those lacking in orientation skills. She prefers to be aboveground, where there are street signs.

THE BARBER

Even in death he roams the yard in his boxer shorts,
plowing the push-mower through Bermuda grass,
bullying it against the fence and tree trunks,
chipping its twisted blades on the patio's edge.

The chalky flint and orange spark of struck concrete
floats in the air, tastes like metal, smells
like the slow burn of hair on his electric clippers.
And smelling it I feel the hot shoe of the shaver

as he guided it in a high arc around my ears,
then set the sharp toothy edge against my sideburns
to trim them square, and how he used his huge stomach
to butt the chair and his flat hand palming my head

to keep me still, pressing my chin down as he cleaned
the ragged wisps of hair along my neck.
A fat, inconsolable man, whose skill and pleasure
was to clip and shear, to make raw and stubble,

all that grew in this world, expose the scalp,
the place of roots and nerves, and make vulnerable,
there in the double mirrors of his shop, the long
stem muscles of our necks. And so we hung below

his license in its cheap black frame, above the violet
light of the scissors' shed with its glass jars
of germicide and the long tapered combs soaking
in the blue iridescence. Gruff when he wasn't silent,

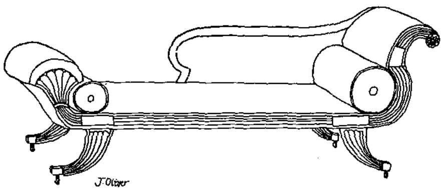
he was a neighbor to fear, yet we trusted him
beyond his anger, beyond his privacy, like a father
we could hate, like someone we might kill,
though vengeance was always his. He sent us back

into the world burning and itching, alive with the horror
of closing eyes in the pinkish darkness
of his shop and having felt the horsehair brush, talc-filled,
cloying, too sweet for boyhood, whisked across the face.

—MICHAEL COLLIER

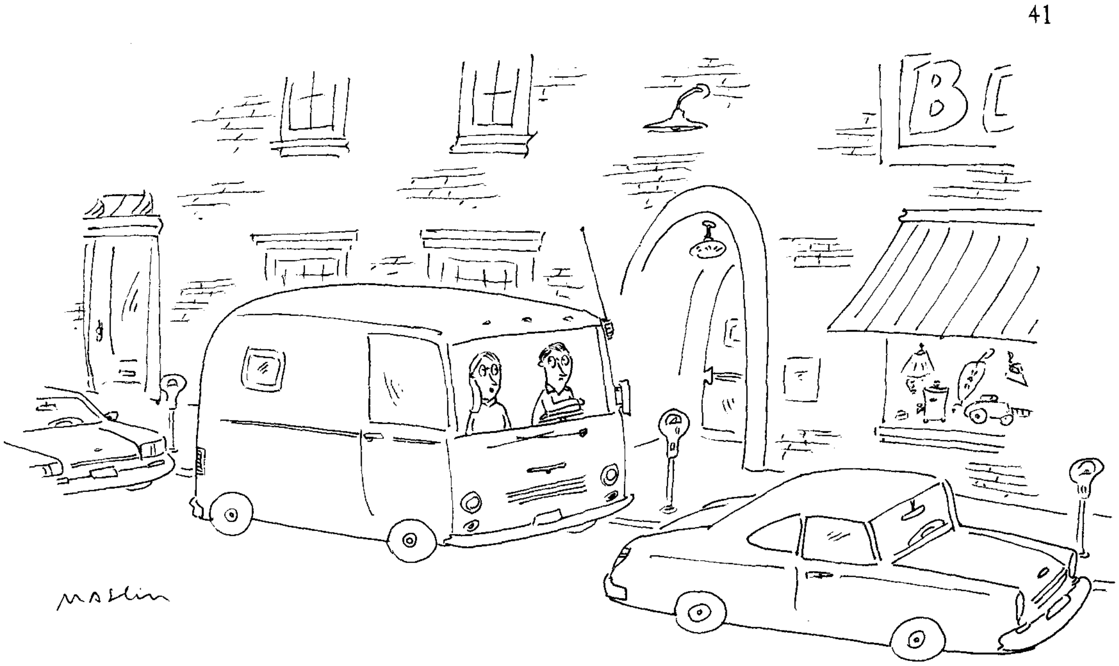
• •

Just recently she got thoroughly lost down there; the only good thing that happened was that she discovered a store called The Tacki Shoppe, which sold pink flamingo eggs and joke books about sex in middle age, and bottles of sugar pills labelled Screwital. It also sold small pieces of the Berlin Wall, each in its own little box, with a certificate of authenticity included. They cost twelve ninety-five. She bought a piece to put in Eric's stocking: they still keep up the habit of jokes in their stockings, from when the children were younger. She is not sure Eric will find this gift funny; more likely, he will make some remark about the trivialization of history. But the children will be interested. The truth is that Marcia secretly wants this piece of the Wall for herself. It's a souvenir for her, not of a place—she has never been to Berlin—but of a time. *This is from the Christmas the Wall came tumbling down*, she will say in later years; to her grandchildren, she hopes. Then she will try to remember what year it was.



More and more, she is squirrelling away bits of time—a photo here, a letter there; she wishes she had saved more of the children's baby clothes, more of their toys. Last month, when Eric took an old shirt that dated from their first year together and cut it up for dishcloths, she saved the buttons. No doubt, after the Berlin Wall fragment has been fingered and exclaimed over on Christmas morning, it will end up in this magpie cache of hers.

The wind is worse here, funnelling between the glassy high-rise office buildings. After a block of walking into it, bent over and holding her ears, Marcia takes a taxi.



"I know this is what you've always wanted, Ken, but I'm sorry—I want more from life than just a terrific parking space."

• •

THE paper Marcia writes for is housed in a bland, square, glass-walled, windowless building, put up at some time in the seventies, when airlessness was all the rage. Despite its uninformative exterior, Marcia finds this building sinister, but that may be because she knows what goes on inside it.

The paper is called, somewhat grandiosely, *The World.* It is a national institution of sorts, and, like many other national institutions these days, it is falling apart. Eric says that *The World* has aided the national disintegration in other areas, such as Free Trade, so why should it be exempt itself? Marcia says that, even so, it is a shame. *The World* stood for something once, or so she likes to believe. It had integrity, or at least more integrity than it does now. You could trust it to have principles, to attempt fairness. Now the best you can say of it is that it has a fine tradition behind it, and has seen better days.

Better in some ways, worse in others. For instance, by cutting its staff and tailoring itself for the business community, it is now making more money. It has recently been placed under new management, which includes the editor, a man called Ian Emmiry. Ian Emmiry was promoted suddenly, over the heads of his elders and seniors, while the unsuspecting former editor was on vacation. This event was staged like a military coup in one of the hotter, seedier nations. It was almost like having a chauffeur promoted to general as the result of some hidden affiliation or payoff, and has been resented as much.

The journalists who have been there a long time refer to Ian Emmiry as Ian the Terrible, but not in front of the incoming bunch: Ian the Terrible has his spies. There are fewer and fewer of the older journalists and more and more of the newer ones, handpicked by Ian for their ability to nod. A slow transformation is going on, a slow purge. Even the comic strips at the back have been gutted: for instance, "Rex Morgan, M.D.," with its wooden-faced doctor and its impossibly cheerful and sexless nurse, is no longer to be found. Marcia misses it. It was such a soothing way to start the day, because nothing in it ever changed. It was an antidote to news.

Marcia wanders through the newsroom in search of a free computer. There are no more typewriters, no more clatter, not much of the casual hanging around, the loitering and chitchat that Marcia links with the old sound of the news being pounded out, drilled out as if from rock. Everything is computers now: Ian the Terrible has seen to that. He is big on systems. The journalists, the new breed, are crouched in front of their computers at their open-plan desks, cooking up the news; they look like pieceworkers in a garment factory.

Marcia does not have her own desk here, because she's not on staff: she's a columnist on contract. So, as Ian said (placing a well-kept hand on her shoulder, his eyes like little, zinc nails), she might as well work at home. He would like her to have a computer there, where she would be safely quarantined; he would like her to beam in her columns by modem. Barring that, he would like her to drop her copy off and have it keyboarded into the system by someone else. He suspects her of seditious tendencies. But Marcia has assured him, smiling, that Eric will not allow a computer in the house—he's such a Luddite, but what can you do!—and that she would never expect anyone else to deal with her messy copy. Who could read her handwritten alterations? she has said, diffidently. No, she really has to type the column into the system herself, she tells Ian. She does not say "keyboard," and Ian notices this holdout. Maybe he grits his teeth. It's hard to tell: he has the kind of teeth that appear to be permanently gritted.

Marcia could have a computer at home if she liked. Also, she could bring in clean copy. But she wants to come down here. She wants to see what's going on. She wants the gossip.

Marcia's column appears in the section of the paper that still calls itself "Lifestyles," although surely it will have to think up some new heading soon. "Lifestyles" was the eighties; the nineties are coming, and already steps are being taken to differentiate the decades. Summings-up clutter the papers, radio and television are droning earnestly on about what the eighties meant and what the nineties will mean. People are already talking about a seventies revival, which puzzles Marcia. What is there to revive? The seventies were the sixties until they became the eighties. There were no seventies, really. Or maybe she missed out on them, because that was when the children were small.

Her column, which is read by some men as well as by many women, is about issues. Social issues, problems that may come up: caring for the aged at home, breast-feeding in public, bulimia in the workplace. She interviews people, she writes from the particular to the general; she believes, in what she considers to be an old-fashioned, romantic way, that life is something that happens to individuals, despite the current emphasis on statistics and trends. Lately things have taken a grimmer turn in Marcia's column: there's been more about such things as malnutrition in kindergartens, wife beating, overcrowding in prisons, child abuse. How to behave if you have a friend with AIDS. Homeless people who ask for handouts at the entrances to subway stations.

Ian does not like this new slant of Marcia's; he doesn't like her bad news. Businessmen don't want to read about this stuff, about people who can't work the system; or so Ian says. She's heard this through the grapevine. He has called her style "hysterical." He thinks she's too soppy. Probably she is too soppy. Her days at *The World* are probably numbered.

As she opens a new file on the computer, Ian himself appears. He has on a new suit, a gray one. He looks laminated.

"We got some mail on that column of yours," he says. "The one about free needles for junkies."

"Oh," says Marcia. "Hate mail?"

"Most of it," says Ian. He's pleased by this. "A lot of people don't think taxpayers' money should be spent on drugs."

"It's not *drugs*," says Marcia irritably, "it's public health." Even to herself she sounds like a child talking back. In Ian's mind another little black mark has just gone on her chart. Up yours, she thinks, smiling brightly. One of these days she'll say something like that out loud, and then there will be trouble.

Marcia wonders what will happen if she gets fired. Something else may turn up for her; then again, she's getting older, and it may not. She might have to free-lance again, or, worse, ghostwrite. Usually it's politicians who want the stories of their lives graven in stone for the benefit of future ages, or at least these are the ones who are willing to pay. She did that sort of thing when she was younger and more desperate, before she got the column, but she isn't sure she has the stamina for it anymore. She's bitten her tongue enough for one lifetime. She isn't sure she still has the knack of lying.

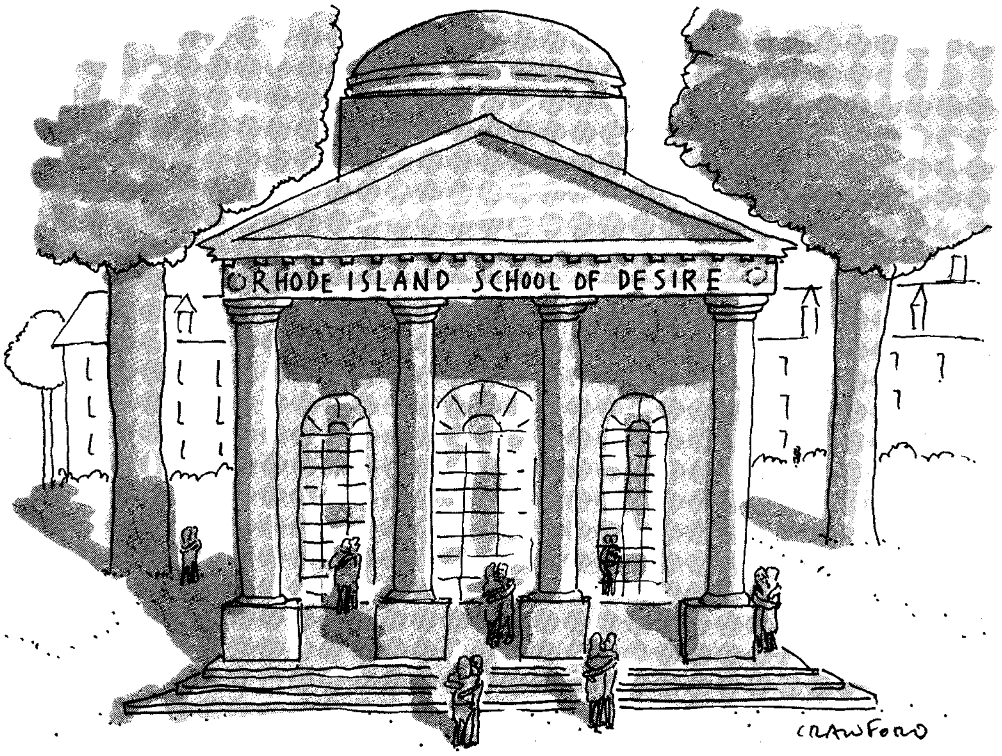
Luckily, she and Eric have the mortgage on their house almost paid off, and the children are within a few years of finishing university. Eric makes some money on his own, of course. He writes engorged and thunderous books of popular history, about things like the fur trade and the War of 1812, in which he denounces almost everybody. His former colleagues, the academic historians, cross the street to avoid him, partly because they may remember the faculty meetings and conferences at which he also denounced everybody, before he resigned, but partly because they disapprove of him. He does not partake of their measured vocabularies. His books sell well, much better than theirs, and they find that annoying.

But, even with the royalties from Eric's books, there will not be enough money. Also, Eric is slowing down. It has come to him lately that these books have not changed the course of history, and he is running out of steam. Even his denunciations, even his pranks, are rooted in a growing despair. His despair is not focussed on any one thing; it's general, like the increasingly bad city air. He doesn't say much about it, but Marcia knows it's there. Every day she fights against it, and breathes it in.

Sometimes he talks about moving—to some other country, somewhere with more self-respect, or somewhere warmer. Or just somewhere else. But where? And how could they afford it?

Marcia will have to bestir herself. She will have to cut corners. She will have to beg—in some way, somehow. She will have to compromise.

MARCIA has almost finished typing her column into the computer when her friend Gus drifts by. He says hello to attract her attention, raises his hand in a glass-lifting motion, signals her with a finger: one o'clock. It's an invitation to lunch, and Marcia nods. This charade goes with


RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIRE
CRAWFORD

their shared, only half-humorous pretense that the walls have ears and that it's dangerous for them to be seen too openly together.

The restaurant, their usual, is a Spanish one, well above Bloor Street and far enough away from *The World* so that they don't expect to run into anyone from there. They arrive at it separately, Marcia first; Gus makes an entrance for her with his coat collar turned up, pausing in the doorway to do a furtive skulk. "I don't think I was followed," he says.

"Ian has his methods," says Marcia. "Maybe he's a Mountie in disguise. Or C.I.A., I wouldn't put it past him. Or maybe he's subverted the staff here. He used to be a waiter." This is untrue, but it's part of an ongoing series of theirs: the former jobs of Ian. (Washroom attendant. Numismatist. Gerbil breeder.)

"No!" says Gus. "So that's where he got his unctuous charm! Well, that's where I got mine. I did six months of it—in Soho, no less—back when I was a beardless youth. Never be rude to a waiter, darling. They'll spit on your steak in the kitchen."

Marcia orders a sangria, and settles her widening bottom thankfully into her chair. Here she can eat imported food without feeling like a traitor. She intends to order blood oranges if she can get them. Those, and garlic soup. If Eric cross-examines her later, her conscience will be clear.

Gus is Marcia's latest buddy, and mole, at the paper. Her latest and her last: the others have all been fired or have left. Gus himself is not one of the Old Guard. He was imported only a few months ago to edit the Entertainment section, in one more of Ian the Terrible's attempts to shore up the credibility of his eroding paper. Even Ian knows there's something wrong, but he's failed to make the connections: he's failed to realize that even businessmen have other interests, and also standards. They've figured out that you can no longer read *The World* to find out what's going on, only to find out what's going on inside Ian's head.

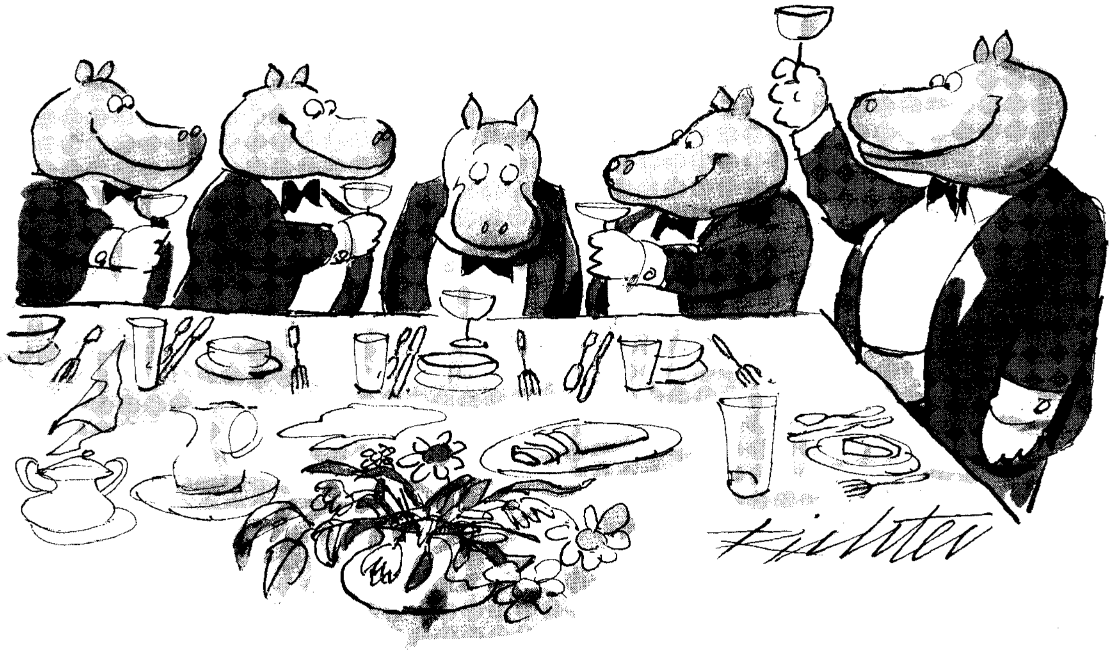
He made a mistake with Gus, though. Gus has his own ideas.

Gus is tall and barrel-shaped and has dark, curly hair. He might be in his mid-thirties, or even younger. He has square, white, even teeth, the same size all the way along, like Mr. Punch. This gives him a formidable grin. He is English and Jewish, both at once. To Marcia he seems more English; still, she isn't sure whether his full name is Augustus or Gustav or something else entirely. Possibly he is also gay: it's hard for her to tell with literate Englishmen. Some days they all seem gay to her, other days they all seem not gay. Flirtation is no clue, because Englishmen of this class will flirt with anything. She's noticed this before. They will flirt with dogs if nothing else is handy. What they want is a reaction: they want their charm to have an effect, to be reflected back to them.

Gus flirts with Marcia, lightly and effortlessly, almost as if it were piano practice; or that's what Marcia thinks. She has no intention of taking him seriously and making a fool of herself. Anyway, he's too young. It's only in magazines like *True Woman* that younger men take a severe erotic interest in older women without making invidious comparisons involving body parts. Marcia prefers her dignity, or she intends to prefer it if offered the choice.

Today Gus's flirtation takes the form of an exaggerated interest in Eric, whom he has never met. He wants to know all about Eric. He's found out that Eric's nickname at the paper is Eric the Red, and asks Marcia with false innocence if this has anything to do with Vikings. Marcia finds herself explaining that it's just the way *The World* people think: they think anyone who doesn't agree with them is a Communist. Eric is not a Communist; instead he's a sort of Tory, but not the kind they have in England. Not even the kind they have now in Canada: Eric thinks the Canadian Tory government is made up mostly of used-car salesmen on the make. He is outraged by the Prime Minister's two hundred new suits, not because there are two hundred of them but because they were ordered in Hong Kong. He thinks the taxpayers' money should go to local tailors.

Gus quirks an eyebrow, and Marcia realizes that this conversation is becoming too complicated. As a sort of joke, she says that Gus will never be able to understand Eric unless he studies the War of 1812. That is a war Gus clearly does not remember. He gets out of it by saying that he used to think "interesting Canadian" was an oxymo-



"To a wonderful amphibious being!"

• •

FROZEN CHARLOTTES

Far down into the dark reaches
of human waste
and sorrow,
you go in search of Frozen Charlottes—
porcelain dolls tossed into privies
under the tupelos
by children bored
with the way they lay so still.
And now, whiter than snow,
they're lined in rows
inside your glass cabinet—moonglow, glacial,
gardenias floating all day
on silver racks
in the icebox. Sometimes they are whole,
and sometimes they're broken,
though not, I'd say, in spirit,
so stoic they look, so
disdainfully composed. I'd like
to know the secret
of these fallen women,
that I, too, could lie peacefully
beside your Flow Blue china,
having come at last
beyond defilement into lustre.

Because you're my brother, I do not ask you
how you woo them, though I know
of men who find women
flagrante delicto
and lift them out of the mire
long enough to love them,
or to love themselves
for their own goodness. To the one
who loves, it hardly matters. Do
they love you back or, having been exposed,
do they turn
into themselves, pearling
forever in bewildering beauty? When
you walk along the creek meanders,
where the deer blow warning
in the understory,
do you wish sometimes for me
someone would hold me?

Smoking grapevine, you go
down the loess roads, far
into the canebrake, past the lady's slippers,
and the nodding lady's tresses,
to dig into the midden
with your pick and shovel,
lowering your bucket
on a rope into the hole
to draw up trap-door
spiders, half dimes, minié balls, and Light
Dragoon buttons, and you bring
these female dolls
into the open, turning them
in your hands over
and over—brushing
the earth from their shining
buttocks, an arm outstretched
with hand extended, their legs
pressed together so tightly
they are one limb
that cannot be parted.

—Susan Prospere

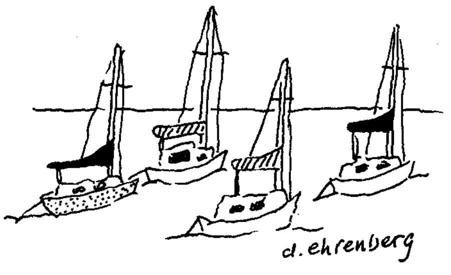
• •

ron, but that Eric is obviously an exception; and Marcia sees that what he is in search of is eccentricity, and that he has made the mistake of deciding that this is where Eric fits in. She is annoyed, and smiles and orders another drink to keep from showing it. Eric is not so eccentric. About a lot of things he's even right. This doesn't always make him less maddening, but Marcia *does not* like having him patronized.

Now Gus turns the full force of his attention onto Marcia herself. How does she manage monogamy? he wants to know. Monogamy is something Marcia and Eric have a reputation for, as others have a reputation for heavy drinking. Monogamy, Gus implies, is a curious anthropological artifact, or else a sort of heroic feat. "How do you do it?" he asks.

No, Marcia thinks, he is not gay. "I wasn't always monogamous," she wants to say. She did not get from one marriage to another along a tidy route. She got there by bad judgments, escapades, misery; Eric himself began as a tumultuous and improbable scuffle. But if she confesses to any of this Gus will only become nosy, or—worse—skeptical, and beg her to tell all. Then, when she does, he'll assume the polite, beady-eyed expression the English get when they think you're too quaint for words, or else boring as hell.

So Marcia avoids the subject, and entertains Gus in other ways. She trots out for him the story of the panties embroidered with the days of the week, and her mother's warnings about being run over by a bus. From there she goes on to construct for him the Canada of old; she describes the dark and dingy Toronto beer parlors with their evil-smelling Men Only sections, she describes the Sunday blue laws. Marcia isn't sure why she wants to make her country out as such a dour and Gothic place. Possibly she wants war stories, like other people. Possibly she wants to appear brave or stalwart, to have endured the rigors of citizenship in such a country. She is suspicious of her own motives.



She tells on, however. She describes Mackenzie King, the longest-ruling Canadian Prime Minister, deciding state policy with the help of his dead mother, who, he was convinced, was inhabiting his pet terrier. Gus thinks she's making this up, but no, she assures him, it's entirely true. There are documents.

This brings them to the end of the garlic soup. When the deep-fried calamari arrive, Gus takes his turn.

"I didn't know that any of your Living National Treasures played golf."

What he has to offer is gossip about *The World*. "Ian the Terrible is trying to organize us into pods," he says. He looks delighted: he has something to add to the list of local absurdities he is compiling, for when he returns to England. He doesn't know yet that he will return, but Marcia knows. Canada will never be a real place for him.

"Pods?" says Marcia.

"As in killer whales," says Gus. "Three writers to a pod, with a pod leader. He thinks it will promote team spirit."

"He might as well write the whole paper all by himself," says Marcia, trying not to sound bitter. She thinks the pod idea is extremely stupid, but at the same time she is feeling left out, because she herself has not been included in a pod. She will miss out on something, some of the fun.

"He's working on it," says Gus. "He's cut back on the Letters to the Editor to make space for a new column, written by guess who?"

"No," says Marcia with dismay. "Called what?"

" 'My Opinionzzzz,' " says Gus, grinning his alarming grin. "No. I lie. 'The Snorey of My Life,' by Ian Emmiry."

"You're cruel," Marcia murmurs, trying to disguise her approval.

"Well, he deserves it. The man should be hanged for the willful infliction of grievous terminal boredom. He wants the Entertainment section to put on a bun-fest called The Critical Forum. He thinks we should all come in on free overtime to listen to some moldy old university professor rabbit on about how to keep from going stale. This is not a fabrication."

"My God," says Marcia. "What'll you do?"

"I'm egging him on," says Gus. "I smile, and smile, and am a villain."

"They won't stand for it," says Marcia.

"That's the general idea," says Gus, grinning from ear to ear. He's mobile. He does not have a mortgage, or children, or monogamy.

Marcia has downed her second drink too quickly. Now she has lost the thread. Instead of listening, she is staring at Gus, imagining what it would in fact be like to have an affair with him. Too many witticisms, she thinks. Also, he would tell.

She looks at him, shining as he is with naughty pleasure, and all of a sudden she sees what he would have been like as a small boy. A ten-year-old. With that grin, he would have been the class joker. Nobody would have got the better of him, not even the bullies. He'd have known everyone's weak place, where to get the knife in. How to protect himself.

She often thinks this way about men, especially after a drink or two. She can just look at a face and see in past the surface, to that other—child's—face which is still there. She has seen Eric in this way, stocky and freckled and defiant, outraged by schoolyard lapses from honor. She has even seen Ian the Terrible, a stolid, plodding boy who must have known others thought of him as dull; she has seen him studying hard, hoping in vain for a best friend, storing up his revenges. It has helped her to forgive him, somewhat.

Marcia returns to the conversation. She seems to have missed several paragraphs: now Gus has switched focus and is talking about Noriega. "He's hiding out in the jungle," he says. "He's thumbing his nose at them. They'll never get him—he'll be off to Cuba or somewhere—and then it'll just be back to the old graft and squalor, with a brand-new C.I.A. flunky." He lifts his glass, signals for a refill. He's drinking white wine. "A year from now it'll all be fish-wrap."

Marcia thinks about Noriega, crouching in some tropical thicket or camped out in the hills. She remembers the newspaper photos of him, the round, ravaged, frozen-looking face, the face of a dogged scapegoat. When he was a child it would have been much the same. He would have had those blanked-out eyes very early; they would have been inflicted on him. This is what makes her a soppy columnist, she thinks—she does not believe that children are born evil. She is always too ready to explain.

MARCIA goes to the washroom to deal with her overload of sangrias, and to redo her face. It is far later than she has thought. In the mirror she is shiny-eyed, with flushed cheeks; her hair flies out in dishevelled tendrils. From the side—she can just see, rolling her eyes—she has the makings of a double chin. Her first husband used to tell her she looked like a Modigliani; now she resembles a painting from a different age. A plump bacchante of the eighteenth century. She even looks a little dangerous. She realizes with some alarm that Gus is not out of the question, because she herself is not. Not yet.

MARCIA force-marches herself up the stairs of the Bathurst station. For a moment she pictures what these squeaky-clean tiled tunnels would be like overgrown with moss or festooned with giant ferns; or underwater, when the greenhouse effect really gets going. She notices she is no longer thinking in terms of *if*—only of *when*. She must watch this tendency to give up, she must get herself under control.

By now it's after five; the three homeless men are gone. Maybe they will be there tomorrow; maybe she will talk with them and write a column about life on the street or the plight of Native people in the city. If she does, it will change little, either for them or for her. They will get a panel discussion, she will get hate mail. She used to think she had some kind of power.

It's dark and cold, the wind whistles past her; in the storefronts the Christmas decorations twinkle falsely. Mostly these are bells and tinsel: the angels and Madonnas and the babes in mangers have been downplayed, as being not sufficiently universal. Or maybe they just don't sell things. They don't move the goods.

Marcia hurries north, not dawdling to look. Her bladder is bursting; it doesn't function the way it did; she shouldn't have had that last cup of coffee; she will disgrace herself on the street, like a child in a soggy-bottomed snowsuit, caught out on the way home from school.

When she reaches the house she finds the front steps thoughtfully strewn with kitty litter. Eric has been at work. This becomes more apparent when she rushes to the bathroom, only to find that the toilet paper has been removed. It's been replaced with a stack of newsprint oblongs, which she finds—once she is gratefully sitting and at last able to read—to consist of this morning's *World* business section, neatly scissored.

Eric is in the kitchen, humming to himself as he mashes the turnips. He did away with paper towels some time ago. He wears a white chef's apron, on which to wipe his hands. Earlier dinners have left their tracks; already from tonight's there are several cheerful smears of orange turnip.

The radio news is on: there is more fighting in Panama, there are more dead bodies, there is more rubble, and more homeless children wandering around in it; there are more platitudes. Conspiracy theories are blooming like roses. President Noriega is nowhere to be found, although much is being made of the voodoo paraphernalia and the porn videos that are said to litter his former headquarters. Marcia, having ghostwritten the lives of other politicians, does not find any of these details remarkable. Certainly not the porn. As for the voodoo, if that's what it would take to win, most of them would use it like a shot.

"Eric," she says. "That cut-up newspaper in the bathroom is going too far."

Eric gives her a stubborn look; stubborn, and also pleased. "If they won't recycle at one end, they'll have to be recycled at the other," he says.

"That stuff will clog the toilet," says Marcia. An appeal based on poisonous inks absorbed through the nether skin, she knows, will not move him one jot.

"The pioneers did it," says Eric. "There was always a mail-order catalogue, on farms. There was never toilet paper."

"That was different," says Marcia patiently. "They had outhouses. You just like the thought of wiping your bum on all those company presidents."

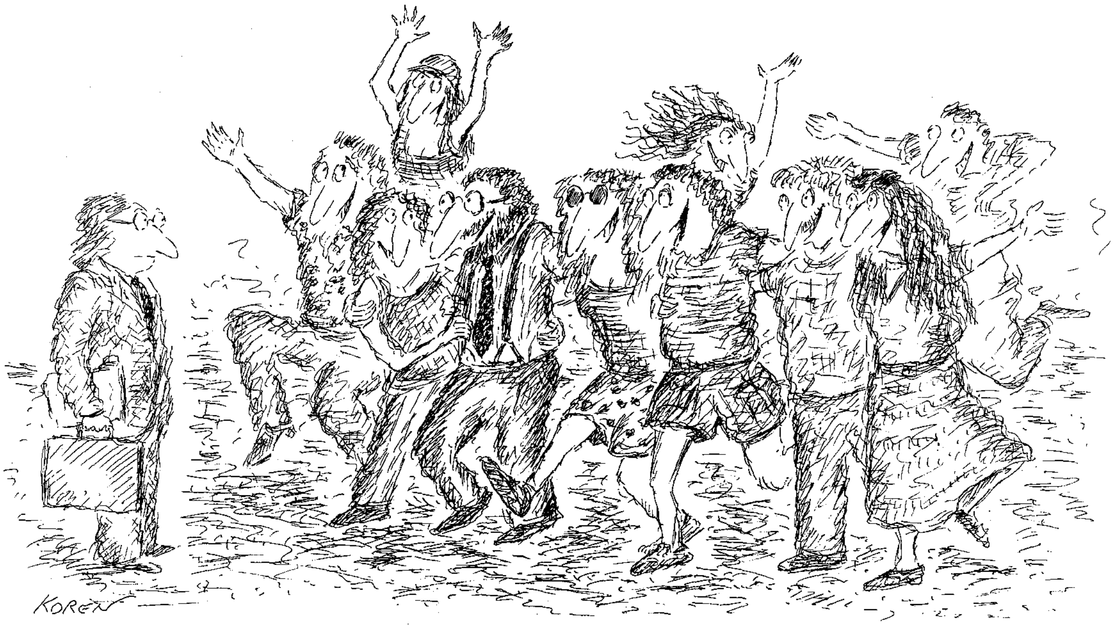
Eric looks sly; he looks caught out. "Anything new in the tar pits?" he says, changing the subject.

"Nope," Marcia says. "More of the same. Actually it's sort of like the Kremlin down there. The Kremlin in the fifties," she amends, in view of recent ideological renovations. "Ian the Terrible is making them work in pods."

"As in whales?" says Eric.

"As in peas," says Marcia. She sits down at the kitchen table, rests her elbows on it. She will not push him on the toilet-paper issue. She'll let him enjoy himself for a few days, or until the first overflow. Then she will simply change things back.

Along with the turnips they're having baked potatoes, and also meat loaf. Eric still allows meat; he doesn't even apologize for it. He says men need it for their red corpuscles; they need it more than women do. Marcia could say something about that, but does not wish to mention such blood-consuming bodily functions as menstruation and childbirth at the dinner table, so she refrains. She also



"I'm a sucker for group dynamics."

says nothing about having lunch with Gus: she knows that Eric considers Gus—sight unseen, judged only by his feature pieces, which are mostly about Hollywood films—to be trivial and supercilious, and would think worse of her for eating deep-fried calamari with him, especially while Eric himself has been selflessly picketing the U.S. Consulate.

"*It's heartbreaking. He was just getting real definition in his lats.*"

She will not ask Eric about this expedition, not yet. She can tell from his industriousness with the turnips that it has not gone well. Maybe nobody else showed up. There is a candle on the table, there are wineglasses. An attempt at salvaging what is left of the day.

The meat loaf smells wonderful. Marcia says so, and Eric turns off the radio and lights the candle and pours the wine, and gives her a single, beatific smile. It's a smile of acknowledgment, and also of forgiveness—forgiveness for what, Marcia could hardly say. For being as old as she is, for knowing too much. These are their mutual crimes.

Marcia smiles, too, and eats and drinks, and is happy, and outside the kitchen window the wind blows and the world shifts and crumbles and rearranges itself, and time goes on.

WHAT happens to this day? It goes where other days have gone, and will go. Even as she sits here at the kitchen table, eating her applesauce, which is (according to the "Ontario Wintertime Cookbook") identical to the applesauce the pioneers ate, Marcia knows that the day itself is seeping away from her, that it will go and will continue to go, and will never come back. Tomorrow the children will arrive, one from the east, one from the west, where they attend their respective universities, being educated in distance. The ice on their winter boots will melt and puddle inside the front door, leaving salt stains on the tiles, and there will be heavy footsteps on the cellar stairs as they descend to do their laundry. There will be rummagings in the refrigerator, crashes as things are dropped; there will be bustle and excitement, real and feigned. The daughter will attempt to organize Marcia's wardrobe and correct her posture, the son will be gallant and awkward and patronizing; both will avoid being hugged too closely, or too long.

The old decorations will be dragged out and the tree will be put up, not without an argument about whether or not a plastic one would be more virtuous. A star will go on top. On Christmas Eve they will all drink some of Eric's killer eggnog and peel the oranges sent by Marcia's first husband. They will play carols on the radio and open one present each, and the children will be restless because they will think they are too old for this, and Eric will take wasteful Polaroids that will never make their way into the albums they always mean to keep up to date, and Noriega will seek asylum at the Vatican Embassy in Panama City. Marcia will learn about this from the news, and from the pages of the contraband *World* that Eric will smuggle into the house and shred later for emergency kitty litter—having used up the real thing on the front steps—and the cat will reject it, choosing instead one of Marcia's invitingly soft pink sheepskin slippers.

Then Christmas Day will come. It will be a Monday, yet another Monday, pastel blue, and they will eat a turkey and some more root vegetables and a mince pie that Marcia will have finally got around to making, while Noriega sleeps unmothered in a room in a house ringed with soldiers, dreaming of how he got there or of how he will get out, or dreaming of killing he has done or would like to do, or dreaming of nothing, his round face pocked and bleak as an asteroid. The piece of the Berlin Wall that Marcia has given Eric in his stocking will get lost under the chesterfield. The cat will hide.

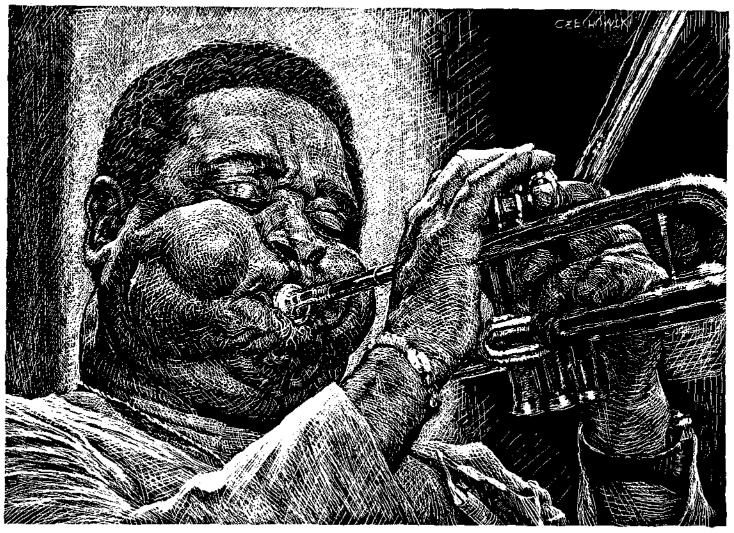
Marcia will get a little drunk on the eggnog, and later, after the dishes are done, she will cry silently to herself, shut into the bathroom and hugging in her festive arms the grumbling cat, which she will have dragged out from under a bed for this purpose. She will cry because the children are no longer children, or because she herself is not a child anymore, or because there are children who have never been children, or because she can't have a child anymore, ever again. Her body has gone past too quickly for her; she has not made herself ready.

It's all this talk of babies, at Christmas. It's all this hope. She gets distracted by it, and has trouble paying attention to the real news.

—MARGARET ATWOOD

PROFILES

DIZZY



IN the early evening of June 18, 1978, near the end of a concert on the South Lawn of the White House, Dizzy Gillespie, who had just finished a funny, rambunctious duet with the drummer Max Roach ("I understand where he's going before he does, and he understands the same thing about me"), walked the few feet to where President Carter was standing and listening, and, using a couple of "Your Majesty"s, asked the President if he would sing the bebop tune "Salt Peanuts" with him. Gillespie demonstrated its tricky melody, and he and Carter sang it. Gillespie thanked him, and asked him if he would like to go on the road with his band, and Carter said, "I might have to after tonight."

Gillespie—master trumpeter, marvellous mimic, comic dancer, rocketing scat singer, lyrical composer, and a founder, with Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk, of bebop—will be seventy-three this fall, and he remains irrepressible. His famous trumpet style is still in place. It is at once a streamlining of Roy Eldridge's fireball playing of the late thirties and a deft translation of Parker. His trumpet runs, delivered from his high register to his middle register, are downhill racers. He likes to blare, filling a note to bursting and letting it float smartly away. His breaks, in a number like "A Night in Tunisia," momentarily blind you. He plays with a mute more often than he used to, and he sounds as if he were humming in the next room. His ballad numbers once leaned this way and that but now are steady and majestic. He is unmistakable: the hurrying silver tone, the sly, jumping attack, the epigrammatic melodic fills, the rhythmic bobbing and weaving.

Gillespie was born John Birks Gillespie in Cheraw, South Carolina, the youngest of nine children of James and Lottie (Powe) Gillespie. He was a devilish child, who fought a lot and was whipped a lot. When he was nine, his father, a discontented man, died; when he was twelve, he took up the trombone and the trumpet; and when he was eighteen he was in Frank Fairfax's Philadelphia band and was nicknamed Dizzy. He went to Europe with Teddy Hill's band in 1937, and two years later he joined Cab Calloway, who fired him after they got into a fracas over a spitball that Calloway mistakenly thought Gillespie had shot at him. He married a dancer named Lorraine Willis in 1940 in Boston ("Dizzy didn't fool around with all that other stuff," she once said. "He just asked me to get married, and I said, 'O.K.' "), and she has long been his guidon and his ballast.

He discovered Charlie Parker around the same time, and Parker changed his life. By 1945, he had the first bebop band on Fifty-second Street, had made the first bebop recording (with Coleman Hawkins), and had taken the first bebop band to California. In 1946, he formed a big bebop band, and in 1948 he took it to Europe. It played in Scandinavia, then foundered, and was rescued by the French critic Charles Delaunay, who once said, "I was informed somehow that Dizzy's big band was stranded in Antwerp without a damn penny. So we got together some money and sent it to Antwerp, and we organized a concert for the band to give in Paris. The band arrived at nine-thirty at night and got onstage at ten-thirty. The band was starving, but something happened on that stage—just like with Duke Ellington in 1933—and the band made such a success it stayed in Paris one month and worked the whole time." Gillespie, who rarely dwells on dark things, recently remembered this about the trip: "We were in a bus somewhere in Denmark and I looked out the window and saw this guy riding along on an ice scooter. I stopped the bus, and asked him if he'd like to get in, and let me ride his scooter, and we swapped."

He gave up his big band in 1950 and, three years later, played in a concert in Toronto with Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Charles Mingus, and Max Roach that turned out to be the crowning bebop event. In 1955, Parker died, and the great bebop revolution was over. Gillespie, lending himself to the establishment for the first time, took a new big band to the Middle East for the State Department in 1956, and he has lived more or less within the establishment ever since, as an eccentric, brilliant musician and a subtle comic figure who wants you to laugh at him because he has been laughing at you all along.

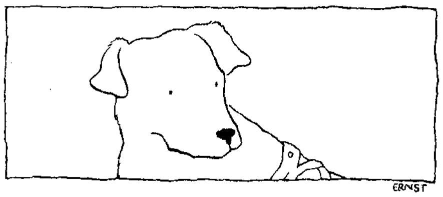
Gillespie has spent most of his life on the road. During his early years, he travelled to make money. But during the past ten or fifteen years travelling has become an obsession. Like Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong, who never stopped going in their last decades, he is in constant motion. ("I think in terms of degrees of latitude rather than miles," he has said. "I look at being on the road like it's an education.") So far in 1990, he has appeared in Japan, France, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Newfoundland, Namibia, Spain, Holland, Italy, Sweden, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Greece, Scotland, Denmark, Switzerland, and Israel, and he is scheduled to play in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, England, and the

Netherlands. He will also have worked in the United States during this year in New York; Bloomington; Greensboro; Springfield, Illinois; Sarasota; Fort Smith, Arkansas; Salem, Virginia; Fort Lauderdale; Miami; Atlanta; Tuscaloosa; Philadelphia; Los Angeles; Cincinnati; Boston; Hampton, Virginia; Waterville, New Hampshire; Seattle; Washington; Monterey; Dallas; Knoxville; Crawfordsville, Indiana; Cleveland; Chicago; and New Orleans. When American worthies reach seventy, honors and awards begin falling on them like snow. Last year, Gillespie received his fourteenth honorary degree, was made a Commandeur d'Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the French, got a Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award, and was given the National Medal of Arts by President Bush. This December, he will receive a Kennedy Center award.

Last spring, on May 21st, Gillespie was scheduled to play a one-night stand with his quintet at the Lone Star Roadhouse, on West Fifty-second Street. His old friends Cynthia and Donald Elwood were taking him to dinner at Tout Va Bien, the venerable bistro on West Fifty-first Street. He had finished a six-day stint at Blues Alley, in Washington, the night before, and, just before that, had spent three days in Spain, acting in a film called "Winter in Lisbon." Before *that*, he had spent three days giving concerts in East Berlin, Moscow, and Prague. Virginia Wicks, who had done publicity for Gillespie in New York in the fifties and had come out of retirement to do his Berlin-Moscow-Prague tour, had been invited to dinner, too, and she got to Tout Va Bien first. She is handsome and calm and white-haired, and she talked about the tour. "I live in Los Angeles now," she said, "and I ran into Dizzy eight or nine months ago at a concert he gave in Santa Monica. I hadn't seen him in a long time, and we hung out backstage. Three or four months later, he called me out of the blue—'Hi, Wicks!'—and asked me if I'd like to do advance work on a benefit concert he was going to give in East Berlin in May. He said he was on his way to Cuba—or Cooba, as he calls it—and he'd get back to me soon. A month after that, he called from Nova Scotia and said there would be two more concerts—one in Moscow, the day after the Berlin concert, and one in Prague, the day after the Moscow concert. The concerts were being sponsored by the Baha'i community, which Dizzy has been deeply involved with for many years. I was out of practice and a little scared of the whole project, but I said yes, I'd do it. The concert in East Berlin was held at the Palast der Republik, and, thank God, it was a huge success. We flew to Moscow the next morning—it's a much longer flight than you'd think—and on the way from the airport Dizzy said he had a sore throat and wanted to find some lemons and garlic to treat it. We stopped at a free market, where there aren't any queues, because everything is so expensive. The lemons were tiny and cost three dollars apiece. I warned Dizzy about the garlic, because we had a press conference before the concert, but, whatever he did, he never smelled. And he never got a cold. The concert was electric. There was a palpable hush of anticipation before each number, and when the audience recognized a tune it screamed its approval. And the applause at the end was astonishing.

"After, we were taken to a restaurant in an old house where there was an immense horseshoe-shaped table covered with long-stemmed roses and bowls of caviar. Then they drove us in this silent black limousine through alleyways and around Red Square. There was a full moon, and it was like a dream. I said something to Dizzy when we got to Red Square, but he was sound asleep.

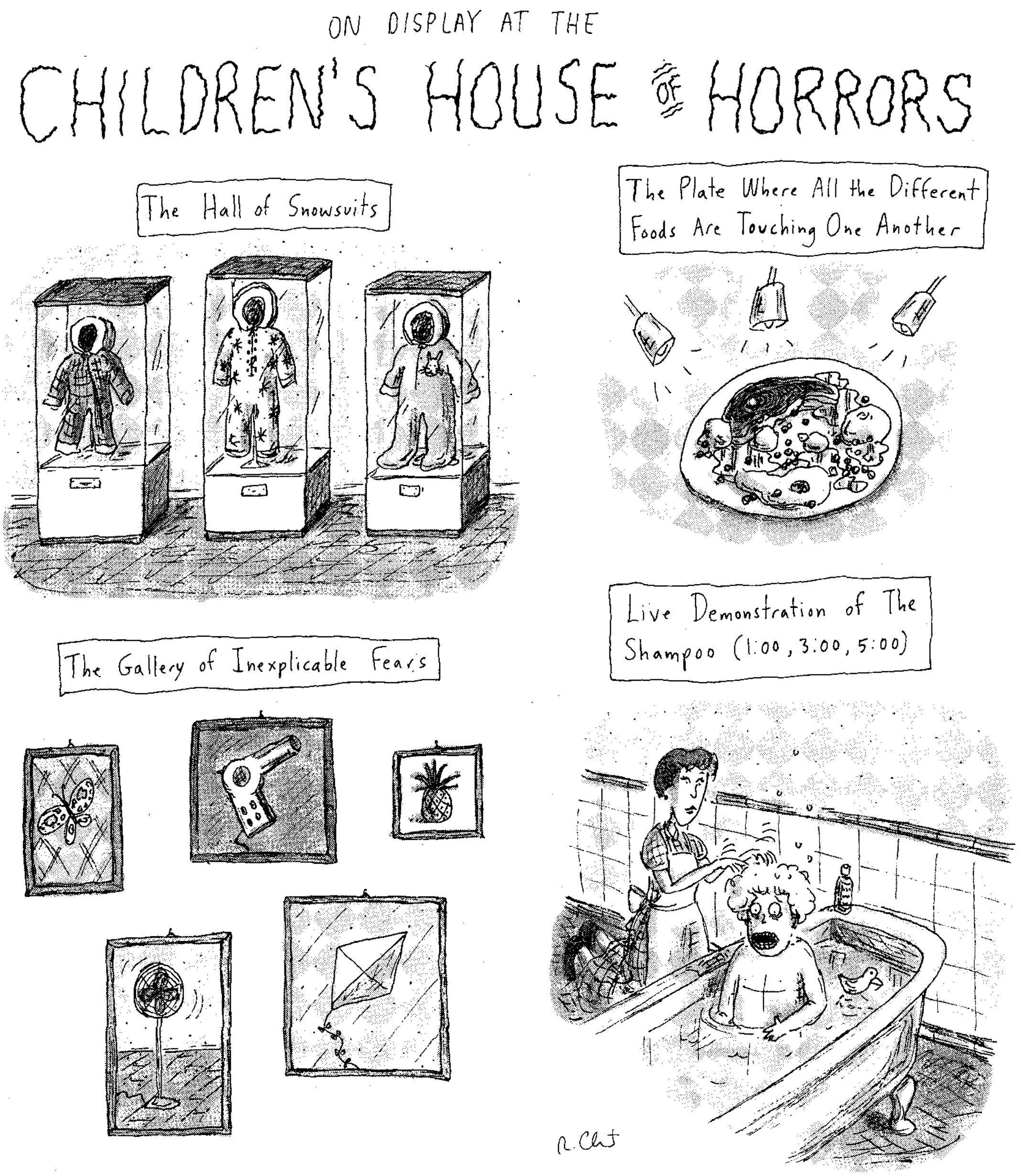
"Václav Havel and Shirley Temple Black, who is our Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, were both at the Prague concert, which was in the Palác Kultury. The concert was very long, but no one left. Dizzy got a standing ovation that lasted literally ten minutes. It went on and on, but he didn't reappear. That wasn't like him, and I began to worry that something might have happened to him. I sent word, and it turned out that he had gone to his dressing room way downstairs and hadn't heard a thing. He came onstage and played an encore, and everything was all right."



The Elwoods arrived, with Gillespie in tow. They are small and tweedy and full of moxie. If they stood side by side behind Gillespie, they'd disappear. They live in Boston, and they first met Gillespie there in the mid-sixties. It was a cool evening, and Gillespie, who is not a clotheshorse, was wearing a Sherlock Holmes hat, a houndstooth jacket, rumpled striped brown pants, a navy-blue T-shirt, and a couple of medallions suspended from a long gold neck chain. He hasn't changed much in the last ten years. He has a medium-length grayish Afro, and he looks grizzly. His huge and celebrated cheeks are broadsides in repose and spinnakers in action, and he has a scimitar smile and a thousand tiny, even teeth. He likes to smile and roll his eyes in mock surprise, but most of the time his eyes are narrowed; they take in much and send out little, and when he puts on his dark-rimmed, two-ton glasses they disappear.

No one talks like Gillespie. His voice is potatoey, burred, edgeless. His consonants and vowels are indistinguishable, a gumbo. His laughter barks. In the seventies, he began taking on a formidable front porch, but he has lost much of it, and he can once more hip-hop around the stage between solos, do his funny dances, pop his eyes, stick out his tongue, and make some of his listeners put him down as an Uncle Tom—this wily, powerful, relentless anti-Tom.

Virginia Wicks and Cynthia Elwood sat against the wall, and Donald Elwood and Gillespie sat across from them. Gillespie said he hadn't had anything but a cup of coffee all day, and he was hungry. The waitress, who was French, recognized him, gave a little shriek, and asked him for his autograph. He obliged, and asked her for a menu. Then she asked him if he had a photograph of himself to add to the gallery of notables on the wall. He shook his head and looked at Virginia Wicks, and she said she'd send one to Tout Va Bien. Gillespie studied the menu, his head forward, and his trumpeter's bottom lip, heavy as a plate, slid forward dangerously. He decided on mushroom soup and frogs' legs. Donald Elwood looked up from his menu and said, "What did the waiter say when he was asked what the soup du jour was? He said, 'I don't know. They change it every day.' " Gillespie


ON DISPLAY AT THE
CHILDREN'S HOUSE OF HORRORS
The Hall of Snowsuits
The Plate Where All the Different Foods Are Touching One Another
The Gallery of Inexplicable Fears
Live Demonstration of The Shampoo (1:00, 3:00, 5:00)

barked, and ate a piece of French bread.

Virginia Wicks told the Elwoods that Dizzy had just finished shooting a movie in Spain. "I play an old American musician who gets fed up with America and moves to Copenhagen. I wash cars; then I meet this young French piano player, and he gets me playing again. There's a gangster, and I have an attack and end up in the hospital. I saw the attack later, and, you know, I was surprised—it really looked like an attack. I die at the end of the movie. I fall over, and they catch me before I hit the floor."

Cynthia Elwood asked Gillespie about his house in Englewood, New Jersey. "Lorraine and I have been there twenty-five years!" he said. "I probably enjoy it more by being away so much, and coming back for little visits. We've got a young boy from Texas working for us who did some jobs for my cousin. He's like an overseer. He doesn't overcharge us, and sometimes he works four or five days and won't take any money. He just finished building what we called a porch back home but I guess is what you call a deck up here. It's so nice I'd like to put a bed on it."

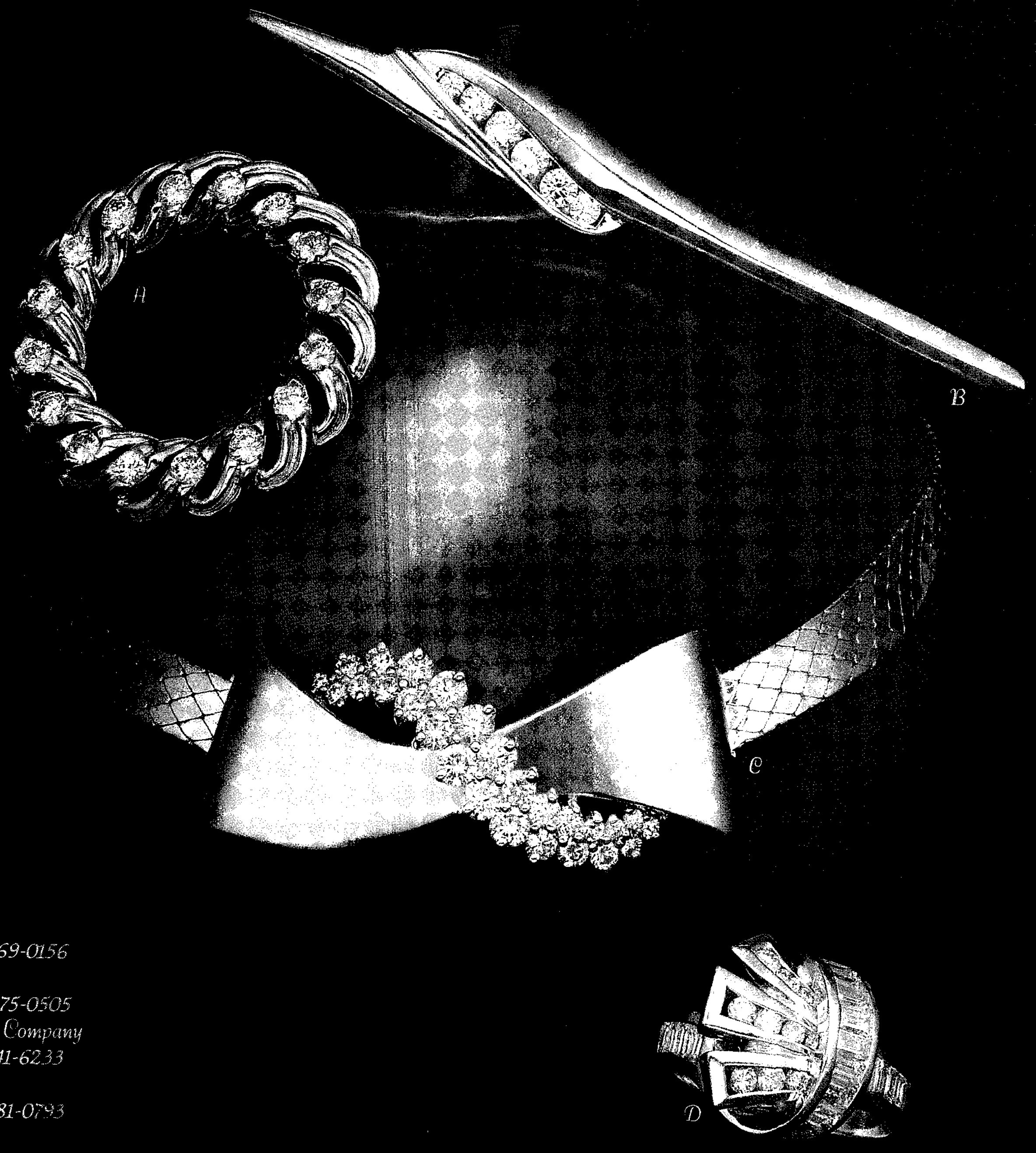
Gillespie ate his frogs' legs with his fingers, and the bones, as clean as toothpicks, began to pile up on his butter plate. Like most road-hardened jazz musicians, who often subsist on fried chicken, candy bars, and Coca-Cola, Gillespie eats good food with relish and great concentration. He said little until he had finished his frogs' legs and a salad. Then he talked at random, moving from subject to subject as it pleased him.

Bird

"I haven't seen the movie. I think it would just make me feel sad. I've heard from musicians that it doesn't delve into his music, that it doesn't talk about all his women. And the guy who plays me—he never met me, he doesn't know me, so how could he play me? Bird didn't use drugs in front of me. I saw him shoo guys away when I was around—the people who used to hang around musicians with coke, and all. I'd laugh at that. One time, I ran into him at Basin Street West, and he looked so forlorn. He said, 'Dizzy, save me.' I didn't know what to do, but I told him, 'You've got to do that yourself, Bird.'

"I first heard him in 1940 in Kansas City, when I was on the road with Cab Calloway. A young trumpet player in Jay McShann's band named Buddy Anderson told me, 'I want you to hear this alto player.' Well, I'd played with Don Byas and Chu Berry and Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, and I didn't think there was anything else to hear in that line. But I heard him, and we jammed together all day at the Booker T. Washington Hotel. Roy Eldridge had been our cup of tea—all us trumpet players—but Charlie Parker turned everything upside down. He was a great blues player, and all his music was bluesy. I always liked to hear him talk, particularly when he used his cultured-professor accent. We worked together awhile in the early forties in Earl Hines' band, and one time we played a white dance in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. This white guy threw some money up on the bandstand during intermission when I was sitting there by myself at the piano. He said would I play such-and-such, and I ignored him. After the dance, I was coming out of the men's room—the

Sweet Talk.



A. $6,250•(914) 769-0156
McTeigue
B. $2,420•(212) 575-0505
Honora Jewelry Company
C. $7,500•(212) 941-6233
Jose Hess, Inc.
D. $4,550•(212) 581-0793
I. B. Goodman

Nurture the consuming passion. Diamonds. Look for many other tempting designs in the Diamond Sweets Collection, which start at $1,925. For the jeweler nearest you, or information on the jewelry shown, call the numbers above. Sweet dreams.

DIAMOND SWEETS
Satisfying a woman's craving for elegance.

A diamond is forever.

AIG Issues Forum

Why it's important tc establish a National Er

A "SHORT-TERM" PROBLEM WILL TAKE DECADES AND COST BILLIONS.

Alarmed by the poisoning of our environment at Love Canal and other toxic waste sites, Congress created the Superfund program ten years ago. Superfund was intended to be a short-term cleanup program for the most serious hazardous waste sites across the country.

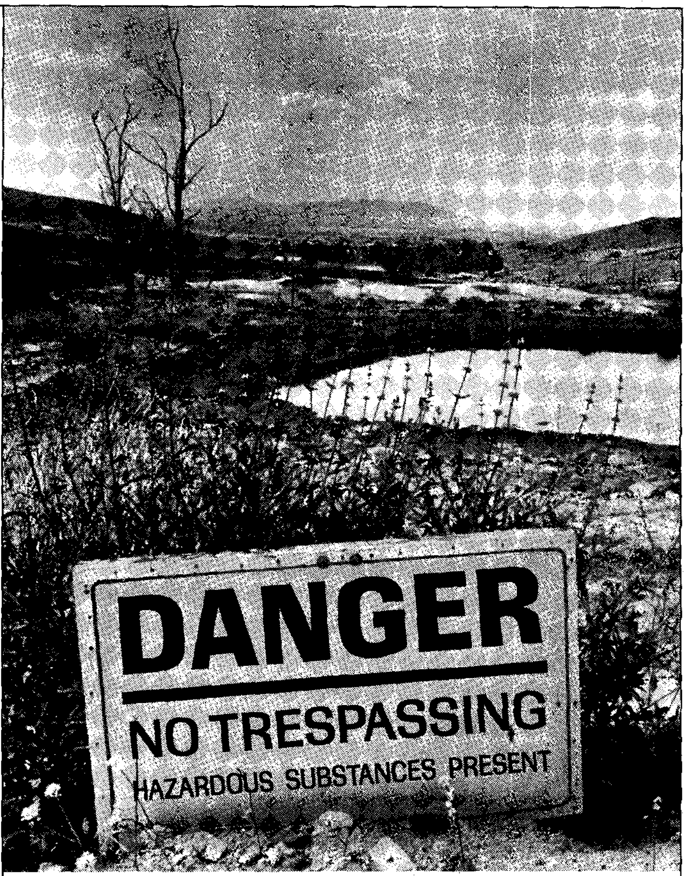
More than a decade later, it's painfully clear that cleaning up hazardous waste is not a short-term problem for America. It will take many decades and cost hundreds of billions of dollars.

Currently, 1,200 of the most dangerous sites have been selected for priority action. Billions of dollars have been spent, but very few sites have been cleaned up. In fact, only 45.

SO FAR, ABOUT ALL WE'VE DONE WITH HAZARDOUS WASTE IS WASTE TIME AND MONEY.

One problem is that Superfund requires establishing liability–who sent what waste, how much and where. And this has taken priority over cleaning up. With the cost of cleanup at just one site estimated as high as one hundred million dollars, the question of who pays has serious consequences for everyone involved.

At most hazardous waste sites, the operator of the dump caused the environmental harm. But under Superfund, everyone who used the site is liable for the cleanup bill. The record of users can go back 25, 30 or 40 years and can number in the hundreds. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals.



For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 entities have been notified by the government that they could be liable for the cleanup cost. And many of these entities have themselves identified still others.

The result? A bonanza for lawyers and

put cleanup first and
vironmental Trust Fund.

consultants. And a tragedy for the environment. At some sites, as much as 60% of the money spent goes toward legal expenses in costly and time-consuming efforts to assign liability instead of solving the cleanup problem. An avalanche of lawsuits has resulted, all aimed at getting someone else to pay.

HERE'S AN IDEA THAT DESERVES EVERYONE'S CONSIDERATION.

At AIG, we think it's high time to find a better approach to the problem of cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. One that encourages prompt cleanup and spreads the cost more broadly. And more equitably.

We propose creating a National Environmental Trust Fund similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. The Fund could be financed by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States.

Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self insurers, would provide about $40 billion over the next decade, more than enough to deal with the 1,200 highest-priority sites.

A national advisory board of private citizens, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups would be composed of local citizens, industry and others who would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and the state on the particular cleanup site, from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

Just think. A new way to finance Superfund's mission without the need for new taxes, a new government agency or expensive and unproductive lawsuits.

WHY IS AIG RUNNING ADS LIKE THIS?

AIG (American International Group) is the largest underwriter of commercial and industrial insurance in America, and the leading U.S.-based international insurance organization. The nature of our business means we deal every day with issues affecting U.S. competitiveness and the future of the world economy.

We've started this dialogue to encourage people like you to help shape the future. Perhaps you'll want to keep the ball rolling by contacting your elected officials, or an environmental or trade group. We hope you will. Shouldn't we stop trying to fix the blame and start fixing the problem?

If you agree with this idea or have thoughts of your own to share, write to
Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, AIG,
70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

AIG **World leaders in insurance and financial services.**

ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL DATEJUST
28

ROLEX

OYSTER PERPETUAL
Wear time as an essential luxury.
The Rolex Oyster Perpetual date
with matching Jubilee bracelet.
In 18K gold and stainless steel
His, $3,850. Hers, $3,150.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, INQUIRIES & ORDERS NY (212) 758-3265/1-800-223-1288. CORPORATE GIFT DIV. (212) 888-2955

THE TOURNEAU
TRADE-IN POLICY

Now you can still trade beads, your old watch or old jewelry for something you want in Manhattan! At Tourneau, we've improved on history's original idea, and turned it into the perfect trading-in and trading-up policy!

Bring us your old watches or jewelry that you no longer want or wear, and we'll give you a free trade-in appraisal towards any new watch or jewelry.

If your trade-in was originally purchased from Tourneau, you'll get an extra trade-in bonus. And that's a policy that has stood the test of time.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK
BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST.
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS, INQUIRIES & ORDERS NY (212) 758-3265/1-800-223-1288.

only time we were allowed in there was after the whites had left—and someone came up behind me and hit me on the head with a bottle. It was the same guy. I started to go for him, the blood all over me, and five guys grabbed me. Charlie Parker was one of them, and he looked at the guy and said, 'You took advantage of my friend, you cur.' "

Going Home

"Almost everybody is nice to me in Cheraw. They had a Dizzy Gillespie day there a while back and the ex-mayor gave a cocktail party for me, and I asked him if it would be all right for me to bring my cousin. I needed a haircut first, so my cousin and I went uptown to a colored barbershop. Full, and people waiting. We went to the other colored shop in town, and it was the same. I told my cousin to take me to a white barbershop. The owner was alone, sitting in a barber chair and reading the paper. 'What can I do for you?' he said. I said I wanted a haircut, and he said, 'Sorry. We don't cut colored hair.' Then he said, 'I know you,' and he started talking about my family and such, but I walked out. Later, I got a letter from Cheraw asking me if I would mind if they put up a sign on the outskirts saying Dizzy Gillespie was born there. I said I would mind—it would embarrass me if someone I knew came through and wanted a haircut and couldn't get it. But later I relented."

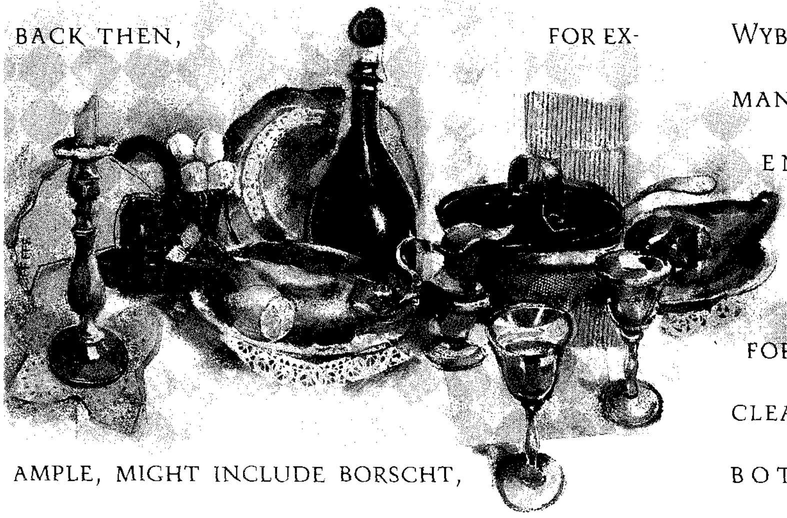
Improvising

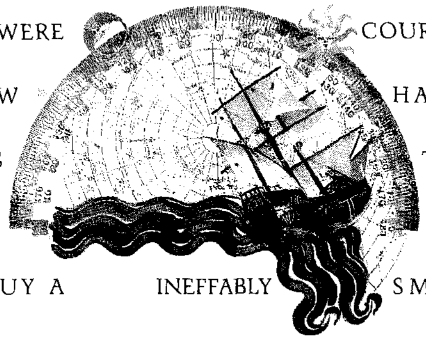
"The hardest part of the music is improvising, and it gets harder the older you are. Improvisation is a gathering together of all the evidence you have of how to resolve going from here to here to here. It's similar to painting. You add colors in your mind, you build colors. Bright yellow is generally loud, green is soft. I'm a more melodious player than I used to be, but rhythm is still my business. I see rhythm when I play, I understand rhythm, my best shot is rhythm. Harmony is next. The most difficult thing for me is playing in obtuse keys like A-natural and F-sharp and E. A long time ago, I found out that you've got to learn some piano to do the job as a horn player. You can only play one note at a time on a horn, but there are all the notes in the chord spread out before you on the piano. When Miles Davis first came to New York from St. Louis, he'd be at my

THE FLAT EARTH, OAT BRAN AND POLISH VODKA.

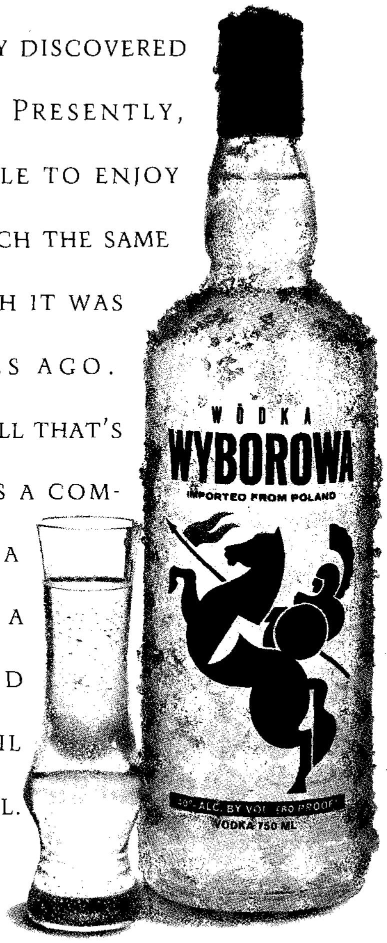
WÓDKA
WYBOROWA

The time: centuries ago. The prevailing belief: the earth was flat. There were plagues. And oat bran was still a few hundred years away. On the plus side, oat bran was still a good few hundred years away. You could buy a pretty nifty castle for $132.00. And there was Polish vodka. Wyborowa. (Vee-ba-rova.) First distilled centuries ago. And legendary ever since. A typical Polish repast back then, for example, might include borscht, jellied carp, roast pork, Polish sausage, quail eggs. And dessert? Polish pastries.



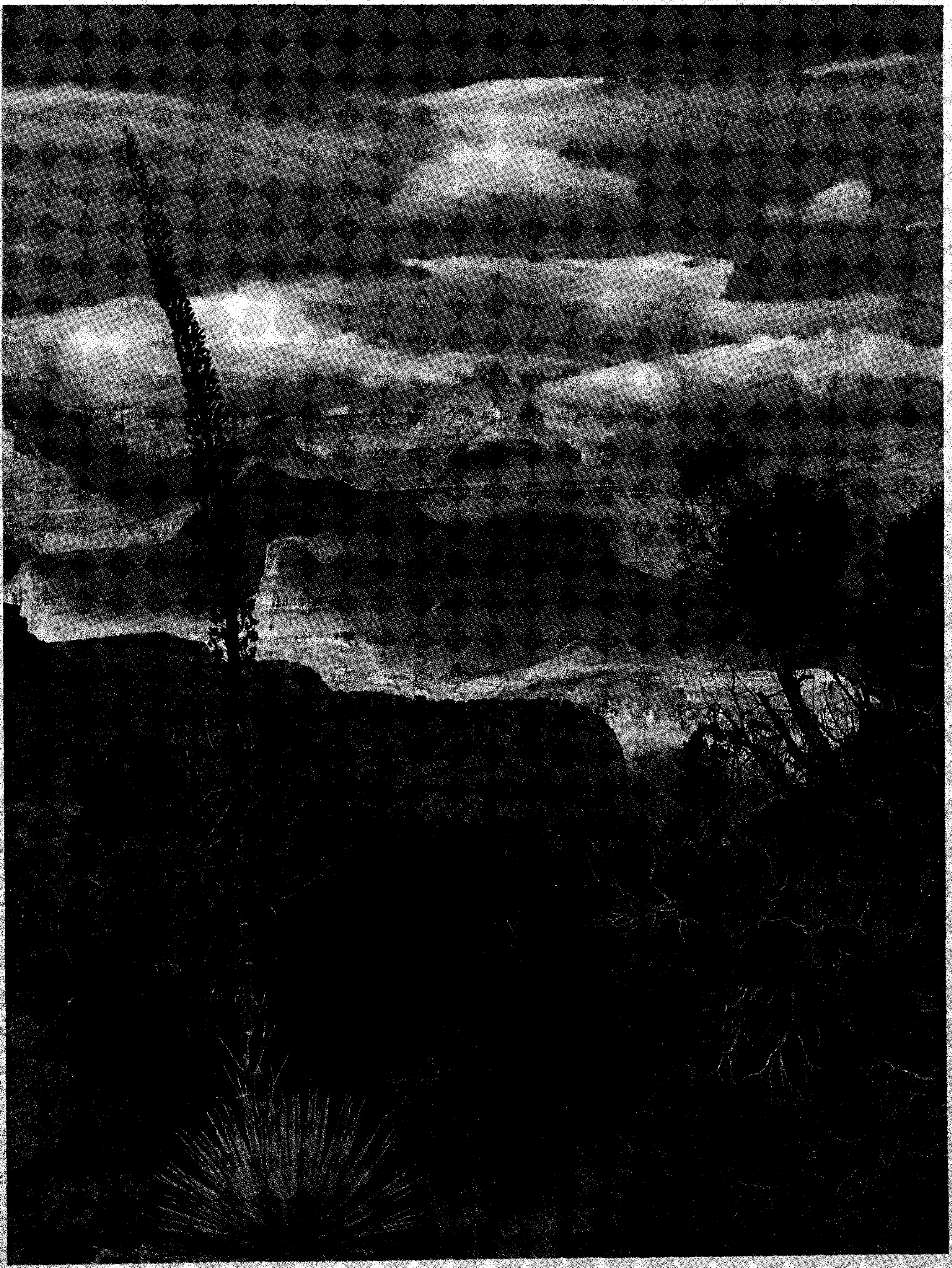


All of which was topped off with, of course, Wyborowa. Why has it flourished since the earth was flat? Taste it. You will find it ineffably smooth. A result of a triple-distilling process used centuries ago. Before they discovered shortcuts. Presently, it's still possible to enjoy Wyborowa in much the same manner in which it was enjoyed ages ago. Straight. All that's required is a comfortable chair, a clean glass and a bottle of said vodka. The quail eggs are optional.



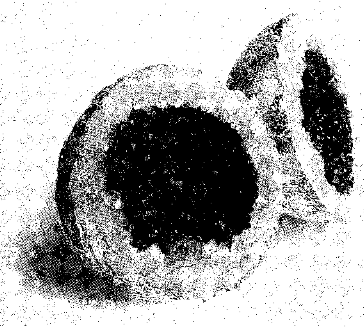
''Vee-ba-rova'' vodka from Poland. Enjoyed for centuries straight.

• WYBOROWA WODKA 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 40% AND 50% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 AND 100 PROOF). ©1990 • IMPORTED BY 375 SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Trail to Horseshoe Mesa, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Our guarantee: Every item we sell will give you complete satisfaction or you may return it for a full refund.

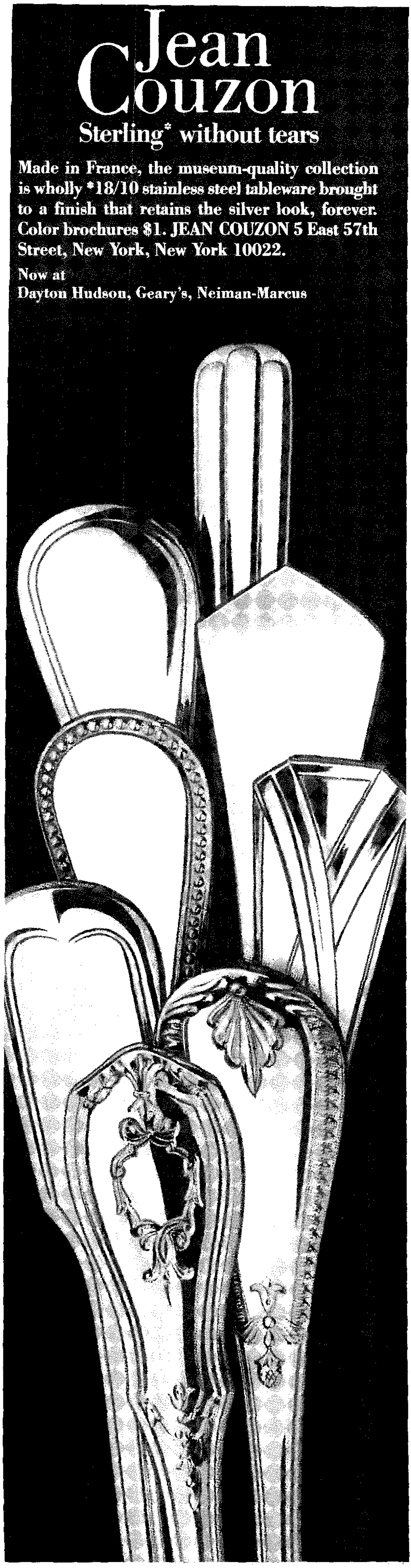


Nature is unrepentant. It bestows its gifts, but always asks a price. The lingering desert sun belies the freezing night that creeps up on the arroyo. Here things are sharp, elemental and we take note. Not for us the fitful winds of fashion, but rather the essentials to see you through the passing seasons. Even if your only trip outside is a walk down the lane, we prepare you. Nature doesn't care if you get chilled to the bone. But we do.

Eddie Bauer®

Each Piece is a Signed Original

Patented the down parka, 1936. Outfitted the American conquest of Mt. Everest, 1963. Team sponsor in the Alaska Iditarod, 1990.
Available at over 180 locations nationwide. Or call 1-800-356-8889 Department BBW for a free catalog.



Jean Couzon
Sterling* without tears

Made in France, the museum-quality collection is wholly *18/10 stainless steel tableware brought to a finish that retains the silver look, forever. Color brochures $1. JEAN COUZON 5 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022.

Now at
Dayton Hudson, Geary's, Neiman-Marcus

house all the time. Lorraine would put a plate out for him. He was very inquisitive. 'Man, where did you get such-and-such a note from?' he'd ask. I'd sit down at the piano and show him.

"The only trumpet lesson I ever took was from that Grupp, used to teach here in New York. I paid him for three lessons, but I never went back after the first one, so he owes me."

Bill Whitworth

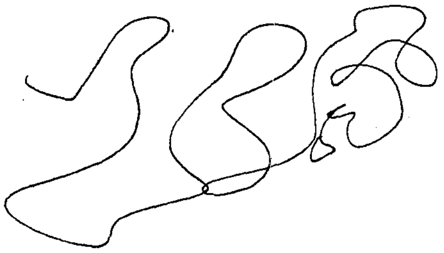
"Back in the early sixties, I played Little Rock, and at that time you couldn't stay in a hotel—you stayed at people's houses. I stayed with Bill Whitworth, who used to play some trumpet. He's the editor now up there in Boston at the *Atlantic* magazine. I stayed at Bill's house with him and his mother. She greeted me: 'Come upstairs and let me show you where you're going to sleep.' I saw this sofa bed in the living room all made up, and I said that would be fine, I didn't want to take anybody's bed. But she said, 'Oh, no! I sleep down here all the time!' I got a letter from Bill later telling me, 'You should know that your being a guest in our house was a crowning achievement. I'm so famous I'm thinking of running for public office in North Little Rock. The sheets you slept in haven't been washed, and all the brass players come from miles around to kiss them.' "

Retirement

"I'll never stop playing as long as I can do physically on the trumpet what I want to do. Look at Doc Cheatham. He's eighty-five and playing as good as ever. Cheatham never drank much, never took coke, never used grass. He's a perfect example of what to do for longevity."

AT eight-thirty, Gillespie, in company with the Elwoods and Virginia Wicks, walked up Eighth Avenue and turned east onto Fifty-second Street. The Lone Star Roadhouse is just up the block. (It was the Lone Star Café before it moved from Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, and it still likes to spice its zydeco music and rhythm-and-blues bands with an occasional jazz group.) Virginia Wicks and the Elwoods took a table down front, and Gillespie went backstage to find his musicians. A jump band called Bob's Diner was holding forth at ear-blasting volume and was being filmed by a Japanese television crew. Bob's Diner finished its set with a thunderous riff blues, and Gillespie's quintet came onstage to warm up. But it wasn't easy. Bob's Diner had left behind a loud, steady electronic hum, and no one seemed to know how to get rid of it. Gillespie, not looking upset, was upset, and at first he refused to play. Then, a resilient and kindly man, he decided to turn up *his* amplifiers and go ahead. (He had Ron Holloway on tenor saxophone, Ed Cherry on guitar, John Lee on bass, and Ignacio Berroa on drums.) It was bulging, 3-D Gillespie. Everything was exaggerated—the volume, the length of the sidemen's solos (Gillespie has never been a garrulous soloist), the force of the ensemble passages. Gillespie himself was utterly professional. He played with a smooth doggedness, with the patience and care of someone who gives good value, no matter the distractions. He played a long "Manteca," a long, slow blues, and a long "Night in Tunisia." He took a nice muted solo in the first number and in the blues, but he opened up in "Night in Tunisia," making the famous break explode. The crowd, made up mostly of people in their late twenties and early thirties, seemed to know who Gillespie was, and gave him shouts and whistles; he responded with some dancing, a few eye-rollings, and a jowl-shaking.

A WEEK later, Donald Elwood faxed Virginia Wicks a drawing that Gillespie had done on a manila envelope Elwood had on the table at Tout Va Bien. Here it is:



Elwood told Wicks he couldn't remember what Gillespie had said the drawing was of, and wondered if she would mind asking him, since he was playing at the Vine Street Bar & Grill in Los Angeles. Gillespie studied the drawing, and said that he couldn't remember what it was supposed to be, either, but that it looked to him like three seals on a sled.

—Whitney Balliett

AN INVESTMENT THAT'S SAFE AND TAX-FREE CAN BE A LIFESAVER.

When an investment is used to buy emergency vehicles or build hospitals, it can do more than do well financially. It can literally save lives.

Insured municipal bonds do both. A smart investment in the best of times because of their tax-exempt status, municipal bonds are an even better investment in today's changing market environment. Especially when those bonds are insured by AMBAC. Because our Triple-A ratings make them even safer. So you're always guaranteed the timely payment of both principal and interest, no matter what.

And because AMBAC-insured municipal bonds aid in the rebuilding of America's hospitals, roads and bridges, schools and utilities, your investment is not only helping you. It's helping strengthen the whole country.

AMBAC-insured municipal bonds. The safe, smart, responsible investment that can save more than money.

AMBAC®
MUNICIPAL BOND INSURANCE

AMBAC Indemnity Corporation
One State Street Plaza, New York, NY 10004
(212)668-0340

A REPORTER AT LARGE

OUT THERE—II

THE Freddy Fixer Parade used to be confined to black New Haven. Dreamed up by Dr. Fred Smith, a longtime black-community physician, as an occasion for involving children in neighborhood spring cleaning, the parade starts in Newhallville, a working-class area of old New England three-family houses, and then heads down Dixwell Avenue, the commercial artery of black New Haven, past barbershops and Baptist churches and a run-down housing project. Black New Haveners were once blocked from living outside the Dixwell area, but the city's black population has grown rapidly in recent years—from ten thousand in 1950 to perhaps fifty thousand today, out of a total population of a hundred and twenty-two thousand—and there are now several other large black neighborhoods, including Newhallville. Since January, the city has had a black mayor—its first, a former state senator named John Daniels—and in recent years the Freddy Fixer Parade has finished up downtown, passing an official reviewing stand on the New Haven Green. Still, the parade remains what it has always been—a celebration of the city's African-American community. It draws marching bands and marching units from the Elks, the Masons, the Boy Scouts, the Firebirds, the Silver Shields, the Fire Department, and other civic-minded organizations, both local and out-of-town. The parade is a showcase for finery; virtually everybody in Dixwell and Newhallville takes the opportunity to display some. And nobody puts on a better show these days than the communities' nouveaux riches—the legions of young drug dealers.

The illegal-drug business, particularly its cocaine sector, enjoyed a spectacular boom in New Haven in the late nineteen-eighties. Because it occurred in an economic setting that was otherwise bleak, the boom may have seemed even more dramatic than it was. New Haven has suffered its full share of the deindustrialization, middle-class flight, and widespread unemployment that afflict most old American cities. The drug industry's demand for labor is fierce, the pay it offers unprecedented, and a large number of poor New Haveners, especially young black males, have become involved. Numerous small gangs, each more or less affiliated with a neighborhood-based federation known as a posse, operate more or less independently. The posses have names like the Jungle, the Underworld, Kensington Street International (or K.S.I.), the Island Brothers, and the Newhallville Dogs (usually known simply as the Ville). They make alliances with, and declare war on, one another constantly; factions within one posse may also fight. In 1989, the posses were largely responsible for a per-capita murder rate that was higher than the rate in Chicago, Los Angeles, or New York City.

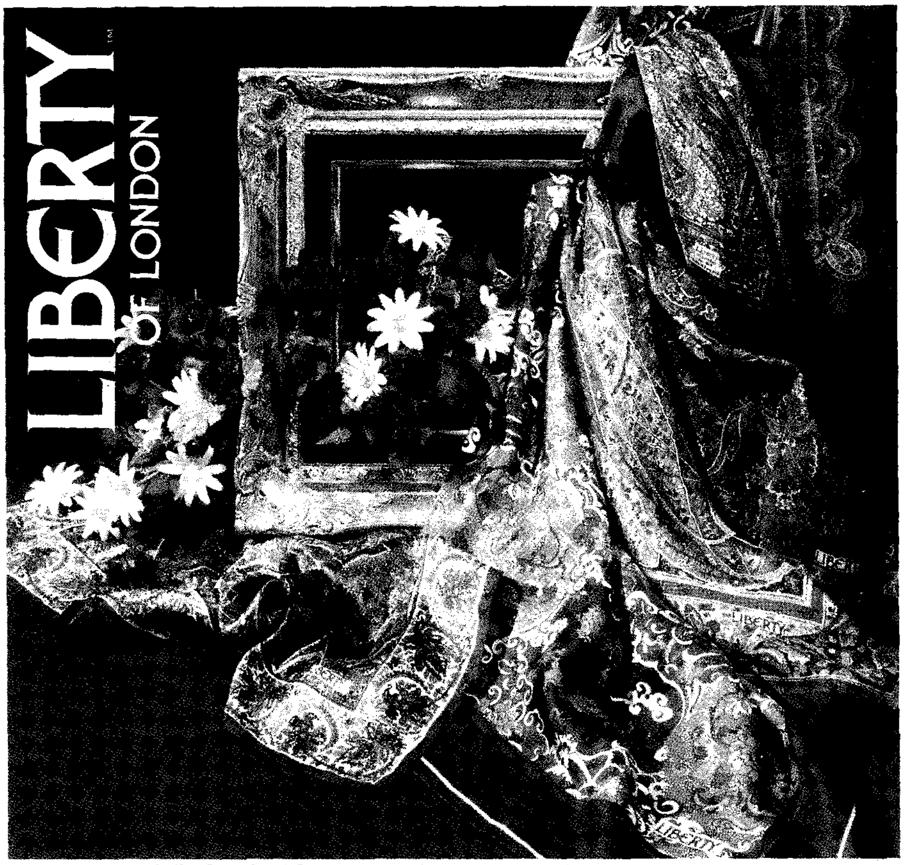
Terry Jackson, who is, as the saying goes, down with the Ville, was fifteen years old at the time of last year's Freddy Fixer Parade. ("Terry Jackson" is a pseudonym—I have changed many of the names in this article.) Having been thrown out of his grandmother's house, in Newhallville, after she discovered that he was dealing drugs, Terry was living with Frank Black, his drug-crew boss, and Frank's girlfriend and her infant son, in the Elm Haven projects, in Dixwell. He was selling cocaine and marijuana (known as "sess"), with the rest of Frank's crew, from an empty lot in Newhallville known as the Mudhole. He and Frank were making regular trips to New York City to buy four- and five-ounce lots of cocaine, and Terry was earning more than a thousand dollars a week. Although Terry does not use cocaine himself—his mother and his aunts and an uncle have all been heavy cocaine abusers, but Terry has never tried it—he was, as he puts it, "livin' large." For the Freddy Fixer Parade he could have marched in silk or all-Gucci or leather—or, for that matter, ridden, as some dealers did, on a glistening new motorcycle—but he chose instead to make a subtler statement. He went Yale. He wore Yale sweatpants, a blue Yale windbreaker, and a Yale base-

"You're heading up our flagship company, Beavis, and, should anything happen, you'll be expected to go down with it."

ball cap, all bought at the Yale Co-Op. It was a clever choice (the parade actually passes through the Yale campus between Dixwell and downtown), and the outfit was well received. "It was dope," Terry says. "People *liked* it."

Terry tells me this story at an ice-cream parlor near Yale. We are sitting by a window, licking cones and watching students come and go on the sidewalk outside. It's January, 1990. Tonight, Terry is wearing a Chicago Bears parka and a tall blue ski cap. A slim, strikingly good-looking boy, he has his hair cut in a flashy high-low fade, and he has recently begun a doomed attempt to grow a beard. Terry and I have been spending a lot of time together. I don't know what he makes of me, a white reporter from New York, but I've found no reason to doubt his accounts of his life and times; indeed, his ingenuousness is almost eerie. His lack of guile seems especially unusual in view of the harshness of some of his experiences—such as the time his Aunt Darla, who lives behind a bar near the Mudhole, let him sleep at her place and then robbed him while he slept of five hundred dollars and disappeared for three days, spending all the money on crack cocaine.

Terry didn't tell me that story. His mother, Anjelica Morgan, who is Darla's sister, did. Anjelica was living at the time in the Sleeping Giant Motel, six miles north of New Haven, with Terry's five-year-old half-brother, Buddy Mills, but she kept in close touch with events in Newhallville. The Morgans are a big family, with many offshoots in and around Newhallville, where they have lived since 1953. There are well-known criminal families in black New Haven—families whose children typically start getting arrested at the age of eight or nine and own impressive criminal records before they are teen-agers—but the Morgans (the involvement of various family members in the drug world notwithstanding) are emphatically not among them. Carl Morgan, Terry's grandfather, has worked at Simkins Industries, in New Haven, for forty-five years; his wife, Beulah (she who threw Terry out of her house when she discovered he was dealing), is a churchgoing matriarch with a good job as a dentist's receptionist on Dixwell Avenue. Beulah's five children, four of



WEARABLE ART...Available at Liberty of London shops in
New York City, Chicago, Washington D.C., Ardmore, PA and other fine stores.
Liberty of London, New York, N.Y. (212) 391-2150
Liberty. The very fabric of British life.

Our Suits Look So Great Because We Get Them All From The Man Upstairs.

Each Saint Laurie suit and shirt comes from a very sacred place - our own building. With five floors and over 100 employees, everything is tailor-made under one roof. All alterations are performed on the premises and we can respond to your needs, whether it's custom, special order or off the rack, faster than any of our competitors. So visit our man upstairs. After all, he's easier to reach than the other man upstairs. Ready-made suits from $465, alterations included. Custom-made suits from $695.

Because Some Things Aren't Meant To Change.

Hours: Mon-Sat 9:30 to 6 (Thurs till 7:30), Sundays 12:00 to 5:00.
Saint Laurie Ltd. 897 Broadway at 20th St., New York, NY 10003 (212)473-0100

SAINT LAURIE
Merchant Tailors

whom are unemployed, simply grew up in a world that was contracting rapidly, and Terry is growing up in a world that is darker still.

Earlier this evening, as we were driving through downtown New Haven, Terry noticed that my car, a rental, had a telephone. He picked it up and pretended to make calls. "That's right, we're coming up Church Street now," he said. "We'll be there in five minutes, so don't leave, neither. Roger, O.K., over and out." Terry was mugging with the phone for the people in the cars around us. To me, he said, "Who should I call?"

"Eddie Murphy."

"O.K.," he said, and pretended to dial. "Yo, Eddie, it's me, Terry. I'm with Mr. Bill. We're just out cruising, nothing too much, what are you doing? Yeah? Well, have fun. Later."

"What's he doing?"

"Nothing. Watching TV with his girlfriend."

Eddie Murphy is one of Terry's heroes. Terry's favorite movies are all Murphy vehicles—"Harlem Nights," "Beverly Hills Cop," "Raw." When I ask, Terry doesn't seem to know anything about Murphy's life offscreen, but he finds his work "funny, funny, *funny*."

I sometimes ask Terry about his "role models," about who it is he wants to be when he grows up. When his answer is not Eddie Murphy, or a rap star with a gangster style, it is an older New Haven dealer who "made it to the top." This dealer is now in prison, and when Terry proudly shows me two houses that the dealer purportedly still owns in Newhallville they turn out to be crumbling, unpainted dives. The fact is that the drug trade in New Haven is too poorly organized for anyone in it to rise very far. Entrepreneurs may make a killing, but there is no local organization large enough to allow a bright young dealer to move into middle management—where the risks of injury, death, or arrest might become tolerable, and where there might be some future.

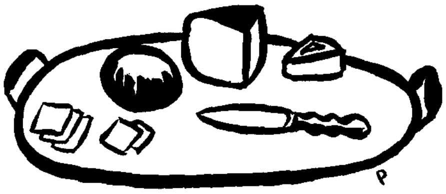
Terry's father, a school custodian named Peter Jackson (Terry's given name is actually Peter, but Anjelica, who was a freshman in high school when Terry was born, and who has never married, nicknamed him Terry after she and Peter fell out, and the nickname took), has strong ideas about who his son's role models should be—he is partial to scholar-athletes—but Terry and his father are on strained terms. At the moment, Terry is miffed because he believes that his Christmas present from his father was less expensive than the presents Peter gave his two younger sons, who live with him and their mother in a racially mixed neighborhood not yet consumed by cocaine-posse violence.

Sitting in the ice-cream parlor, considering the stream of students, Terry says, "My friend got him a kitchen job in one of these colleges. He says Yale don't work you too hard, and he gets some real good food out of there."

A minute later, apropos of nothing that I can see, Terry says, "I never took acid, but I heard it make you alert. Like when you get in a fight or something? You're *alert*. I never seen it, but I'd *like* to see somebody fighting on acid."

I propose that we take a walk around Yale. Terry says that outsiders are not allowed on the campus. The college compounds are locked, I reply, but the walkways and libraries and the Old Campus are not. Dubiously, Terry accompanies me on a stroll around the Law School and Sterling Memorial Library, where a security guard studies us closely but says nothing. I point out to Terry the snickering schoolboys carved in the library's nave, try to explain the significance of posters at the Law School hailing an award of tenure to a popular black professor, and show him how to use the library's computer catalogue. Terry, who says he has never touched a computer keyboard before, is fascinated by the silence and seriousness of the students all around us.

On another evening, as if in response to this little tour, Terry takes me to see "Harlem Nights." In the film, Eddie Murphy, who also wrote and directed, plays the adopted son of a night-club owner in the nineteen-thirties. They are the leaders of an all-black band of rich, stylish gangsters who drive beautiful cars, wear beautiful clothes, and sleep with beautiful women. When a rival gang, led by fat white racists and in league with the police (also fat white racists), tries to take over their operations, Murphy and company annihilate them. I find "Harlem Nights" an utterly awful film, but I don't say so to Terry. He says he loves it more every time he sees it.



YALE dominates New Haven, and has done so for more than two hundred years. Since the mid-nineteenth century, when the town's founding Puritan élite was displaced from the leadership of city government by the self-made businessmen of the industrial era, Yale's grip on direct local political power has been relatively weak, and relations between the university and the city have often been strained. Still, Yale's influence remains pervasive. The university is the city's largest private landowner and its largest employer. Warren Kimbro, a New Haven native and a former member of the Black Panther Party, distills his long experience in city politics this way: "If Yale wants the parade to go down Church Street, we ain't takin' it down Chapel Street." As for Yale's influence on black New Haven, Kimbro says, "We all grew up in the shadow of Yale. Everybody secretly wanted to be a Yalie. In the fifties, we all wore the white bucks, the gray flannel pants, the cord jackets, the tweed jackets, the button-down shirts, the Argyle socks, the college-stripe ties. We bought our clothes at J. Press, on York Street, when we could afford it. Later on, of course, we started waking up. 'Hey, you niggers never gonna be Yalies,' we said."

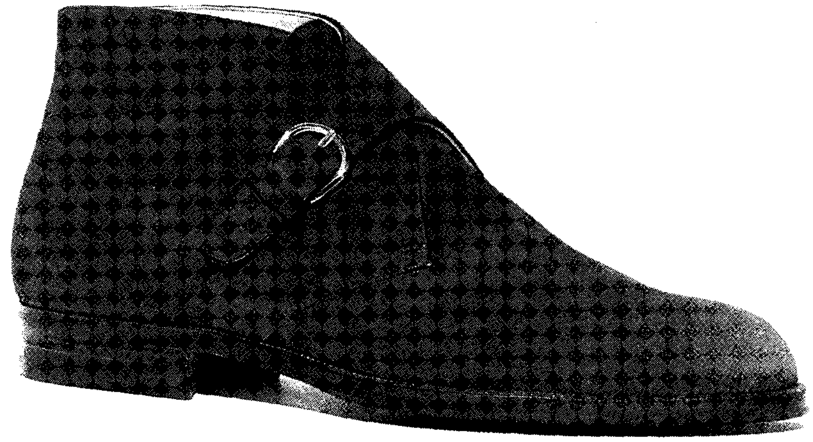
Very few black New Haveners do attend Yale. Those who go to college tend to go to the University of Connecticut, to local schools such as the University of New Haven and Southern Connecticut State University, or to traditionally black colleges in the South. Dr. John Dow, the superintendent of New Haven's schools, is a booster of the Southern colleges, and his administration helps high-school students make reconnaissance trips to Atlanta and other centers of black education. The wisdom of sending inner-city teen-agers as far as possible from their homes has never been more compelling than in these days of posse warfare, and the South has been serving that R. and R. purpose for New Haven families for at least a generation. Terry spent his thirteenth year in North Carolina when his mother took him and Buddy to live with Buddy's father, and that year stands as an island of calm and steady school attendance in what is otherwise an ocean of truancy and disorder.

But the drastic shift from ghetto streets to tranquil campus can be difficult even for the academically prepared. A former member of the Underworld posse, now a college student in Georgia, says that even brief trips home to New Haven can be schizophrenic. "I gotta step back out of the college life, out of being collegiate," he says. "Like last summer, the Jungle tried to bum-rush my crib"—attack his house. "It was crucial. My brother had beat up one of their guys, so they were coming with baseball bats. That's when you gotta pump yourself up. You can't show fear. I soup myself up, I stop being rational. I'm like Jekyll and Hyde—it's the only way. This particular beef stayed just sticks—it wasn't a gun affair. I snuffed one of their guys head-up"—beat him in a fist-fight—"and they left. But then some of our guys started basing"—smoking cocaine—"so they were perceived as weak. So the Jungle came back, this time with a police battering ram. And we went out, and they were defeated again. But I was really upset. Now it was like I might have to start carrying a gun to N.A.A.C.P. meetings. Another time, the Jungle aired out"—shot up—"my crib. Then I *knew* I had to carry a gun." This young man, who once spent ten months in juvenile detention after a precocious career as a thief (his favorite target was the Macy's in the local shopping mall, where his favorite method was to start a fire near the elevators and, during the ensuing hubbub, clean out the men's department), never had much success as a drug dealer. "I was always hustling backwards," he says—consuming his profits when there were any. The choice between the streets and "going legit" came down to a decision one morning two years ago, he says, "whether to get nice with my home-boys—we had some good sess—or to go work in Jesse's campaign, like I said I would." He had always been a capable student when he chose to work, but his ability to weigh more than the most immediate considerations when he makes a decision hinges, he says, on a single conviction: "I'm a leader. That knowledge helps me do the right thing."

Another child of New Haven's

Gund to be
a legend.
LASSIE®
STARRING IN HER OWN TV SERIES.
SEE LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND DATE.
Gotta
Getta
GUND®
©1990 Gund, Inc.
It's Lassie,® part of the Wide, Wild World of Gund.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and children's stores.
Gund, Inc., P.O. Box H, Edison, New Jersey 08818.
Lassie® ©1990 Palladium Media Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. Licensed by Merchandising Corporation of America, Inc.

FRATELLI
ROSSETTI



A CERTAIN WORLD WALKS IN ROSSETTI
601 Madison Ave. (57th St.) New York, 10022 (212)·888·5107
5454 Wisconsin Ave. Chevy Chase, MD 20815 (301)·907·7806

streets who is now a student at one of the élite black colleges in Atlanta talks about the pain of breaking with her old friends. "They say, 'You're being funny. You think you're too good for us now,'" she says. She was never a drug dealer herself, but two of her brothers (she is one of twelve children) and several of her high-school boyfriends were. "You just can't get away from it here," she says. "Older people don't understand. In their generation, it was, 'Should I go out with this person? Should I give him a kiss?' Now it's, 'Should I go out with this drug dealer?' Saying 'Don't talk to this guy because he's a drug dealer' is like saying 'Don't have any involvement with any guys.'" Her decision to study hard and to go away to college caused rifts with nearly all her friends, this young woman says, but the only recriminations came from girlfriends; the boys were strangely understanding. "This one guy, he was a dealer, and we were really close, and he just said, 'You gotta leave people like me alone,'" she recalls. "Even though he wanted me, wanted a pretty girl to sport around and show off, he just gave me a hug and left." She wipes away a sudden access of tears. "Now I just keep telling him to get out of New Haven, to join the service—*anything*. He got shot by K.S.I.—he's down with the Ville—on our graduation night. But he's still here, and he's still out there."

These two students got help and inspiration from the N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council, where they worked in the election campaigns of Jesse Jackson, in 1988, and of John Daniels in 1989. Political and community volunteer work is an essential part of most successful ghetto-escape plans. It is where inner-city kids can meet educated activists, who can provide both advice and institutional contacts; it's also a way to widen their understanding of their problems. Terry once attended a meeting of the Youth Council—by judicial order. He was still living with his grandmother at the time. He and his uncle, Button, who is thirty-one and still lives at home with his parents, had been quarrelling over Button's attempts to discipline him; one of their fights grew violent; his grandmother called the police; and the family-court judge ordered Terry to attend a Youth Council meeting. Terry found the meeting "corny." He did not see any future for himself in such a setting—"I'm a leader" is not *his* mantra—and he did not attend another. To Terry, the Youth Council was much like school—just another scene in which he found no inspiration and saw no chance for success.

ON a sunny afternoon early last summer, the New Haven police sent four plainclothes officers in an unmarked car to the Mudhole after receiving a telephone complaint about a black male wearing a red shirt and brandishing a handgun there. As the policemen approached, on West Hazel Street, they saw six or seven black male teen-agers gathered in the vacant lot ahead, none of them wearing a red shirt. One of the boys, however, began walking away when the officers arrived. As he walked, according to the police, he threw a brown paper bag to the ground. He was ordered to halt. He did so. The paper bag was retrieved and was found to contain fifteen small pink bags of a plantlike material, which field tests showed to be marijuana. The boy was searched, and a quantity of cash—twenty-seven dollars, according to the police—was confiscated. He was arrested and charged with possession of and intent to sell marijuana within a thousand feet of a school (Martin Luther King School, two blocks away and across Dixwell Avenue)—a felony.

"I shoulda dipped," Terry says. "I coulda got away. I don't know why I stopped, I just did. I panicked. The big boys"—the police—"said I only had twenty-seven dollars on me. I had at least two hundred. They just took it. Then they was going to take me out back of Wilbur Cross and beat me up. That's what they usually do. But there was too many people around, too many witnesses, so they had to take me downtown. I was in there for eight hours before my mother got me out. I was hungry, but all they give you in jail is a baloney sandwich. That's the worst part of jail, if you ask me. Baloney—*that's not me*."

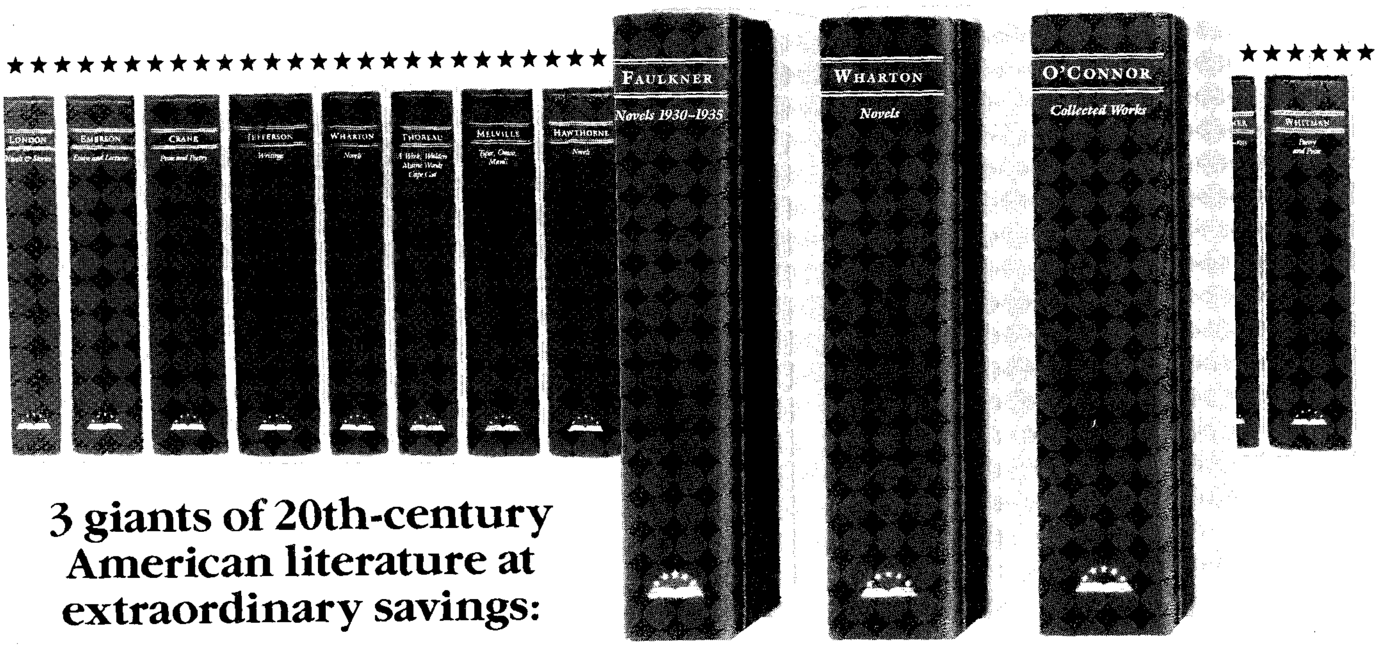
After his release, Terry went straight back to work in the Mudhole. "I had taken a downfall," he says. "I had to get back on *top*. Plus I needed money for a lawyer. I had witnesses who saw the big boys didn't find no drugs on me. They found the work in some weeds way over *there*. But it was real, real hot in the Mudhole after that, and I couldn't afford to get popped again."

Reluctantly, Terry stopped selling drugs. He moved from Frank's girlfriend's place to the Sleeping Giant Motel. At his trial, he was represented not by a private lawyer specializing in drug cases—he couldn't afford such counsel—but by a New Haven public defender. The prosecutor asked for a sentence of three years, suspended after ninety days, with three years' probation. If Terry had been charged with intent to sell cocaine, his lawyer says, the prosecutor might have got his wish. As it was, Terry's lawyer persuaded the court to reduce the charge to possession of marijuana, a misdemeanor, in exchange for a guilty plea. Terry received a suspended sentence of one year, with two years' probation.

The suspended sentence was a big relief. In the weeks after his arrest, Terry had become so worried about the possibility of a jail term that he started going to church—to the Catholic church where Beulah had taken him when he was small—and praying for forgiveness. He had also written a letter to the judge who would hear his case. The letter, printed in pencil on lined paper, was thick with spelling and other mistakes and looked more like the work of a third-grader than a high-school student. But it included a promise that Terry would "start fresh" in school in September, the news that he and Anjelica and Buddy were on the verge of getting an apartment of their own, and the declaration "I am really trying to get my head on write." The letter also listed all the places where Terry had applied for a job since his arrest, including Kentucky Fried Chicken, Burger King, Yale University, Yale–New Haven Hospital, the Hospital of St. Raphael, Pathmark, two New Haven country clubs, and three local restaurants. He was about to start two new jobs, Terry wrote, one at a discount department store in Hamden, the other at the Ponderosa Restaurant, on Dixwell Avenue.

DR. JAMES COMER, a professor of child psychiatry at Yale, says that children begin to understand in about the third grade whether they are part

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ ★★★★★★



3 giants of 20th-century American literature at extraordinary savings:

Faulkner, Wharton, and O'Connor all for 5^{95}

(Total pub. price $100)

Save over $94 and enjoy a spellbinding welcome to award-winning Library of America, with no obligation to buy future volumes.

Here's an exceptional opportunity to enjoy the best American writing of the 20th century—and of earlier eras as well—at substantial savings. Right now, The Library of America is offering the rare opportunity to acquire three of its acclaimed volumes for less than the retail price of one:

William Faulkner. Four novels that first brought him worldwide renown: *As I Lay Dying, Sanctuary, Light in August, Pylon.* 1034 pages.

Edith Wharton. American society in the Gilded Age: *The House of Mirth, The Reef, The Custom of the Country, The Age of Innocence.* 1328 pages.

Flannery O'Connor. Her complete fiction, including *Wise Blood* and *The Violent Bear It Away*, together with revealing essays and letters. 1281 pages.

Right now, you can buy all three volumes for just $5.95 (a single volume regularly retails for up to $35). In the future, you may, if you wish, take additional volumes at our subscriber discounts—as much as 29% off retail. You'll always have a 15-day free examination period, and you're under no obligation to take any volume.

This special offer is our way of introducing you to one of the boldest publishing programs ever undertaken in the U.S.—The Library of America. With support from the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Ford and Mellon foundations, we set out to preserve the collected works of America's greatest writers. Once, these works could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks or cumbersome anthologies—when they could be found at all. Now they are being made available in handsome, authoritative new editions.

Every work is complete, every word as the author intended.

Scrupulously accurate, unabridged texts are the hallmark of every Library of America volume. Already available are comprehensive editions of Herman Melville, Walt Whitman, and Eugene O'Neill; collected writings of Franklin, Jefferson, and Lincoln; novels by Henry James and Mark Twain, histories by Henry Adams, essays by Henry David Thoreau, and more, with new volumes appearing every year.

The editions are uniformly beautiful. They're hardbound in cloth, with Smyth-sewn bindings (not merely glued) and strong spines that allow the books to open easily and lie flat for

comfortable reading. Each volume has up to 1,600 pages of fine, opaque, acid-free paper—equal to three, four, even five ordinary books. Elegant and compact, they're a pleasure to hold and to read.

Great savings, and no obligation now or ever.

Let us send you *Faulkner, Wharton,* and *O'Connor,* all for just $5.95, and extend to you our subscriber's privilege of reviewing other volumes and buying only the ones you want, always at discounts. Mail the coupon today, with your check or money order, and see these wonderful books for yourself. For even faster service, credit card holders can use our **toll-free order line: 1-800-321-6640.**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Praised for its scholarship, beauty and quality.

"A great wrong…set right." New York Times Book Review.

"…truly beautiful volumes that are a pleasure to have and to hold and hand down through the generations." Chicago Sun-Times.

"…the best and biggest, the finest-looking, and the longest-lasting edition of its kind ever made." The New Republic.

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

America's best writers deserve America's best editions

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Library of America
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, New York 11746

Please send me three volumes: *Faulkner, Wharton,* and *O'Connor.* I may keep all three for only $5.95 (total pub. price $100). If I wish, I may return all three for a full refund. I have 15 days to decide. If I decide to keep them and subscribe to The Library of America, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. I understand each volume costs $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling. There's never any obligation to buy and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

☐ I am enclosing $5.95

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card No. ______________ Exp. ________

Name ______________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________ State ______ Zip ________

Offer limited to new subscribers; one per address. Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval.

9K9K

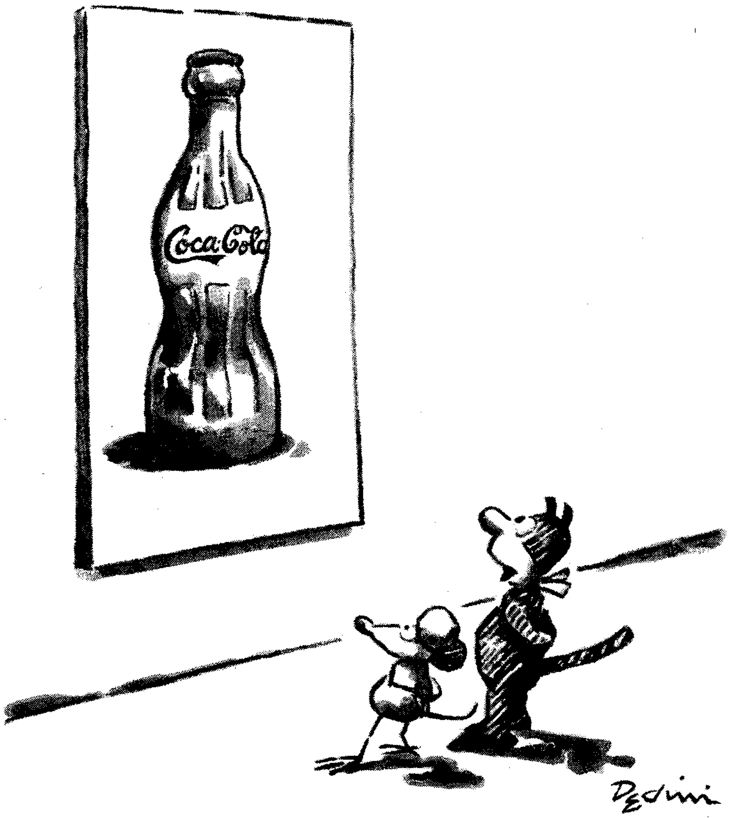
of the American mainstream or part of another, more marginal country—and sometimes they sense the distinction years earlier. When they see that they are on the margin, Dr. Comer says, their academic performance usually suffers immediately: "They sense already that they are not getting—not from their family, their school, their neighborhood—the skills, the socialization they need to participate in the mainstream economy." By early adolescence, according to Dr. Comer, most kids in this situation simply stop trying to bond with school and teachers. Black Americans, in particular, have been trapped by a disastrous historical lag in their access to education, says Dr. Comer, who is himself black. On the average, he estimates, three generations of continuous access are necessary if a family is to gain the type of education that will allow its members to function successfully in the post-industrial economy. But few black families had achieved that continuity before deindustrialization began to shatter the hopes of working-class people. "Large and pervasive as the drug problem is, it's still only a symptom," Dr. Comer says. "It's like the headache one gets with a cerebral hemorrhage. It's not the headache that's going to kill you; it's the hemorrhage." And the hemorrhage in this case, he says, is the profound, ongoing failure to educate poor Americans.

At the moment, of course, the drug world provides an alternative sphere of opportunity for the marginalized. Some teen-agers see dealing drugs as merely an after-school job. Most realize, certainly, that it is not a viable career over the long run. But to those who have already sensed that their own chances of entering the mainstream economy are effectively nil—and whose interest therefore in "credentialing," in avoiding a police record and building a work and school record that will increase their chances of economic success, is also near zero—the reasons not to deal drugs must seem weak indeed. In an age that celebrates entrepreneurial ardor above all, and in which the idea of the dignity of labor has come to seem quaint at best, washing dishes or frying burgers for a risible wage becomes an act of either blind faith or sheer desperation.

In school, the marginalized child's perception that the die is already cast has its objective correlative in the practice of "tracking," in which students with greater academic skills—skills normally gained only by children with adequate social-support systems—are prepared, more or less exclusively, for college entrance. Tim Shriver, the supervisor of an ambitious "social development" program (inspired in large measure by Dr. Comer's ideas) in New Haven's schools, says that, as a rule, only children with extraordinary parents can do well in inner-city schools. "Those who get only average parenting," he says, "just don't make it."

The social-development program in New Haven's schools tries to balance extensive instruction in basic problem solving—teaching students self-control, especially stress management—with instruction in social skills. Superintendent Dow speaks about the need for "institutional parenting" and emphasizes basic social skills—how to shake hands, look people in the eye, say please and thank you—while the Yale psychologists who designed the curriculum prefer to put the emphasis on "social critical-thinking skills," by encouraging the use of such devices as a Feelings Dictionary, which can help children identify "problem feelings" such as angry, lonely, and scared. Everyone agrees, though, on the need to develop a greater common language between teachers, who in New Haven tend to be white, and students, who tend to be black or Hispanic, and on the need to make more connections between schoolwork and students' lives. If a class is taking a trip to an art museum, for example, a well-designed preparatory lesson for inner-city students would include not just van Gogh but what sort of clothes to wear on the day, what to expect en route, how to behave in a museum, how to cope with boredom, and, finally, perhaps, how to cope with the feelings that you may have when you get home and your mother doesn't want to hear about van Gogh.

I attended a social-development class for eleventh graders at Wilbur Cross High last winter. The lesson consisted of a "role-playing" skit and a discussion. The teacher, a young white woman, played "an African-American teen-age girl in the Chapel Square Mall"—a teen hangout on the New Haven Green. A white female student played "a nervous white male security guard." As the security guard began to harass the teen-ager, both characters' tempers flared, and the teacher-playing-the-teen-ager cried, "Freeze!" Then the class discussed the problem—feelings, goals, solutions. A heavily built white boy in a hockey shirt thought the girl should simply obey the guard. "Go talk to your friends outside," he said. "Go talk on the Green." Perhaps because the temperature outside was near zero, this solution struck some of the other students as preposterous. A black girl with a Jamaican accent kept exclaiming



"People read too much into everything."

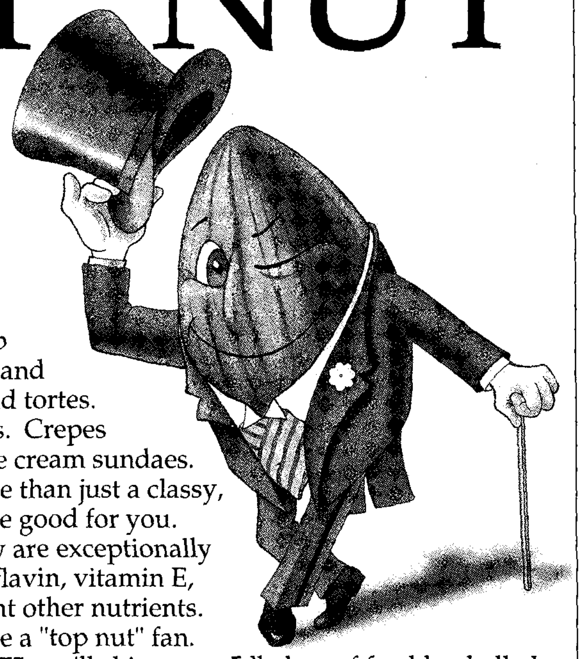
"Go talk on the Green!" and then dissolving in giggles. And yet the discussion struck me as remarkably clear and unrancorous. When the teacher asked "How would I feel if I just left?" a black boy with a dramatic high-low said "You might feel like you got *beat*. And then you might go home and take it out on other people." I found myself thinking about how these were, by rights, Terry's classmates. He was, in fact, enrolled in school. He just never went.

After class, I asked the teacher whether there had been any drug dealers in the class. She said that there had been two at the beginning of the semester, but both had dropped out. I later attended another social-development class, and when I asked its teacher about a boy who slept soundly through the entire session, she explained that he was a drug dealer in the Franklin Street projects and had probably been up all night working. He also had emotional problems, she said, because he had accidentally shot a friend to death.

IN the period after his arrest, though he did not mention it in his letter to the judge, Terry was cooking at Shabazz, a lunch counter on Shelton Avenue, in Newhallville. Shabazz is owned and operated by a Black Muslim named Scott X, and it doubles as a storefront office for the Nation of Islam, Louis Farrakhan's organization. Posters of Farrakhan and Martin Luther King hang in the front windows; inside is the well-known photograph of Malcolm X holding an automatic rifle and peering warily out a window, over the caption "By Any Means Necessary." The Nation of Islam's newspaper, the *Final Call*, is on sale, along with books like "The Fall of America," by the late Black Muslim leader Elijah Muhammad. Among the videotapes for rent are thirty-seven speeches by Farrakhan, one of which is usually playing on a television in the shop's front window. The food sold at Shabazz is simple, but even the menu on the wall evangelizes. After "Box of Fish" and "Fish Sandwich" it says "Stop Calling Each Other Niggers."

"Scott's got some *good* messages," Terry says.

I'm interested in those messages, but I have a hard time discovering just what they are. Terry's version of Scott's views is murky—"Tell you the



TOP NUT

A MARIANI
GOLDEN
CALIFORNIA
ALMOND.

When it comes to adding the finishing touch to sweets and desserts, almonds top everything. Cookies and coffee cakes. Tarts and tortes. Breads and puddings. Crepes and waffles. Even ice cream sundaes.

Almonds are more than just a classy, tasty garnish. They're good for you. Cholesterol-free, they are exceptionally good sources of riboflavin, vitamin E, magnesium, and eight other nutrients.

It's easy to become a "top nut" fan.

For just $19.75, we'll ship you a 5 lb. box of freshly-shelled California almonds. Money-back guarantee. Send your check or money order – with your street address – to:

MARIANI NUT COMPANY

Mariani Nut Company, P.O. Box 664, Dept. 25-2
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694

New "Light Technology" Makes Wrinkles Invisible
(8 Week Supply Just $19⁹⁵)

Hypo-allergenic cream is odorless, colorless

Now, in just 15 seconds, you can make wrinkles and pores virtually disappear. Without cover-ups, hormones or hundred-dollar treatments . . . just a touch of *Illusion!*

New *Illusion* is a break-through. It works by the same technique employed by Hollywood directors to make actresses look younger . . using LIGHT to flatter your face. Wrinkles can be seen because they cast shadows on your skin. No cream will remove wrinkles. But *Illusion* actually "bends light" to make your shadows vanish.

The secret ingredient is a blend of micro-layered silica . . . tiny, high tech "light benders" . . . in a base of the same moisturizers used by expensive, "miracle" creams. Just a dab makes your skin look smooth, younger.

Illusion is colorless and hypo-allergenic. Use it under your makeup, on top or all by itself.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Test without risk! Order your 8-week supply for just $19.95. If not satisfied, return the tube for a prompt refund.

Call Toll-Free
1-800-752-2118, Ext. 208
(24 hours everyday)
to order with VISA or MasterCard.

Or, mail check or money order to address below
(add $2.50 for shipping and handling;
CT residents add 8% sales tax).
Illusion, 14 Strawberry Hill Avenue (Dept. 208)
Norwalk, CT 06855

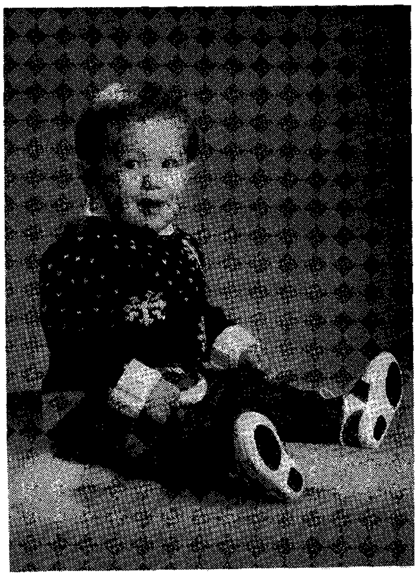
STEUBEN 1991
CATALOGUE

© Corning 1990

Over 250 brilliant crystal gifts and selections for collectors. Priced from $135. Call our toll-free number **800 223-1234**, or enclose check for $8 with this coupon. Mail to Steuben Customer Relations, Corning Glass Center, Corning, NY 14831. Above, Star Stream by Neil Cohen.

Name
Address
City State Zip N9A

STEUBEN
THE CLEAREST FORM OF EXPRESSION



Children's Photographs from $75.00

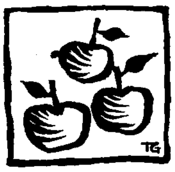
Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

We're Now in Greenwich

Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111

truth, I don't really catch on to that stuff," he says—and it is Scott's policy not to talk to white reporters. "Why should I help you make money?" he asks me. "What good would it do *our* community?"

Scott X is in his late twenties, trim, severe, light-skinned, with Marine Corps posture and a Marine Corps haircut. He says, when I ask, that he's indifferent to politics, but in fact he works closely with a group of young black activists in New Haven that was instrumental in John Daniels' election last year. These same activists helped negotiate a peace agreement among the posses that, although it ultimately failed to stop the violence, might not have come about at all, according to participants, without the esteem in which the posses hold Scott. It seems that the posses like the mixture of street toughness and religious right living he projects: Scott X not only reads the Koran and preaches a scorching sermon against the powers that be but also runs around town in a late-model white Isuzu Trooper with a telephone. Scott counsels the neighborhood's youth, particularly the boys, and when a boy is in trouble Scott may even give him work at Shabazz. That's what he did with Terry, and the job helped Terry break away from selling drugs.



"Who do you think is bringing all these drugs into our community?" Scott asks me. "Who do you think is bringing in all these guns? *We* don't own no gun factories. *We* don't own no jet airplanes. So who is it?"

I know the preferred answers to these questions, but I say, "I don't know. Who?"

This conversation takes place on the sidewalk in front of Shabazz, with a small crowd listening and Louis Farrakhan orating with pointed finger on the television in the window. Scott, losing patience, points at my chest. "You got a good heart?" he asks.

I snap back, "Who's to say?"

The conversation ends right there. Over the weeks that follow, however, I often stop by Shabazz, and finally Scott invites me to a public meeting at a nearby elementary school, where Conrad Muhammad, the Nation of Islam's Minister of Youth, is scheduled to speak. On the appointed evening, I show up, but Muhammad does not, and Scott, wearing the old-fashioned black suit and red bow tie that constitute the Nation of Islam's curious uniform, must do the miserable honors of turning people away, which he does with gruff aplomb.

A few nights later, he agrees to try to explain his no-interview policy to me again. "It's simple," he says. "Your people have kept my people in chains for four hundred years. We don't owe you *anything*. You say you're interested in the troubles of the black community. We say you are *responsible* for those troubles. You say you can't stop the drugs from coming in. We don't believe that. You can throw a satellite up to Neptune, but you can't control the borders of your own country? We are about helping the black community, and I can't see how anything you write is going to help us. How many black readers does your magazine have?"

I find myself offering the most basic arguments for the existence of journalism, but he brushes it all aside. If I am really interested in his views, he says, I can read the *Final Call*. Everything he has to tell me is in there. I have to wonder if Scott actually means to endorse, say, Elijah Muhammad's claim, reprinted in the issue of the paper he has on sale, that a fleet of fifteen hundred bombing planes, parked for now inside a giant, wheel-shaped Mother of Planes, is preparing to destroy "the white man's evil world." I don't ask, though. Things are complicated enough.

They are far less complicated, of course, for fundamentalists, and the Nation of Islam seems to owe much of its popularity to the fierce and rigid answers it supplies to the bottomless conundrums and bottomless pain of being black and poor in America. I find it hard to gauge the Nation's real strength in New Haven. Its forces have never been mobilized locally for high-profile campaigns, such as that of the Dopebusters who, with some help from the news media, chased the drug dealers out of two housing projects in the District of Columbia. And there is no New Haven contingent of the Fruit of Islam, the cohort of grim young men who give the Nation's public events such a Fascist look. But I often see teen-agers outside Shabazz, half watching the Farrakhan videos, and I often hear Scott X and the Nation credited with "knowledge." (On the subject of Jews, Terry can recall only one saying of Scott's: "Jews are for jewelry." When I ask after his own views, Terry shrugs. "Jews? They're people. That's all I can say. They like to keep their money, I heard.") For people whose lives are chaotic or desperate, the structure and pride that Nation membership can provide clearly have a powerful appeal; the Nation has been strong among convicts for decades. It seems to be only the movement's asceticism—particularly its dietary laws and its prohibition on alcohol—that keeps many young New Haveners from joining; Terry says he knows *he* could never be a good Muslim, because "I love pigs' feet too much." Young women may be put off as well by the retrograde treatment of females. There are other, more traditional Muslim congregations in black New Haven, and they, too, offer the rare joy of shedding one's "slave name." Mustafa Abdul-Salaam, a New Haven activist and a disciple of Elijah Muhammad's son, Warith Deen Muhammad, tells me that there is *nothing* more personally liberating.

TERRY'S Uncle Button is also a fundamentalist. He goes to the Bible Gospel Center in Newhallville at least five days a week, and he spends most of his non-church time at home—he is unemployed—praying and reading the Bible. "The Catholic Church was very boring compared to where I'm at now," Button says. He smiles knowingly. "Bible Gospel got more *oomph*." Button is slight and well spoken, with big, feline eyes and a wary, ironic manner. In appearance he strongly resembles his sister Anjelica. "I got saved in 1983," he says. "Before that, I was just into drinking and drugs and that whole life. In 1979, I got shot by a guy who was trying to take my money—he didn't get it, either. Then a friend who had been saved took me to church with him. It took six or seven months before I finally quit drinking. But, I can tell you, this works better than any drug program."

I remember hearing Anjelica, who has been through her share of drug-treatment programs, and who has always been close to her younger brother, talk about the time Button took her to his church. "I always told him, 'If I go in the church, the ceiling gonna fall on me,' " she said. "But I did go with him once. And the preacher said, 'There's

Cool Water always gets a warm reception.

A complete line of men's fragrance and skin care products.
Uncommon.
Crisp.
Clean.
Refreshing.
For those who use them.
And those who are glad you do.
Only at Davidoff.

Davidoff

DAVIDOFF OF GENEVA, INC.
535 Madison Avenue, at 54th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Phone 212-751-9060 or 800-548-4623

For those who are obsessed with quality.

Shown: Cool Water E.D.T. Natural Spray 125 ml—$58.00. For full line information call or drop by

GENEVA, ZURICH, LONDON, AMSTERDAM, BRUSSELS, PARIS, FRANKFURT, HONG KONG, SINGAPORE, BANGKOK, KUALA LUMPUR, TOKYO, MONTREAL, TORONTO, NEW YORK.

Exclusively From the
BRITISH NATIONAL TRUST COLLECTION T.M.

NOW...YOU CAN OWN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WRITING DESK

AT LAST... One of the world's most treasured antiques has been finely reproduced! Introducing... the *Writing Desk of Sir Winston Churchill* ... a replica of the great 18th century original on display in the Churchill Library at Chartwell.

- ***A Fine Reproduction***... of the 18th century mahogany original, including the hand tooled leather top!
- ***Imported. Handcrafted***... by artisans using the same materials and techniques as found in Sir Winston's personal desk.
- ***Limited Quantity***... only a few will ever be made... and because of Churchill's stature as a world leader quick sellout is expected.
- ***Available Exclusively From the British National Trust Collection***... by special permission from the Churchill Family!

Only Churchill's cigar burns are missing!

The great desk (66" x 38") is being faithfully recreated by hand in a very limited edition. An engraved brass plaque of authenticity accompanies each desk.

Call or Write for FREE details!

British National Trust Collection
77 Main Street, Tappan, NY 10983 A82
☐YES! Please send me your FREE literature with full details and pricing information on Sir Winston Churchill's Writing Desk.
Or Call **(800) 631-1362.**
In New York Call **(914) 365-0414.**

Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____
Telephone # ____

somebody in here screaming for help, going the wrong way, but don't know how to change. I'm going to walk down the aisle and when my feet stop, that's going to be the person.' And he started coming, and I turned to Button and I said, 'Don't start.' But when the preacher got to us he stopped, and he started turning toward me. I just jumped up and ran. I ran out onto Winchester Avenue, and there were all the drug dealers and everybody hanging out, and I just kept running. I got home, and my father said, 'Girl, what's wrong with you?' I couldn't sleep all night, and I'll never go near that church again."

It's easy to picture Anjelica spooked—she often seems to be in permanent flight from her own hobgoblins and guilts—but it is hard to picture her finding salvation down the same path that Button has taken. Much as they resemble each other, she lacks all trace of his asceticism, his irony, his evident need for a rock-solid structure of meaning around him. Poor people have long employed religion, including fundamentalist sects, to help make their lot more bearable, of course, but Button's belief has an intensity that does not call to mind the traditional comforts offered to those on the bottom of the pile by their pastors. Terry once told me, "My uncle used to sit out on the porch and smoke sess and read the Bible. Now, tell me *that* ain't wack." Terry was describing a phase of Button's conversion, and it didn't sound the least bit wack to me. Button's own tales of his hell-raising youth are another matter; they're difficult to reconcile with the gentle, partly bald, lemurlike man I find. I can, though, definitely see him bugging out, in Anjelica's phrase, and deliberately breaking a glass basing pipe in his hand, as she told me he did back in his drug-using days.

Button and I are in Beulah's living room. His big sister Ruby, hearing Button speak of the extra oomph offered at his church, joins our conversation, saying, "It's true. They got it all at Bible Gospel. Singing, shouting, speaking in tongues—you name it, they do it." Ruby laughs. Button grins, and does not seem offended. Ruby, who is forty, has leading-lady bone structure and a worldly manner, even in a grubby bathrobe. She does not look like a career drug addict who has lost custody of her three children, but that is what she is, and she, too, is unemployed and living here with Beulah.

"Ruby just can't handle all the excitement at my church," Button says. "But my mother, she comes."

Beulah, who is crocheting and watching TV, briskly confirms this statement.

I say, "I hear Anjelica can't handle it, either."

Button and Ruby, presumably recalling Anjelica's headlong flight from church, guffaw. Beulah does not smile. "Anjelica," she says. "Anjelica can't handle a whole bunch of things. That's because she used so many drugs. She still does use them, and she agreed to Terry getting into drugs by taking the money he gave her. She even took money for summer-camp tuition for Buddy and spent it on herself. Terry was very upset about that. Buddy never did go to summer camp."

Ruby and Button are staring at the TV, having tuned out as their mother talked.

ANJELICA is painting her kitchen. Shortly after Terry came to live with her at Sleeping Giant, she and he and Buddy moved into this subsidized apartment on Wallace Street, in east New Haven. The kitchen is the apartment's hub—the living room, two tiny bedrooms, and a minuscule bathroom all radiate from it, and the only table Anjelica owns sits at its center—so painting it white (it was grimy off-white) brightens the whole place. By the time I arrive, about ten o'clock on a January evening, three walls are already painted. Anjelica's boyfriend, Robert, a housepainter who sometimes works at Yale, has come over to help. Rangy, deep-voiced, in his forties, Robert is singing along with a Joe Tex tape. Buddy, Anjelica's stocky, manic six-year-old, is busy wielding a long-handled roller, painting the remaining wall—he is barefoot, paint-spattered, joyous. Anjelica, too, looks to be in a great mood. She is a slight, fine-featured woman, thirty-two years old, with clear, chestnut-colored skin. She and Robert are sitting on paint cans, drinking Canei and Scotch. I take a glass of Scotch.

Anjelica and Robert are discussing local family fortunes—who left what house or car or grocery to whom, and who tried to get it away from them, and who was cut out of whose will. This is a favorite topic of Anjelica's, and she can expand on it with or without Robert, whose knowledge of black New Haven's secret social and economic history seems nearly as thorough as hers, but who is also easily seduced by the chorus of "Try a Little Tenderness." Buddy, meanwhile, has run out of paint and is frantically running his roller up and down the wall, leaving only a faint streak of white. "More paint! More paint!" he cries. Robert and Anjelica ignore him even as he tries to get them up off the cans he needs to open. Anjelica is exulting over the case of a rich old lady who failed to leave a *dime* to her daughter, who never recovered from the shock.

Anjelica's other favorite subject is intoxication, particularly its wilder varieties (how crazy somebody got on what drug) and her own adventures: the time she was tricked into smoking PCP, or the time when, extremely stoned, she ran from the police through the old New Haven cemetery at midnight. Tonight, these stories provide a sort of Dionysian chorus to the recitations on ancestry. Even when Anjelica's drug tales are cautionary and grim, her rascally, missing-bicuspid smile breaks out; the idea of getting high simply fills her with a delight she can't hide. This, it occurs to me, is another way in which Anjelica is still a teen-ager at heart. Although high-school students are reportedly using less cocaine these days than in previous years, adolescents' fascination with getting high, and with exotic new drugs, seems to me inextinguishable. In New Haven, there is currently a great deal of excitement among teen-agers (and the police) about the arrival in town of "ice"—smokable methamphetamine. After hearing that I live in New York City, many kids bring it up. "It got double the chemicals," a Puerto Rican teen-ager tells me brusquely. Then he looks at me sidelong. "That right?" A young white cocaine addict from West Haven says dreamily, "I imagine it kind of dusty and blue." Even Terry, who seems not to have inherited his mother's obsession with inebriation, is curious about it. He really wants to see somebody on LSD box.

Tonight, Terry is, I assume, at his girlfriend Lakeeda's.

No, says Anjelica, Terry's with Frank, his former drug-crew boss.

I'm alarmed to hear it.

"Frank's a nice kid," Anjelica assures me. "He took good care of Terry when Terry was out there. He took a *lot* better care of him than some other dealers would have."

I'm not reassured. Terry has time on his hands these days, and no money in his pocket. He quit working at Shabazz—the pay was sporadic—and he lost a subsequent job washing dishes in a convalescent home. He did not "start fresh" in school in the fall, as he told the judge he would. He went to school only intermittently, failed to make any stronger connection there than he had in preceding years, and, having been told by a school official that he had already missed too many classes to pass this year, has stopped going altogether. Anjelica says now, "If he goes to school, I'll buy him clothes. If he don't go, he ain't gettin' nothin'." Together with Frank's reappearance, this sounds to me like a formula for Terry's return to dealing. In principle, that is none of my business, but keeping my reporter's distance, not interfering with my subject's life, has been difficult from the start with Terry, and this prospect raises the stakes sharply. My role is already ambiguous as far as Terry's family is concerned. When I met his Aunt Darla, she glared at me for a full minute—through what appeared to be a brutal hangover—before recognition broke in her face and she said, "Oh, *you're* the guy trying to get Terry back on the right track."

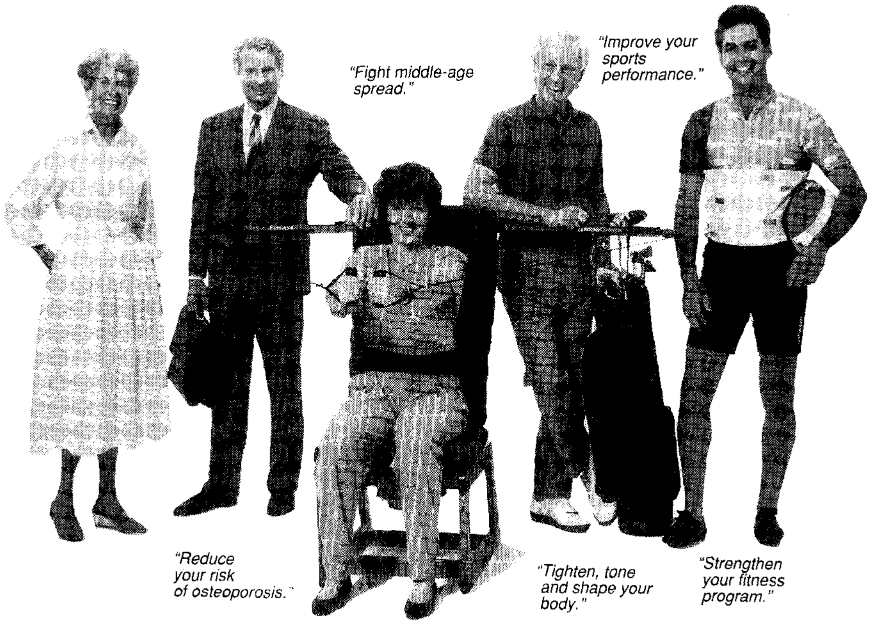
I ask Anjelica what sort of future she imagines for Terry.

"The best thing would be the Air Force," she says. "But first he has to get a diploma. You can't do nothin' without that piece of paper." Maybe Terry can get a high-school-equivalency diploma in an adult-education course, she says, and *then* join the Air Force. "Terry's problem is, he's lazy," she goes on. "Buddy loves to work. He always got to be doing something. But Terry, he's not like that."

Anjelica is right about Buddy, at least, who is now swinging his paint roller wildly in an effort to dislodge her and Robert from the paint cans. "More paint! More paint!" Buddy has been pleading for more paint for an hour now. I've tried to suggest to Anjelica and Robert that he really could use some more paint, but I, too, am ignored. The scene has become painful to watch. I gulp Scotch and hum along with Joe Tex and get up and wander around the apartment. On top of the television, which is playing unwatched, are two studio portraits of Buddy, looking toothlessly cute and unnaturally calm, and a copy of Anjelica's high-school diploma, in a cardboard frame.

Hearing Anjelica disparage Terry's interest in work reminds me of something that Beulah said. "Terry's just not motivated to go to school, or get a job, or do anything," she said. "It's dangerous. Doing nothing becomes a habit. It's partly his mother's fault and partly his probation officer's." Someone, I realize, is always telling me what someone else's problem is. Beulah says Anjelica's problem is a failure to take life seriously; Anjelica says Terry's problem is laziness. Beulah and Anjelica both sense that I want an explanation of what is wrong. *Some-*

Body building isn't meant for everyone.
The new Nordic Fitness Chair is.


"Fight middle-age spread."
"Improve your sports performance."
"Reduce your risk of osteoporosis."
"Tighten, tone and shape your body."
"Strengthen your fitness program."

Added strength means a toned, shapely body ... better performance in your favorite sport ... a reduced risk of osteoporosis ... a higher metabolism ... an improved quality of life.

And now the revolutionary new Nordic Fitness Chair makes strength training safe, easy and convenient for everyone.

It's a comfortable chair, with an attractive appearance, that transforms into a health club workout! By simply adjusting the chair's arms into 5 different positions you can do over 20 different exercises for both your upper and lower body.

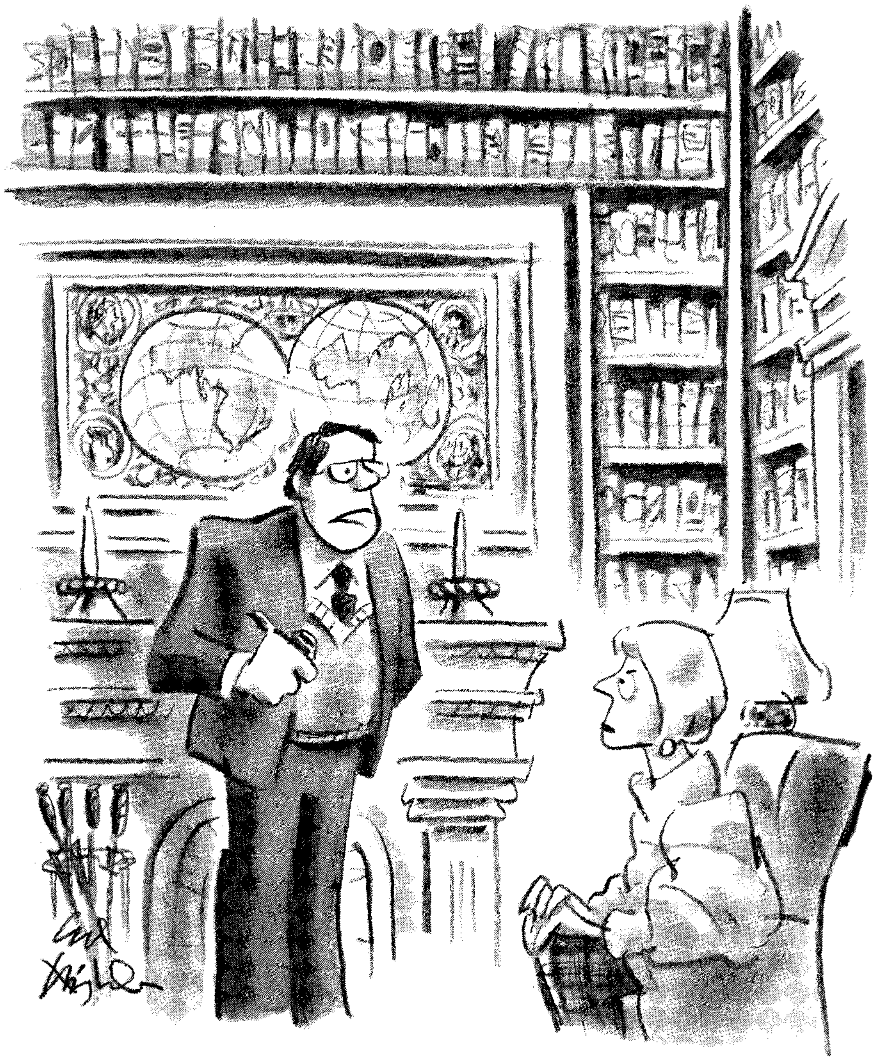
Its unique design adjusts to all fitness levels. So you can get an effective workout whatever your age or ability.

Try the Nordic Fitness Chair for 30 days at home. Call:
1-800-848-7786

NORDICFITNESSCHAIR™
from NordicTrack

Send for
FREE VIDEO
& Brochure

☐ Please send me a free brochure
☐ Also a free video tape
Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State _____ Zip _____
Phone (   ) ____________________
NordicTrack 141C Jonathan Blvd. N.,
Chaska, MN 55318
82510
A CML Company



“Maybe the best way I can put it is that we inhabit parallel universes that appear congruent but don’t, in nontheoretical circumstances, really interact.”

• •

thing is wrong—why else would I be coming around? And yet, at some level, we all know that there is in fact no explanation, no insight that can possibly sum up a life or a character. It may be my job to tease out such a thing, but the truth is that a life—Terry’s, Anjelica’s, Beulah’s, even black New Haven’s—is not an illness in need of a diagnosis. At the same time, events have obviously conspired to cripple—socially, economically, educationally—a vast number of black poor and working-class families. If I had to choose a root cause for all this distress, I might single out structural unemployment—the cruelest aspect of the American economy’s deindustrialization and increasing reliance on untrained, insecure labor, and a close cousin to the national policy of pervasive undereducation. But Beulah and Anjelica speak a more personal language, and in their terms *my* problem may be just my deep reluctance to diagnose.

Above all, I realize, I’m reluctant to sit in judgment on Anjelica’s maternal performance. The state can do that. (And so far it has judged Ruby’s performance more harshly.) Anjelica has not come stomping uninvited into *my* life and, on the basis of a few conversations with my family, presumed to judge my performance as a son or a spouse or a citizen. Of course, my reluctance to diagnose or to sit in moral judgment on Anjelica does not change the real power relations between us.

I end my tour of the apartment. Buddy still hasn’t got his paint. Robert refills my glass. Anjelica, waving her glass, says, “Frank’s problem is, he drinks too much. And now Terry is drinking, too. I told him he’s gotta stop. He can’t handle it. The boy goes crazy.”

“I WAS lost in the sand,” Terry says. “I didn’t know what I was doin’, even before we got to Nick & Neil’s. I got in a fight with this nigger from Bridgeport. They shut the club early. So we went to the Milford Arcade, and some dude there started *shootin’* at us. He was one of the Bridgeport guys, I guess. He had a pistol. We just ran, my posse and me. I don’t even know where. I’m *still* lost in the sand. You can look in my face and tell.”

Terry’s face doesn’t actually look much the worse for wear, but he is speaking unusually slowly. It’s Saturday morning. We are in the New Haven station, setting off on a long-planned excursion to New York City. I ask Terry what he was drinking last night.

“Yukon Jack.” Pause. “Vodka.” Pause. “Rum.”

Nick & Neil’s doesn’t serve liquor—the club doesn’t even let anyone over twenty-one inside—so all this was apparently parking-lot tippling. Nick & Neil’s has, if nothing else, an abundance of parking lot. A flimsy-looking white one-story building lashed together with strings of pink and turquoise neon, the club sits out on an endless suburban shopping strip, some ten miles west of New Haven, surrounded by Sound Playgrounds and Showcase Furniture Showrooms and drive-in banks—and vast expanses of parking. The club, on a weekend night, has hundreds of black teenagers, most of them from the ghettos of New Haven, Bridgeport, Stamford, and Norwalk, being served and chaperoned and occasionally manhandled by a staff of uneasy, muscle-bound young white men in bow ties. The hip-hop scratches and blasts, and the dance floor thrashes. I ask Terry what the fight was about.

“I don’t even remember,” he says. “I just remember I got this guy down and I was stomping his head.” Terry demonstrates, lifting his feet exaggeratedly, as if he had on lead boots, and bringing each foot down with great force on the station platform. It is a strange, stylized dance, reminiscent of a waddling fat-man walk that posse members use to “profile”—to display dominance or lack of fear on the street. “I was *stompin’* that nigger's head," Terry says. Then, perhaps noticing that I seem horrified, he adds, "I don't know why. Something in me just wanted to do it."

Terry's opponent, it turns out, managed to get up and escape, with unspecified damage, but the story leaves me bemused—not for the first time—about Terry's capacity for violence. Though he likes to say that a habit of "going crazy" helps keep his enemies at bay, he normally seems to me far less inclined to actual violence than, say, the average high-school football player. So when he first told me about the time he "unloaded a clip"—fired six shots—at someone in the Mudhole I assumed that he had meant only to scare off the attacker. No, he assured me. "I wanted to catch me a body." It's a salutary reminder that success in the drug business virtually requires violence—to hold territory, prevent rip-offs, enforce agreements, and so on. Since leaving the business, Terry says, he has realized that violence is wrong. "Before, I used to be like 'Word, word' when somebody said, 'Yo, I wanna take somebody out.' But now I'm like 'No way.' " And yet there are still situations in which, as he says, something in him just wants to do it. (Late that same night, on upper Broadway in Manhattan, I see such a situation suddenly develop. We are standing outside a Korean grocery discussing whether to pick up something for breakfast. An older Korean man emerges from the store with a large knife in his hand. When he sees Terry, he stops, and gives Terry a long, frank look, right in the face. Then the old man glances at me and turns away to start cutting the stems off a shipment of tulips. My heart is slamming. Terry, I notice, is grinning strangely. We move on quickly, and as we walk up the street Terry says, "Did you see that dude? I thought he was going to stick me with that knife. That's why I was smiling. I was going to grab his arm like *this*, and twist him around like *this*, and then start choking him. I would have stomped the *dooky* out of him.")

As we board the train for New York, Terry points to a street that runs past the New Haven police station. "Me and Frank used to go that way when we came back from New York," he says. "We walk right past the po-lice station. We have four, five ounces. He carry the coke but I be carrying crazy paraphernalia. Big old package of lactose for cut. We was ready to run, but we never got stopped."

"How is Frank?"

Terry smirks. "He fine. No job. No money."

As the train leaves New Haven, I notice Terry playing with a belt-mounted telephone beeper. "This don't work," he assures me. "I just carry it around to play the front with the girls. If they think you're a dealer, they got more time for you."

I mention that I've heard of boys' wearing automatic garage-door openers for the same purpose, and Terry laughs.

"Other dealers see you with one of these, they think you're dealing, too," he says. "Then they don't try to shoot you up. They leave you alone. That's another reason I got this. But if the big boys find a beeper on you, that's organized crime. That's why I make sure I got one that don't work."

Terry pulls his ski cap down over his eyes, curls up in his seat, and sleeps all the way to 125th Street. There, as we descend the stairs from the station platform, he points to a police car in the shadows. "Check it out," he says. "He's waitin' for somebody who looks like me, see if he can catch him with a bundle." Terry grins and yawns.

"I been in this part of New York lots of times," he says as we're riding west in a cab on 125th Street. "Me and Frank used to buy the work right by here. But I was usually drunk, so it's hard to remember. I bought me a jacket in there once." Terry points to a discount clothing store called Dr. Jays.

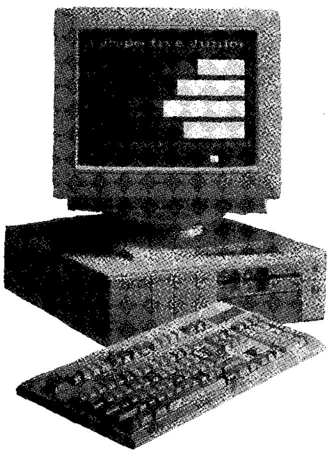
Terry's knowledge of New York City turns out to be limited. A walk in Central Park is a revelation: he has never seen the Park before, or heard of it. He finds a ride on the subway amazing, too. His eyes dart eagerly, studying the train, the stations, and our fellow-passengers, and he repeatedly checks with me to make sure he is behaving correctly, saying, "I never really been down here before in this whatchacallit."

"Subway."

"Yeah. This is like an *experiment* for me."

But the comforts of the familiar are

FAMOUS MAKER
286 AT COMPUTER WITH 14" HIGH RESOLUTION VGA COLOR MONITOR and 30 MB HARD DRIVE



- 80286 microprocessor, 12.5/6.25MHz switchable.
- One MB RAM on motherboard, expandable to four MB.
- 30 MB hard drive.
- One 5.25" 1.22MB floppy drive.
- High resolution VGA monitor: 640 x 480.
- Socket for 80287 math co-processor.
- 16- bit VGA card; 800 X 600 resolution.
- IBM compatible.
- Three expansion slots—two 16-bit and one 8-bit.
- One serial port.
- One parallel port.
- PS/2 compatible 6-pin mouse port.
- Real time clock/ calendar.
- Phoenix 286 ROM BIOS.
- AT style 101-key enhanced keyboard.
- Includes MS-DOS 4.01 with DOS Shell utilities and GW BASIC™.
- PC dim.: 4-1/4"H x 15"W x 15-1/2"D.
- Monitor dim.: 13.9"W x 14.7"D x 14.1"H.
- **One Year Manufacturer's Warranty!**
- **Factory New!**

FREE BONUS SOFTWARE: Spinnaker "Easy Writer" word processing, "Ace2" interaction game & "Splash" demo program. Also includes coupon to buy "Splash" at great savings!

Mfr. Sugg. Retail:
$2,293.00

DAMARK PRICE:
$999.99

Item No. B-2399-149047
Insured Ship/Hand.: $49.00

FOR FASTEST SERVICE CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-729-9000

VISA MasterCard DISCOVER

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC. 7101 Winnetka Ave. N.,
Minneapolis, MN 55428-1619

Customer Service
612-531-0082

DAMARK INTERNATIONAL, INC.

Please rush me: ____ **Famous Maker** Computer(s)
@ $999.99 each, plus $49.00 s/h each.
Item No.B-2399-149047
MN res. add 6% sales tax.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City,State,Zip ____________________
☐ Check/MO ☐ VISA ☐ Master Card ☐ Discover
Card No. ____________________
Exp. Date ____/____ Ph. # ( ) ____________________
Signature ____________________

Copyright 1990 DAMARK International, Inc.
All rights reserved.

DELIVERY TO 48 U.S. STATES ONLY

never far away. We come and go from my apartment, and each time we stop there we find a telephone message from Anjelica. She and Terry spend hours discussing nothing in particular on the phone. Among my records and tapes Terry quickly finds the few rap recordings, and then raps along with Public Enemy and MC Lyte. And at the end of a long day of sightseeing and moviegoing he drags a television into my study, where a bed has been set up for him, explaining that he can't get to sleep without a TV going.

In the morning, I find him asleep in front of the TV. All the lights in the study are blazing. Terry has the sheets pulled over his head. The shouts and sirens of some ancient police show wash over him.

A VAST part of what Terry knows and believes about the world he learned from television, and on critical topics such as violence and drugs his electronic education has been a toxic soup of mixed moral messages. Since infancy, his brain has been filled, willy-nilly, with flashy, violent fantasies. Lately, alongside a torrent of anti-drug propaganda—itself a powerful lure for any self-respecting teen-ager, on the durable theory that anything adults bother to prohibit must be fun—an equal but opposite torrent of images has been flowing, mingling the drug world indelibly with visions of glamour and wealth. Rap music moves to the channel-zapping rhythms of TV, and Public Enemy, Terry's favorite band, appears onstage wearing combat fatigues and surrounded by bodyguards with machine guns. If Terry is impervious to fundamentalism (Christian, Islamic, or black-nationalist), it is because his own religion, his ideology—consumer individualism, imbibed since childhood from commercial television—is itself profoundly rooted. Of course, the collision that occurs when consumerism meets grinding poverty is also profound. For a fundamentalist, poverty is unpleasant, but it may make sense. For a consumer, it is sheer agony, unameliorated by the promise of heavenly reward. And any source of fast money—for instance, dealing drugs—that might offer some relief gets seen, naturally, in the slanting light of economic man's moral relativism. It is a question of belief systems.

Wrong, says Virginia Henry. A genial grandmother of twelve, Ms. Henry lives in the Quinnipiac Terrace housing project, in east New Haven, and helps run a group called Tenants Against Drugs, Dammit! "Talking about poverty is a cop-out," Ms. Henry told me one afternoon in her apartment. "I'm sorry, but these kids know right from wrong. I was brought up poor. I guess I'll always be poor. But I brought up my kids to know right from wrong. That's all you gotta do. These kids *know* drugs are wrong. *And I better not see you on the corner.*"

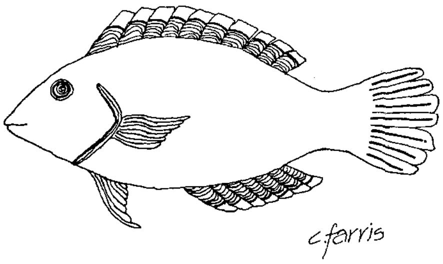
Ms. Henry and her comrades—TADD has chapters in housing projects all over New Haven—do not confront dealers or their customers. "We just observe," she told me. "We're mothers taking our kids to the park, or looking out our windows while we're cooking. We make notes on who's where, what they're wearing, where they're hiding their drugs, and we give that information to the police." Ms. Henry indicated the street outside her window. "There's been drug dealing going on out here all day. I've called the police twice already. They came, so there's not too much going on right now, because it's hot."

Ms. Henry's apartment, tidy and homey, seemed an unlikely conning tower, but there it was.

"I moved to Q Terrace fifteen years ago," she said. "It was a lot different then. There were trees, and grass, kids out playing. Buildings were kept up. People met out at the clothesline. But then everything changed. People stopped caring. Drugs really hit about four or five years ago. By about two years ago, it was so bad you'd get off the bus, coming home from work, and you could hardly get to your own front door because of the dealers. That's when I knew it was time to get involved."

I wondered if her work was dangerous.

"They never come after me personally," she said. "I guess they say things to my brother about me, but that's all. Over in Eastern Circle"—another housing project in east New Haven—"they been making threats, and the TADD people over there had to let up. But the rest of us have kept on going. Things got better for a while, but lately it's been bad again. We've had a lot of shootings. Just last week, three kids from Q Terrace got shot, and while the mother of one was bringing him back from the hospital *she* got shot. There's a war going on here. It's K.S.I. against the Island Brothers. You probably heard about the posses."



I said I had.

"They got so many *guns*," Ms. Henry said, shaking her head. "Three weeks ago, I heard some shots and I jumped up, and I saw a boy out here in back just falling down. I know I'm supposed to jump *down*, but that's just not my nature."

Ms. Henry had surprisingly few complaints about the New Haven police, or about the public-housing authority's failure to maintain her building. "The maintenance men stopped coming," she said. "But I can see why they won't go in the cellar to fix the boiler—it's just too dangerous. They're not policemen. They're not trained."

I asked about the drug trade itself.

"Most of the buyers we see out here are white," she said. "They come in cars. Some women who live here are also involved. They let the dealers hide in their apartments. There's been a lot of drug-related evictions here—that's why you see so many empty apartments. I almost got evicted myself after my son was arrested. But most of the dealers you see in Q Terrace don't actually live around here."

As it happened, I knew a dealer who bore out this point: Terry got his start in the drug trade as a "work boy" in Q Terrace. I asked Ms. Henry about her son's arrest.

"He's twenty-five," she said. "He's been in prison now eight months. He was a strong young man, active in sports. Then, suddenly, he was into drugs. He has two children, with different women. *My* theory is that his girlfriend was into drugs, and she told him that sex would be better if he took drugs. But I don't know. He thinks I turned him in, but I didn't. He got arrested in a sting, selling drugs to an undercover officer. His sentence is seven years."

We sat in silence, sipping our coffee, as the winter daylight faded. A heavyset young man emerged from a bedroom to raid the refrigerator. "That's one of the two I still got at home," Ms. Henry said. "He's unemployed. One of my other sons is a roofer. But I'm more afraid of him walking these streets than I am of him up on that roof. *That's* why I'm always jumping up to see what's going on out there—because of all the other mothers."

Silence overtook us again. Ms. Henry, who works as a custodian at Yale, remarked that she had expected me to be a Yalie. I didn't ask what that meant. Finally, she said, "I work. I try to make an honest living. It ain't no sin to be poor."

I wondered how many impoverished young people would agree with her. From the bedroom where her unemployed son sat we could hear a television playing.

"CHECK it out," Terry says. "Italian." He drops a pair of pleated wool trousers in my lap, where a pale-blue silk shirt and a pair of beige silk trousers are already piled. I asked to see, and now Terry is showing me, some of the things he bought while he was livin' large. "Look at that lining."

Earlier today, I noticed in a social-service agency's office, where Terry, as a condition of his probation, must report each week, a stack of well-thumbed *GQ* magazines; Terry's quondam wardrobe might have been plucked from the pages of *GQ*. He pulls out a pair of green suède loafers. "Bally," he says. "Hundred eighty dollars." A pair of leather sneakers: "Gucci. Hundred fifty dollars." A black leather shirt: "Had me a whole bunch of these. Two hundred fifty each."

Gold chains?

"Nah," Terry says. "They didn't *excite* me. I had a big gold ring, though, with dollar signs on it. That thing was huge. Cost me two hundred ten dollars, plus tax. I was gonna get diamonds put in it, and rubies. But I could never wear it, because of my grandma, so I sold it to another dealer. Now this stuff is all I got left. Everything else I sold or gave away or lost."

Even when he was making thousands a week, Terry says, he never opened a bank account. "The life I was living," he explains, "I coulda got killed today." And he never tried to buy a car. "I wanted one, and I coulda paid, but I was afraid," he says. "You get a car, a sixteen-year-old guy with no job, that make you *hot*."

Terry and I are at the kitchen table. Anjelica, who has been playing Nintendo in the living room, appears in the doorway. "I wish he'd got a car," she says. "I woulda *found* some way to cover for a car."

Anjelica is wearing a T-shirt advertising the Connecticut state lottery with the slogan "You Can't Win If You Don't Play." It occurs to me that Terry's brief run of affluence may have been the closest Anjelica has ever come to tasting the sweet wine of success herself. She disliked the fact that he was in danger—and the spoils he grabbed were a sad imitation, certainly, of the trappings of real membership in the moneyed classes—but the mere heft of his cash roll must have been, in a world fundamentally defined by the lack of money, somewhat unhinging for her. Anjelica has tasted a hundred brands of failure, as have most of her friends and family, and in such a psychological universe any facsimile of success, even a child's drug income, must have immense weight—enough to warp whole family systems. As for Terry, his vision of "getting to the top" seems to revolve around a yellow Mercedes-Benz 190.

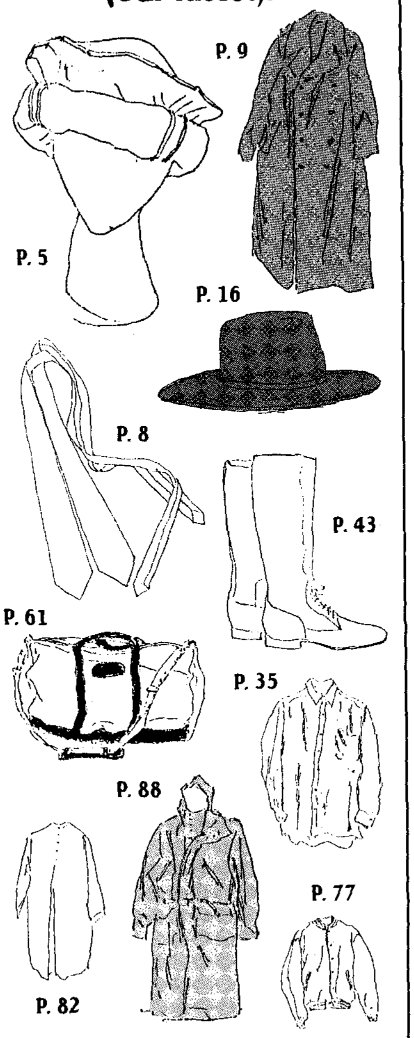
But Terry advises against a career in the drug trade. "I used to tell kids not to get involved, even when I was involved myself," he says. "I always wanted to do a drug commercial. I'll be the dealer, and here's a wannabe, you know what I mean? I'd do it *up*. Give me two minutes, I'd make people realize that it ain't no joke when you get in a gang."

There is also the moral aspect. When I ask Terry about the over-all impact of drugs on New Haven, he says, "Bad, bad, bad."

And yet he dearly misses dealing drugs, and is increasingly candid about the fact with me. "Sometimes I want to get back out there so bad I can taste it in my mouth," he says. He takes the pile of silk and leather finery from my lap, carries it into the bedroom, and throws it listlessly into a closet. "But I don't want to go to jail. I wish I was still fifteen. If you're fifteen and the big boys catch you, nothing really happens. If I was fifteen, I'd still be out there actin' the fool, like everybody else."

Out There: Anjelica, who has returned to her Nintendo, talks about it constantly, as if it were a place, a destination on a map. If she doesn't

The J. Peterman
Catalogue. No. 7
(our latest).



©1990 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ____________
name

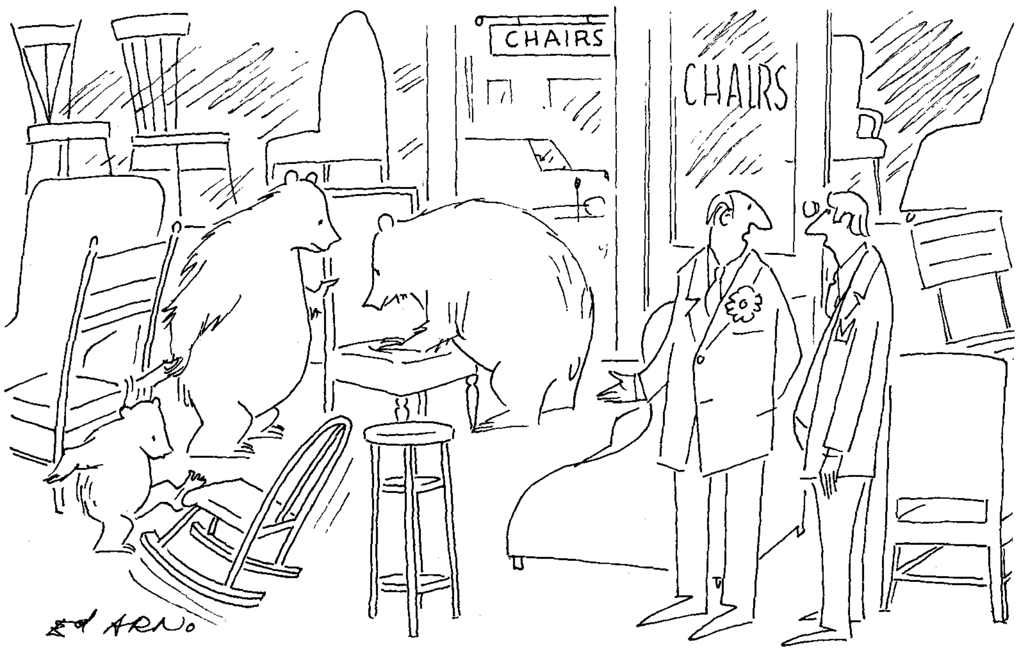
address ____________

city state zip

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 231-7341
NY 9/17

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE
Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics
Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"
18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)
HANDMADE IN EGYPT

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
137 Conduit Street, Annapolis, MD 21401
Annap./Balt.: 301/269-0784 • Anywhere Else: 800/342-9295



"Hey, Al, we have anything in matched sets that's not too hard and not too soft but just right?"

keep busy, if she gets too bored or lonely, she'll go Out There again, she knows she will. It's dangerous Out There, and hard—you're often broke, and may have no place to live—but it's exciting, and the worries of ordinary life recede. To me, these two states of being are not always distinct, but to those who move between them they are: Darla, for example, is Out There now, even though her family often sees her; Ruby and Anjelica, meanwhile, are safely ensconced in domestic routine, keeping regular hours and maintaining stable addresses. Terry, too, is within the fold, though without the parental duties that help keep his mother and his aunt off the street. But Terry has been Out There, and he clearly remembers with mixed feelings the thrills, terror, and family dramatics of it all.

Terry's frank nostalgia for dealing unnerves me. I mention his mother's notion that he should join the Air Force. Terry says he thinks he would miss his girlfriend, Lakeeda—and her two-year-old son, Tyrone—too much. If he were to go, he would try to learn computers, because that's where the money is, but he doubts it will ever happen. What he would really like to do, he says, is act. He once took an acting class, and he loved it. Somehow, I'm not surprised to hear this—Terry's weird purity of expression often makes him seem like an actor waiting for a character—but neither am I especially heartened. Why not? Here is a good—perhaps even an inspired—idea with which to try to fill the terrible void of Terry's future: acting. Why am I lukewarm? Because, I realize, I have little faith in his ability to stick to a difficult craft like acting. With failure as the dominant object lesson in his world, Terry has learned, or so I imagine, never to extend himself, never to try too hard. If you don't care too much, don't want anything too much, failing to get it won't hurt too much. I try to hide my doubts from him, but he surely senses them, and he drops the subject.

It's time for me to go. Hearing that I'm bound for the offices of the New Haven *Register*, where I plan to browse in the paper's files, Terry asks a favor: Could I get him a copy of the story from last summer about his arrest? The *Register* often publishes the names of people charged with narcotics offenses. The idea is to increase the shame of arrest. The idea seems not to have worked in Terry's case. Then again, why should it? Kids who go to school, who stay out of trouble—do they have reporters coming from New York every week, writing down everything they say and do and wear?

WARREN KIMBRO, the former Black Panther, today runs a halfway house for ex-convicts in New Haven. Kimbro knows from experience the difficulty of reëntering society after prison. He served four and a half years for murder—then went to Harvard, where he earned a master's degree in education. From his office, on Congress Avenue, in a run-down neighborhood known as the Hill, Kimbro points to the street outside, where drug dealers stand on every corner, and says, "I can't find any of these guys out here a job that pays them as much as they make dealing drugs. A lot of them are ex-clients, that's how I know."

Kimbro is tweedy, jovial, and not given to dramatic remarks. He talks easily about local black political history and about the bureaucratic details of his work. But his tone softens and darkens as he says, "Drugs are like a new form of slavery. Maybe it's true that cigarettes and liquor kill more people than drugs, but cigarettes and liquor do not destroy a culture, a people, a way of *life*, the way cocaine has."

Roger Vann, a young New Haven community activist who majored in African-American studies at Brown, agrees. "African-Americans have been through a lot of bad stuff, but this drug thing is the worst," he says. "We really may be down for the count this time."

Sitting in my car outside Kimbro's office and watching the dealers on Congress Avenue work in the weak winter midday sun, I catch a glimpse of the horror that inspires such statements. Rusting, shuttered storefronts and broken-windowed warehouses form the backdrop of a scene of strange, frantic, monumental desolation. Business is slow, and the white suburbanites whom ghetto residents and the police both like to blame for financing the cocaine boom are nowhere to be seen. (I know that such customers exist, because I am constantly signalled and approached by dealers when I drive through black New Haven.) Young women with toothpick legs in filthy jeans, wearing headscarves and bomber jackets; spectral men in filthy sweaters, shivering; small boys in down coats and ski caps, presumably "running" for someone else—these customers come and go, following dealers into alleys and doorways and side yards to make their purchases. I can see eight or nine dealers posted along three or four blocks. They range from battered, ageless addicts to burly teen-agers; all are black and male. Even from a distance, the shaky, furtive figures of the older dealers emanate defeat. But the teen-age dealers radiate something else—some deadly mixture of industry and ice-cold rage. Risking jail, injury, and death, they are agents and, at the same time, victims of a manmade plague—and their rage, and all the talk one hears of "genocide," suddenly seem entirely reasonable.

Of course, this scene—it's like an Edward Hopper painting reworked by Anselm Kiefer—is repeated, with few variations, every day in the ghettos of every city in America. And the plague metaphor is only deepened by the AIDS virus: one of every fifty-eight mothers giving birth in New Haven hospitals is H.I.V.-positive.

Mayor John Daniels says that, while the quality of daily life in black New Haven is worse today than when he was young, "opportunities are greater now." We spoke just a few days after his inauguration, and his confidence in the options available to black youth may have been, understandably, at a high-water mark. But Daniels' manner, his language—deliberate, modest, lawyerly—seemed to derive from another country, another America, a place with only the faintest relation to the barbaric, twilight world inhabited by inner-city children today. Truly, the distance between the childhood world of Daniels and his contemporaries—such as Warren Kimbro, with whom he once coached football—and "the dominant culture," as Kevin Houston, a young black minister who works with New Haven teen-agers, calls middle-class America, seems negligible when compared with the huge gulf that separates the ghetto from middle-class life today.

That gulf is perfectly apparent to those growing up on its far edge. At a drug-rehabilitation center in western Connecticut, I talked with a sixteen-year-old boy from the projects of South Norwalk. He was a former cocaine dealer and mugger—he used to take the train to New Haven, he said, and stick up people there just to prove that he could do it on someone else's turf—and he had been convicted of ordering a shooting. He told me he was determined to stay for at least a year in the

LET AN OLD FRIEND TAKE YOU TO A PLACE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN.

TWA Getaway is proud to introduce its 1990 First Class programs to Israel, Egypt, India, Africa, Australia and New Zealand

Israel from $659
11 to 15 day escorted tours to Israel, including Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and the Dead Sea

Egypt from $598
9 to 14 day escorted tours to Egypt including Cairo, Luxor, Aswan, most with Nile cruises

India from $1099
9 to 23 day escorted tours to India and Nepal, including Delhi, Agra and Jaipur

AFRICA from $1499
10 to 16 day escorted safaris to Kenya with Tanzania and Kenya Coast extensions

Australia from $789
New Zealand from $891
8 to 24 day escorted and hosted tours to Australia, New Zealand and Tahiti. Optional extension to Fiji available.

Call 1-800-GETAWAY
or your travel agent

Getaway® Vacations
TWA

All prices are per person, double occupancy. All transfers, taxes, baggage handling and tips included. Prices are subject to availability and vary by departure date. Cancellation charges and restrictions apply. Advance booking is required. Airfare not included.

START EACH DAY WITH A SMILE.

WITH THE NEW YORKER DIARY FOR 1991, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO.

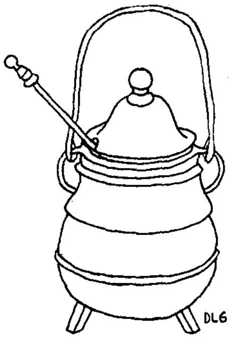
We've sprinkled 59 classic *New Yorker* cartoons throughout the pages, and provided you with ample room for each day's appointments. Included in this large 10¼" x 8" format is our exclusive About Town listing of telephone numbers and addresses. The leather-textured covers are midnight blue. And new for the 1991 edition, we're printing the diary on recycled paper. Plus, you can have your name or initials imprinted* to match the gold-embossed title.

Please send me:
_______ Copies @ $16.95 (211425)
_______ Copies with name imprinted @ $19.45 (211433)
_______ Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax.
_______ Add $3.00 for shipping per copy within U.S., $6.00 for Canada.
My check or money order for $_______ is enclosed.
☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Account # _______________ Exp. Date _______
Signature _______________

Send order to:
The New Yorker, PO Box 10214, Des Moines, IA 50336
Name _______________
Address _______________
(UPS will not deliver to a PO Box. Please use street address.)
City / State / Zip _______________
*Imprint name(s) _______________
*(Please print clearly. Imprint limited to 22 letters. Use separate sheet if necessary.)
Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.
Offer only available in U.S. and Canada. 235226

rehab center, where daily life was heavily regimented and the operating philosophy was behavior modification. "I got all that street in me," he explained. "I got to get it *all out*. I got to *talk* different." In the meantime, dialect aside, the boy spoke with a terrible, introspective gravity, giving me the impression that he already knew exactly how deep in him ran the roots he was proposing to tear up.

Few black teen-agers have any historical perspective on their predicament. They do not remember the civil-rights movement. In New Haven, they do not remember the Black Panthers, or the 1970 murder trial of Bobby Seale, when thousands demonstrated on the New Haven Green, or the nights of rioting that began on Congress Avenue in 1967. What they know is that racial equality has never existed in this country, and that in the nineteen-eighties life for the poor got harder: rents went up, but wages and welfare payments did not; hunger became more common, especially among children; the streets and the housing projects got wildly more dangerous; and drugs and the drug trade came to permeate everything. Many know, too, that life in middle-class neighborhoods is profoundly different from their own. Connecticut contains three of the nation's thirty poorest cities—New Haven, Bridgeport, and Hartford—but still manages to have the highest per-capita income of any state. Spending on New Haven schools is barely half what it is per student in nearby suburban school districts. This is a statistic worthy of South Africa. I once taught in a black high school in South Africa, and I rarely, if ever, saw there any scenes more desolate than Congress Avenue or Quinnipiac Terrace or the Elm Haven projects in Dixwell.



Newhallville is different. On a sunny winter morning, with its long rows of Victorian houses bedecked with sparkling snow, it is an unlikely-looking ghetto. The Mudhole and the two or three worst blocks of Winchester and Newhall Avenues are unusual in Newhallville for their overt seediness and violence. And yet in the cramped apartments inside many of the large houses poverty and drugs are pervasive, and the streets are dominated by the posses and their feuds. Older people are terrorized. A middle-aged resident told me, "When I was a kid, an adult saw us on the street, he'd say, 'What you kids doin'? You ain't got nothin' to do?' Nowadays, I walk down the street, I see a bunch of kids standing around, I'd be a *fool* to say something to them. They got *guns* under those coats." The owner of a Newhallville dry cleaner's told the *Register* that his business was in trouble, because sixty per cent of the clothes being dropped off lately were never picked up; the drug dealers, he said, simply had too much ready cash to bother.

These are all small parts of what Warren Kimbro means when he says that the drug trade is destroying a way of life. And though the police have rarely been popular in black communities, the situation has given rise to a near-unanimous sentiment in favor of more police action. Even the ex-Black Panther talks as if he would like to see martial law declared. A New Haven drug-treatment administrator told me, "The middle class wants to see martial law after a hurricane. Well, there is the equivalent of a hurricane hitting some of these neighborhoods now."

THE New Haven police shut down the Mudhole late last summer with an operation they called Citizens and Police Against Criminal Transgression. CAPACT, which was introduced in 1988 to combat drug dealing, involved parking a manned police van twenty-four hours a day in a high-crime neighborhood and using it as a base for sweeps. In Newhallville, beginning last summer, the CAPACT van was parked directly across Shelton Avenue from the Mudhole, making it impossible for Frank Black's crew to work there. When I stopped by the Mudhole on a Saturday morning in January, the CAPACT van was still there. A liquor store at the edge of the lot was doing a steady business. An elderly black man leaving the store, already quite drunk, spotted me and said, "You come up here this morning? You must be struggling for Jesus!" He gave a big laugh. He seemed to think I was a cop.

After I got to talking to a group of men gathered in front of a run-down building advertising itself as the Shelton Avenue Social Club, and told them I was a reporter, they were all eager to tell me about how they had run off the young drug dealers. "*We're* the Mudhole gang!" bellowed Milton Click, a man in his sixties. "And I'm the mayor of the Mudhole!" Everybody in the group was over thirty, drunk, and ready to impugn the courage of the absent young dealers. The social club was also doing a steady business—dapper elderly men came and went past a sign that said "Members Only." I had assumed that my companions on the sidewalk would not be welcome inside the club, but then Milton Click excused himself and went in. The main activity inside was gambling, somebody said—cards and numbers.

I headed across the street to talk to the policeman in the CAPACT van. I found him absorbed in a comic book. He seemed startled when I tapped on his window. CAPACT, according to police spokespeople, represented "community-based," as opposed to merely reactive, police work. The young officer I found at the Mudhole said he thought that the van and its related operations were "well accepted by the community," and that the neighborhood was far safer than it had been. "We still get shootings—we had one last night," he said. "But not every forty-five minutes, like it was before." Drug dealing was still going on two blocks away, he said, and would undoubtedly return to the Mudhole after CAPACT left, but nobody believed that CAPACT was the answer to the drug problem anyway. (CAPACT was, in fact, discontinued in February.)

The commander of CAPACT operations told me, in his downtown office, "We're just trying to give the public some one-on-one with the police." Over several months, however, during which I passed CAPACT vans in Newhallville and Dixwell dozens of times, I never saw a policeman talking to a resident. Once, I approached a CAPACT van parked outside the Elm Haven projects, intending to ask directions. I found I had interrupted a card game—all four players had had their backs to the street—and I was angrily interrogated for my trouble. Although Dixwell and Newhallville are black neighborhoods, every policeman I ever saw at a CAPACT post was white.

The New Haven Police Department

is often accused by black activists of having its back turned, figuratively, to the African-American community, a state of affairs symbolized by the downtown station, a mud-colored fortress that sits off by itself near the train station. But the department's Narcotics Enforcement Unit was, until this February, actually based in Newhallville—inside a building of the old Winchester Repeating Arms plant. Much of the plant has been turned into an office complex called Science Park, designed to lure high-technology firms to New Haven. Science Park has itself been a source of community resentment: the complex now has more than a hundred high-tech tenants, but only seven per cent of roughly a thousand jobs it provides have gone to Dixwell or Newhallville residents. The Narcotics Enforcement Unit had its headquarters inside the complex—far from the streets—mostly for security reasons. Most narcotics officers are plainclothes; many work undercover. It obviously wouldn't do to have these officers going in and out of the downtown station for anyone to see. The guarded gates at Science Park presented a less informative picture to their enemies.

Captain Rafael Garcia, who was until recently the head of the narcotics unit, is a big, plainspoken man. He believes that a major reason for the drug problem is "a lack of effective deterrents"—the fact that there is so little room in Connecticut's jails that most of the thousands of people convicted of drug offenses each year receive light or suspended sentences. Captain Garcia has no faith in drug treatment. "We see the same druggies out here year after year," he says. He doesn't have much faith in interdiction, either. When I met him, he and his men had recently seized five pounds of cocaine, worth an estimated one hundred thousand dollars, in a raid on Orange Street, near Yale, but Captain Garcia was still pessimistic about the chances of reducing the drug problem in New Haven. "This is a billion-dollar industry," he said simply. The only good news on the local crime front, he said, was that muggings were down. As I prepared to leave his office, however, Captain Garcia asked where my car was parked. I said I was on foot, and he wanted to know my next destination. I mentioned an address on Shelton Avenue, and he and a fellow-officer roared their disapproval. I would be lucky to get there, they said—a white man on foot in Newhallville. They offered me a ride. I declined—I was on my way to see Scott X, all of whose suspicions about me would be confirmed if I showed up in the car of a well-known policeman. I had to wonder, though, how Captain Garcia and his colleague would have behaved if muggings had been *up*.

SHORTLY before Christmas, I joined Captain Garcia and his men on a raid in the Franklin Street projects. Before we left the narcotics unit's warehouselike headquarters, he and a lieutenant briefed the raiding party, which consisted of a dozen men. The evening's targets, they said, were George Chapman, twenty-three, and his girlfriend, Virginia Ford, thirty. The lieutenant, a powerfully built young man with a dark mustache, drew a plan of the apartment to be searched, using a red felt pen on a white marker board. The latest news from the department's informer was that Chapman

Eastern Europe is Austrian Airlines Country.

From our uncongested Vienna hub, we have more flights to more major Eastern European cities than any other airline.

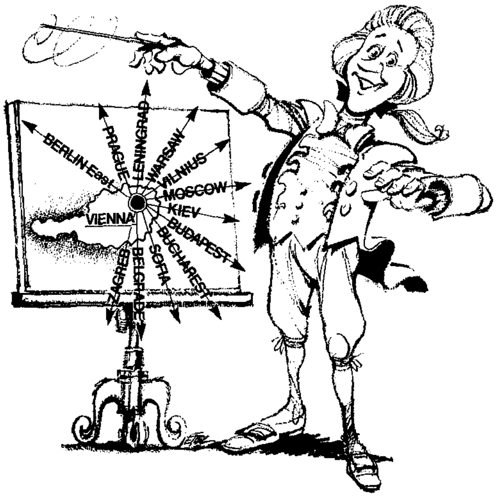
While some airlines are now introducing service to Eastern Europe, Austrian Airlines has been leading the way to the region for over 30 years. With our expanding service from Vienna (soon to include Leningrad, Kiev and Vilnius) and our fully staffed offices throughout Eastern Europe, we're ready, as always, to help you do business in this rapidly changing part of the world.

Austrian Airlines also has more non-stop service from the U.S. to Vienna than any other airline. And the uncongested skies over our Vienna hub help ensure on-time arrivals and departures.

For information and reservations, see your travel counselor or call 800-843-0002.

Welcome to AUSTRIAN AIRLINES

Ask about *MileageCheques*,℠ the most rewarding, least complicated frequent flyer program and our "Vienna On Us" free stop-over packages.



had received a shipment of a half pound of cocaine two hours earlier. "He should be bagging it at the kitchen table when we arrive," the lieutenant said. "The kitchen will be on our left as we come in. George is about five-eight. Virginia's kind of heavyset now. George might have a gun. He has been known to sell shotguns." Ford's children, we were told, might be in the apartment—a nine-year-old girl and a ten-year-old boy.

"You make a buy there?" one of the raiders asked.

"Yeah," said the lieutenant.

"What kind of bag?"

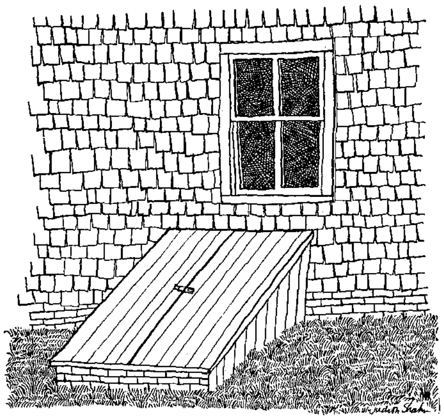
"Red with black lines."

Bulletproof vests were being strapped on, weapons checked. One officer was carrying a shotgun; two others held a heavy gray battering ram. Except for the weapons (everyone but me had a handgun), we looked and sounded, I thought, like a parks-league softball team—lots of baseball caps, bluejeans, running shoes, low-key banter. One of two black officers in the party was carrying a video camera. Our departure was delayed briefly by a round of Final Jeopardy on a desktop TV: everybody except the cameraman guessed the North American river that generates the most hydroelectricity (it's the Columbia) wrong. Then we set off, heading out through the Science Park gates in a caravan of half a dozen unmarked cars. I rode with Captain Garcia, who brought up the rear in a souped-up Trans Am. As we snaked through New Haven, I had to hold my bulletproof vest away from my throat to keep from choking.

Upon arriving at the Franklin Street projects, the raiders wasted no time. They all parked and jumped from the cars at once and ran headlong toward a dark brick building. Two officers peeled away to watch the front windows of Virginia Ford's second-floor apartment, two more ran to make sure that no guns, drugs, or suspects came out the back windows, and the rest of the squad charged up a stinking, pitch-black flight of stairs. The men with the battering ram went first; Captain Garcia and I were at the back of the column. The battering ram made a terrifying noise as it smashed into the apartment door, echoing fearfully in the dark, narrow hallway. Three smashes and the door was down. The police poured into the apartment, shouting, their guns drawn. By the time I got inside, most of them were in one of the bedrooms, loudly subduing someone. A shocked-looking black woman was sitting on a couch in the living room clutching two crying children. A television was playing. Next to the couch was a fully decorated Christmas tree, with colored lights glowing and presents stacked beneath. Apparently, the children and their mother—and perhaps the person now being handcuffed in the bedroom—had been sitting on the couch watching TV when the door next to the set was smashed down. Now the police cameraman stood in the shattered doorway, filming.

A knot of officers emerged from the bedroom with a slight young black man in handcuffs. The man looked frightened, yet not intimidated. He was saying, "I'm not George Chapman, I'm George *Brown*." The officers sat him on the couch. The woman, who quietly identified herself as Virginia Ford, rose from the couch and, with an arm around each of her children, turned and stood facing into the Christmas tree. She kept the children facing into the tree as well. She apparently did not want their faces on police videotape. Their thin backs shook with sobs.

Meanwhile, the police were turning the apartment inside out. In a kitchen cupboard decorated with a bumper sticker advising "Caution: Jesus Christ Can Watch Your Life" they found dozens of small red bags of white powder. The bags had black lines on them, and the powder field-tested positive for cocaine. In the same cupboard they found a bag full of grimy cash—three or four hundred dollars in fives, tens, and twenties. The cash and the cocaine were placed in an aluminum evidence suitcase, along with a jar of lactose and various pieces of identification. "*Somebody* around here is named George Chapman," an officer muttered, showing me a driver's license in that name.



Virginia Ford asked to see a search warrant, which she studied by the light of the Christmas tree. George asked to see it, too, and it was held up for his inspection. When an officer waved a bag of white powder in front of the camera and said he had found it in George's pocket, George turned to the camera and said that it had not been in his pocket.

Although one or two officers invited me to notice what a dirty, unkempt place we were in, I found it hard to remember what the apartment had looked like before ten minutes of searching rendered it a wreck. One policeman pointed to a box standing on end in the kitchen. The picture on its side showed a toy Chevy Corvette the size of a small refrigerator. "You know how much one of these costs?" he asked me. "I know, because I just tried to buy one for *my* kid for Christmas. A hundred and twenty-nine dollars, that's how much. I couldn't afford one!"

Captain Garcia said, "Virginia, you got anybody can take care of your kids? Neighbor? Otherwise, we're gonna have to get C.Y.S."—Connecticut's Department of Children and Youth Services—"to take 'em. Because you're goin' downtown, too."

"I don't want nobody takin' my kids," Ford said.

Garcia pointed out that they would need some clothes in any case, and I took the children back to their rooms to pack. The little girl, Shaneesha, stuffed a bag full of pink jeans, pink socks, and pink sneakers, and pulled on a pink jacket. I noticed a hamster on her dresser. It was chewing frantically on the bars of its cage. Shaneesha said her hamster's name was Pepsi. I suggested it should be fed before we left, and she ran to the kitchen for fresh lettuce. Her brother, Maurice, packed a Nintendo game and a pair of pajamas. He was a tall, thin boy with a beautiful face. Large tears rolled down his cheeks. I thought about telling him I was not a policeman, but decided against it. As far as Maurice was concerned, I was a policeman. He said nothing to me—not a word. On the walls of his room were posters of Magic Johnson and Babe Ruth.

Back out in the living room, George was snarling, "I'll do all my time before I help youse." He meant he would not answer any police questions. He grinned defiantly, then noticed the black officer with the video camera and stopped smiling. “You the worst of ’em,” he sneered.

A neighbor had arrived to take charge of Maurice and Shaneesha. Virginia and George were led outside. A cat had already fled through the broken door, but there was a puppy in a box in the kitchen who was clearly not ready to survive outdoors. The officer who had marvelled at the toy Corvette put out water for the puppy. I turned off the television. Then the last of us left the apartment, and Captain Garcia began nailing the door back in place. That was necessary, he explained to me, to prevent looting. He bent several nails, and seemed to be making little progress. Half a dozen of us were waiting in the hallway, watching. “I bet you wonder what I’m doing,” he said.

No one said anything.

As he finally began driving some of the nails home, one of his men said, “That’s why he’s the captain.”

I hoped the apartment would be reopened before the puppy and the hamster starved.

Back at headquarters, Captain Garcia started erasing the diagram of Virginia Ford’s apartment with Windex. “Bye, George,” he said. “This wasn’t his first time, won’t be his last. Tonight was the hundred-and-thirty-fourth search warrant, or maybe the hundred-and-thirty-fifth, we served this year.”

That night’s raid was part of a series of raids that the Police Department was calling Operation Scrooge. Although this holiday-season blitzkrieg had resulted in the arrest of seventy-one street-level dealers, the New Haven chief of police told the *Register* the following week that he himself had no illusions: Operation Scrooge would have little lasting impact on the city’s drug problem.

“St. Raphael’s dissed me,” Terry says. “They said I wasn’t whatchacallit.”

“Qualified?”

“Yeah.”

The dishwashing job at the hospital had sounded like a sure thing.

“But I ain’t worried,” Terry says. “There’s another job washing dishes, in an old people’s home in Hamden, making six-fifty an hour. If I get it, then I be stackin’, and when I see the niggers on the street, and they want me to be sellin’ again, I can tell them I *am* sellin’, that’s where my money come from, and they leave me alone.”

We are setting off by car from the house on Wallace Street. It’s a bright, unseasonably warm day in late January. I ask Terry about some marks on his neck and cheeks—they look like bruises or old burns.

“Hickeys,” he says. “Lakeeda don’t trust me no more, so she put these on me. She goin’ crazy.”

We pass the Franklin Street projects, where the midday drug trade appears heavy. “State checks come yesterday,” Terry says.

I ask if he knows George Chapman.

He says he doesn’t know anybody in this part of town. “The Ville, that’s me,” he says, without enthusiasm. “And the Island.”

Terry seems sulky and preoccupied. “Lakeeda got a lawsuit on Monday,” he says. “She fell down in a bus, or something. So she went and bought me three outfits, plus a ring, and some K-Swiss sneakers, red ones, just like I wanted. But I didn’t call her for three days, so she took it all back.”

We pass beneath Interstate 91, then head downtown.

“If I get shot downtown, I’ll sue,” Terry suddenly announces. “I’ll sue the city. If I get shot in the Mall”—he means the Chapel Square Mall, the teen hangout on the New Haven Green—“I’ll sue the Mall. I’ll sue them for my safety.”

We pass a big, well-dressed black woman walking with a child. Terry waves. “I know her,” he says. “I tried to get with her.”

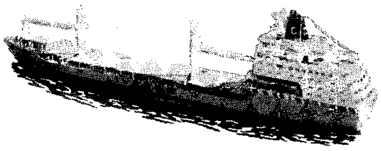
“She’s too old for you!”

“She just look old,” Terry says. He drums on his knees. “All I need is a Macy’s charge card.” He sighs, then says, “Where you get this car?”

It’s a rental. Normally, Terry makes an immediate critical appraisal of whatever car I show up in. His distractedness today has delayed his assessment. Now he turns and studies the back seat. “I got *arrested* in this car,” he declares. “The big boys rent cars for undercover, and I was in this same one. Same colors, same smell—everything.” Somehow, the memory doesn’t sound altogether awful. “I was handcuffed, like sitting on my hands,” he says. “People could look at me, and I couldn’t do nothing.” It still doesn’t sound all bad. Terry’s tone is dreamy, as if his arrest might have been a rendezvous with his own fate, rather

M/V
Americana.
Our most precious cargo is you.

If you think cruising on a working cargo vessel means living in a tiny cabin and eating in a mess hall, think again. M/V Americana gives you deluxe, spacious cabins, world class dining and continental service as you cruise to some of the most exotic, seldom-seen ports in South America. If you're looking for excitement and adventure without the discomfort, get all the details.



SEND FOR A FREE BOOKLET, OR CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT TODAY.

Please send a free copy of the M/V Americana brochure to:

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______
My Travel Agent is: ______

IVARAN
Lines

One Exchange Plaza, New York, NY 10006
212-809-1220
1-800-451-1639 (Outside NYS)

Bryn Mawr

Post-Baccalaureate Premedical Program

For men and women with Bachelor's degrees who are changing career goals.

Five-Year Programs
Admitted applicants may also apply for provisional early admission to the following medical and dental programs:

- Brown University
- Dartmouth College
- Hahnemann University
- Medical College of Pennsylvania
- University of Rochester
- University of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine

Division of Special Studies
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, PA 19010-2899
(215) 526-7350

brigger®
is for those who love comfort, solid oak and beautiful fabrics. We ship our rockers, chairs, loveseats, sofas, and side tables free with UPS.
Write or call for brochure and direct ordering information.
toll free
1-800-451-7247
klein design, inc.
99 sadler street, gloucester, ma 01930

DO YOU TEACH?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON . . .

The New Yorker is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in your classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 536-5415 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036

than a nasty event in a world of free will.

I ask what he will do with the clipping from the *Register* about his arrest.

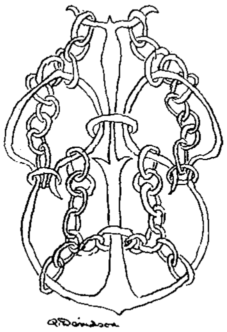
"Nothin'," he says.

How did it feel, seeing it again?

"That was the worst day in my life," he says emphatically. "My name in the paper, my family all seein' it." After a minute, he adds, "That's the bad thing about havin' a big family. You can't do what you want."

We go by Body & Sole, a sporting-goods store with a sign in the window saying "If You Deal Drugs, We Don't Want Your Business!" Terry says he would never shop in there. "That's insulting the customer, isn't it?"

We stop for lunch at a large, fern-heavy restaurant near Yale. Terry orders Buffalo chicken wings, his favorite dish, but then pronounces the wings he is served inferior to those at Jimmies, a Dixwell Avenue restaurant where he used to work as a busboy, and where we often eat. These smell funny, he says. I notice him, between bites, giving a quick raised-fist salute to someone behind me. I look back and see no likely recipient of this greeting; the restaurant is full of Yale students and their parents. I ask who's here. "My boy," Terry says. He nods toward the kitchen. Framed by a pass-through, a black dishwasher toils above a sink. He looks to be in his late twenties—not exactly a "boy"—but he probably is, it strikes me, a peer of Terry's in the sense that he and Terry compete in the same labor market, working non-union, high-turnover restaurant jobs for the same sort of pay. (In the restaurants where we eat, Terry routinely asks our waitresses for job applications.)



Terry spots in my bag a paperback copy of "The Autobiography of Malcolm X." He asks to see it, and for the next several minutes, abandoning his lunch, he is completely absorbed in a chapter called "Hustler." This is his favorite part of the book, he says. At one point, he bursts out laughing. I ask what's funny. Terry looks embarrassed. "He says here this other guy was a 'beefy-faced Irishman.'"

After Terry finishes reading, I ask where he has seen the "Autobiography" before.

"In Scott's shop," he says. "But I only read this page"—he points to the first page of "Hustler"—"not the whole thing." He points to the facing page. The rest of the book, which culminates in Malcolm X's political awakening and conversion to Islam ("Hustler" is about his early days as a petty thief and gangster in Harlem), Terry hasn't read yet. "When I was little, I *loved* to read," he says. "But now I just do it if I don't got nothin' else to do."

After lunch, we head for the convalescent home in Hamden where Terry hopes to find a job. En route, while we're stopped at a light in Newhallville, Terry suddenly makes a strange noise in his throat. I follow his gaze, which is baleful, across the intersection, and there see three black teen-age boys climbing out of a black, late-model Mercedes-Benz with smoked windows.

I ask about them.

"That's the Read Street boys," Terry says. "Little crew works over by the Mudhole. That guy who was driving, he's fifteen years old and he got another car, a Jaguar, back home in his garage. Other two both got cars, too. That coulda been *me*."

The Read Street boys, who radiate youthful confidence and criminal menace at sixty yards, vanish into a house. I drive us out of Newhallville, into the shopping-mall wilderness of Hamden.

"I'd like to be a cop," Terry murmurs. "It sounds like braggin', but I think I'd be good, because I know what time it is. I wouldn't be crooked. At least, I don't think I would be. I'd just clean up the town. They'd have to kill me to stop me, because they couldn't pay me off."

Would he arrest his friends?

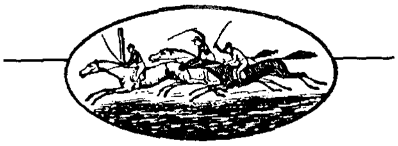
"Anybody who's out there."

Frank?

Terry gives a short laugh. "Frank's in jail now," he says. "That's what his girlfriend say. His probation officer violated him."

I'm half relieved, on Terry's account, to hear it. But when I mention that, in any case, the police are still camped out at the Mudhole, Terry says, "Things get going in the Mudhole again, I know I'll want to be back in it."

The route to the convalescent home



COME WATCH THE HORSES RUN THROUGH THE GARDENS.

Come to Callaway Gardens on the weekend of Nov. 3 and experience the excitement and grandeur of The Steeplechase at Callaway, one of four premiere events in the international Sport of Kings Challenge. Enjoy a day at the races, an evening tasting vintage wines and then retire to your villa for a nightcap by the fire. Enjoy it all surrounded by the natural splendor of Callaway Gardens. For more information or reservations contact your travel agent or call toll-free.

1-800-282-8181

Callaway Gardens
Everything Comes Naturally At Callaway.
Pine Mountain, Georgia

What to Give a Key Person

A key ring you would be proud to use or to give as a gift. Leonore Doskow has designed many hundreds of key rings but none has exceeded this one in popularity. The three letters form a solid block of heavy sterling silver and the ring is equally solid. Ideal for friend, family or business associates.

$49.50 sterling silver.

Add $3.00 for shipping & handling.
NY residents add sales tax.
Telephone: 914-271-5981

Send your check/money order to:
Croton Crafts
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-283-4978 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2* Pgh., PA 15220

is long and complicated, but Terry directs me easily through sprawling hillside suburbs. As we start up a walkway to the home's front entrance, Terry turns to me and asks, "How's my hair? Is it all peazy?"

I don't know what "peazy" means (or how to spell it). I tell Terry his hair looks fine. But once we're inside the building, which is hushed and clean and pastel, Terry does look incongruous, with his cheap bomber jacket and high-low haircut—and black skin. For the first time in the weeks we've spent together, I see Terry caught in the alien light beam of racial self-consciousness. He has always fended off my questions on the subject—yes, of course he has white friends; no, he doesn't mean anything special by the word "nigger"; nor does he mean anything in particular when he claims, as he occasionally does, to have "good hair"—and he may in fact *not* be feeling especially strange here in this convalescent-home corridor, where the white woman behind the counter certainly seems unfazed by his halting request for a job-application form. But I see his whole identity under siege: his language, appearance, manners, culture—his humanity itself—viewed skeptically by every doctor, nurse, secretary, or shuffling white-haired resident who passes. And Terry, I think, can hardly be unaware of the deep estrangement that exists between him and white Americans, of the profound "twoness," as W. E. B. DuBois called it, of being a black American.

We sit together on a couch, laboring over the application form. As offhandedly as I can manage, I ask, "You sure you want to work here?"

"In the kitchen," Terry says, and he gives me a wry look that says that although there may be no black people in sight there must be some working in the kitchen. Under "Position Sought" on the application form, he writes, with some spelling help, "dietary." He claims to be eighteen years old; he makes up a Social Security number. For an employer reference, he ignores my suggestion that he list Scott X and writes in the name of a friend's mother, who, he says, owns a hardware store in Dixwell. "She'll cover for me," Terry whispers. "She's like my aunt." I find myself wondering if his decision not to list Scott X has anything to do with

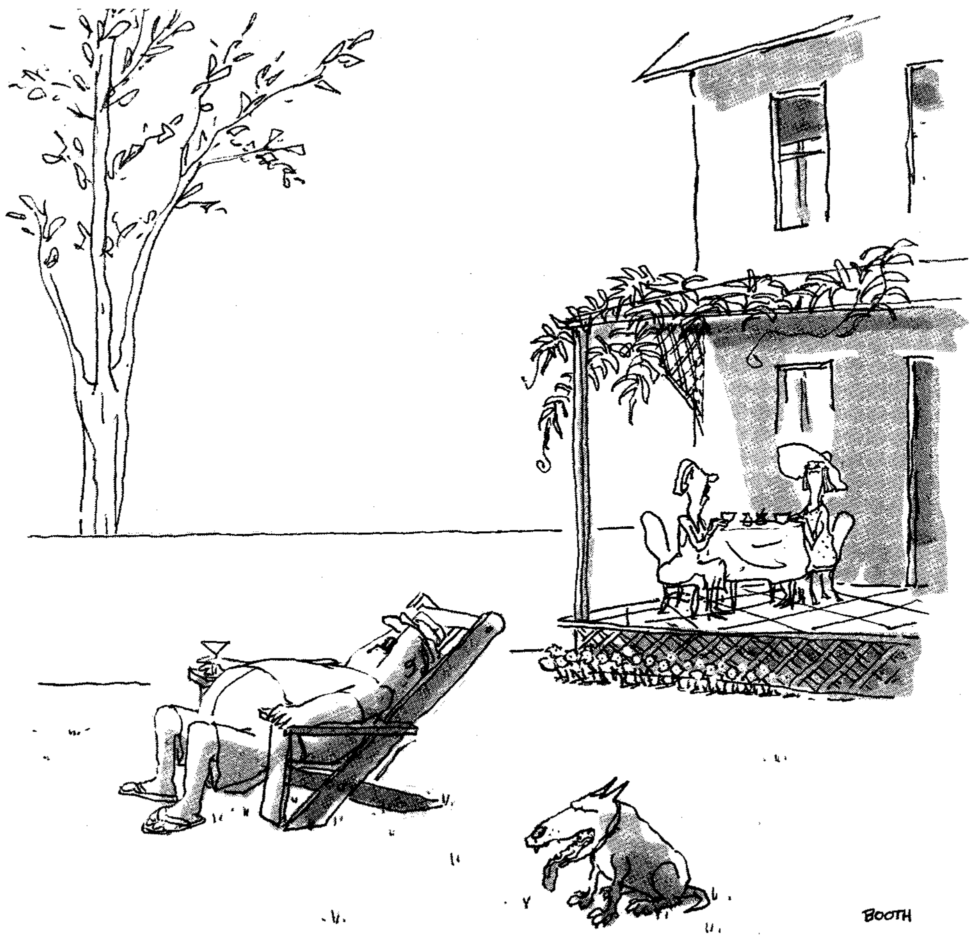
One day, when you are as serious about your wine glasses, as you are about your wines, you will want to discover more about the 11-stem collection that comprises The Sommeliers. Professor Claus J. Riedel calls this his starter set, in 24% full lead crystal. For more of The Sommeliers, write for the complete folio of internationally acclaimed RIEDEL. 41 Madison Ave. NYC. NY 10010

SINCE 1756
RIEDEL
AUSTRIA

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
Extra width for men who need it, in excellent variety, styling and quality. Available only through our FREE CATALOG. Send for it!
THE WIDEST SELECTION OF THE WIDEST SHOES ANYWHERE!
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept.69J Hingham, MA 02043

COFFEE OF THE MONTH
I've searched 31 countries to find my favorite coffees. Now you can find them in your mailbox. Whole bean only. Free grinder with 6 and 12 month subscriptions. Free brochure. Call 1-800-222-2726.
MY FAVORITE COFFEE
P.O. Box 416 Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY 12520

PAUL REST • FINE ART
F. Remington • E. Borein
C. M. Russell
FOR INFORMATION CALL:
707-823-1823 • 800-333-9ART • Fax: 707-823-9338
8463 Peachland Avenue • Sebastopol, California 95472



"Since Frank retired two years ago, he's been on the alert for some long-dormant artistic talent to develop."

a Star of David on the corridor wall.

On the way back to New Haven, I ask Terry how he plans to travel to work if he gets the job at the convalescent home.

"Bus, and by foot," he says.

How long will that take?

"Two hours, probably. It's a long walk."

Although it's common knowledge in the inner city that even the unskilled jobs have moved to the suburbs, this commute sounds to me prohibitive. I doubted before that Terry would get this job; now I doubt he'll keep it if he does get it.

As if reading my thoughts, he says, "I *gotta* get this job. It's only two weeks to Valentine's Day."

Valentine's Day?

"I gotta get flowers for my mother, for my grandmother, and for Lakeeda," Terry says. "And maybe for a couple of my sneak tips"—other girlfriends. "And candy. Maybe some jewelry. All that cost crazy dollars. Where am I gonna get that kind of money if I don't got a job?" He pauses, then says, "If I don't got a job, you *know* where I'm gonna get it."

TERRY was hired as a dishwasher at the convalescent home in Hamden. His first paycheck was late, though, because of his phony Social Security number, and on Valentine's Day he had nothing to give his mother, his grandmother, or Lakeeda. The commute did prove gruelling, particularly after Terry was moved to a split shift, which meant two round trips, or nearly eight hours' travel, a day. He soon quit the job.

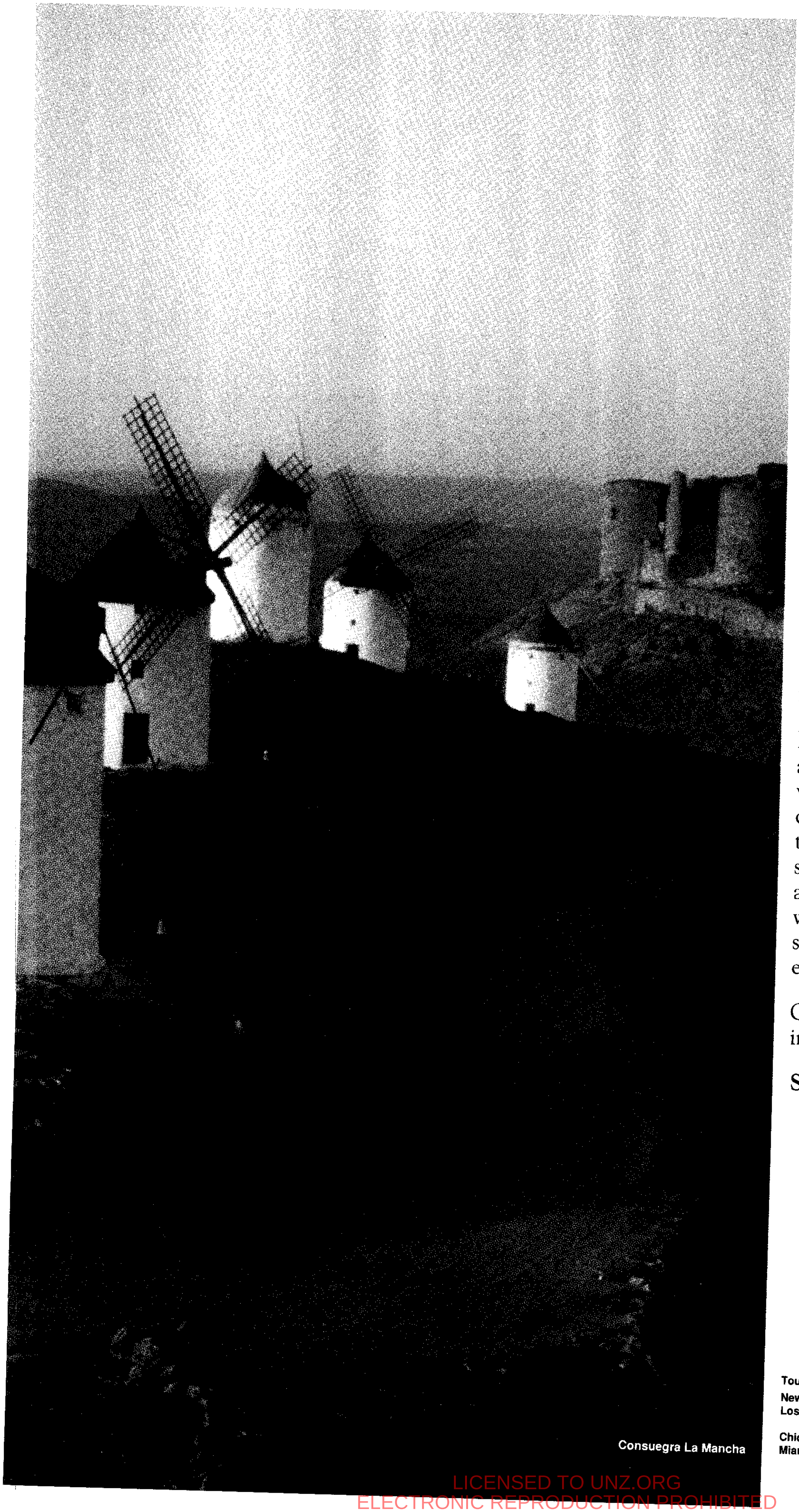
Lakeeda, who is a soft-spoken, sweet-tempered young woman two years older than Terry, did receive flowers and candy on Valentine's Day—from an eighteen-year-old drug dealer. The flowers, she later estimated, were worth about a hundred dollars, and the box of chocolates, she told me, weighed three and a half pounds. A few days later, for her nineteenth birthday, the same young man gave her an expensive gold ring. Lakeeda says she refused the ring.

On the night of her birthday, a quarrel with her grandmother drove Lakeeda out of her mother's apartment. She and her little son, Tyrone, moved in with Terry, Anjelica, and Buddy on Wallace Street. She and Anjelica shared the babysitting, and both went to school—Lakeeda to a program for teen mothers that would allow her to graduate from high school with her original class, Anjelica to South Central Community College, where she was studying word processing. Terry resumed job-hunting. Nothing more was heard from Lakeeda's suitor. At the end of February, however, his sister, who was a friend of Lakeeda's, invited her to their family's house. Terry assented to the visit, and even walked Lakeeda and Tyrone halfway there. But then he proceeded to the Mudhole and found Frank Black, who had been released from jail. Frank had a bottle of brandy. He and Terry got drunk.

When Terry returned to Wallace Street late that night, he was jealous and belligerent. He woke Lakeeda and accused her of planning to leave him. His shouting woke Tyrone. Terry demanded to know if Tyrone still loved him or if he now loved Lakeeda's friend's brother, the drug dealer, instead. His shouting woke Anjelica. When she emerged from her bedroom, she found Terry on the telephone. He was talking to a friend, and he was swearing freely. Anjelica ordered Terry not to swear on her telephone. Terry said, "Fuck your phone," and he yanked the cord from the wall. Anjelica plugged the phone back in and called the police.

When the police arrived, Terry fled out the back door. He hid under a car in the alley. After the police had passed his hiding place, he crept back to the house. Anjelica would not let him in. He began to pound on the door and cry, "Don't do this to me!" The police returned and arrested him, charging him with domestic violence. Terry spent the night in jail.

I arrived at the house on Wallace Street the next day around noon. Lakeeda and Tyrone were asleep. Anjelica was at the courthouse, where Terry was being arraigned. Lakeeda wanted to go with me to the courthouse, but she was afraid to leave the apartment before the mail arrived. Anjelica's state check would come to-



Consuegra La Mancha

The Dream Starts Here

Don Quixote, the famous knight of La Mancha, set out on an adventure in search of the impossible dream.

If you dream of castles, Spain has more than 2,500 of them for you to discover and explore. Journey across the country and see Roman mosaics preserved in ancient ruins, Gothic spires soaring over medieval towns, and experience the soothing sounds of fountains flowing through Moorish palaces.

If you dream of treasures, a visit to the Prado in Madrid is a must. There you'll find more than 7,000 works of fine art and the largest collection of Spanish masters found anywhere in the world.

If you dream of good food and wine, you'll savour the varied dishes of Spain's regional cuisines from the freshest and tastiest seafood of its many shores, to the "cocido" of Castille and the "paella" of Valencia, which is delicately seasoned with saffron. Its world class wines are equally varied and delicious.

Come to Spain where the impossible dream comes true.

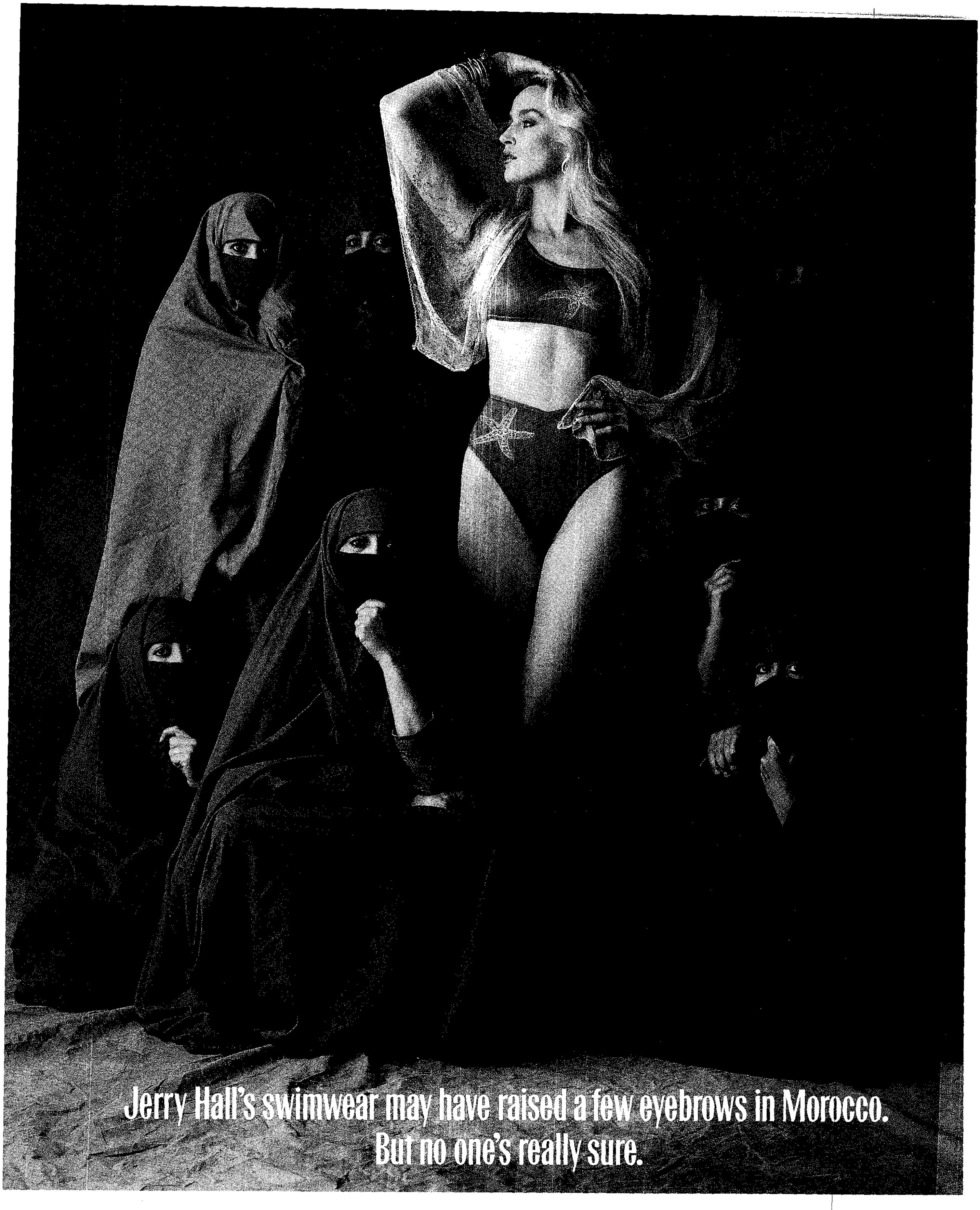
Spain...The Dream Never Ends

ESPAÑA

Everything Under the Sun

Tourist Offices of Spain:

New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022
Los Angeles: San Vicente Plaza Bldg., 8383 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 960, Beverly Hills, CA 90211
Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611
Miami: 1221 Brickell Ave., Suite 1850, Miami, FL 33131


Jerry Hall's swimwear may have raised a few eyebrows in Morocco.
But no one's really sure.

Eleven years ago, Jerry Hall and Mick Jagger took their first vacation as a couple to Morocco.

This trip marked another first: the introduction of a Hall-designed line of swimwear. A collection, according to its creator, "inspired by the glamour of old Hollywood."

So, while Jagger descended upon the merchants of Morocco, Condé Nast Traveler recorded the unveiling of Hall and, in the evenings, sampled the glamour of old Marrakesh. A travel story with an unusual perspective. It's the kind of article you'll find month after month in Condé Nast Traveler.

COPYRIGHT © 1989, THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.

Condé Nast Traveler

The insider's guide to the outside world.

day, Lakeeda explained, and the Puerto Rican people upstairs would steal it if she weren't there to collect it.

I drove to the courthouse. When I arrived, Anjelica had dropped the charges, and Terry had just been released, on the condition that he immediately move from his mother's apartment to a halfway house for young male offenders. The three of us returned to Wallace Street to collect Terry's things. He and Lakeeda greeted each other with a long, wordless embrace. Although Terry was sleepy and hungry and rushed, he found the time and energy to tell his mother and Lakeeda about how, when he arrived at the jail the night before, he had entertained the guards and the other inmates, several of whom he knew. "I was *cuttin'*, and they was *laughin'*." One of the guards on duty was "a cousin," Terry said, who had let him make a number of phone calls, including one to his father. His father had declined to come downtown and bail him out.

The phone rang now. It was Terry's paternal grandmother. Terry talked to her—or, rather, he listened and every now and then said quietly, "Now, don't say that, Grandma. Please don't say that." Apparently, she had heard from her son about Terry's night in jail. By the time Terry got off the phone, he was in tears. He disappeared into the bathroom. Anjelica, Lakeeda, and I waited awkwardly, saying nothing. It seemed as if, between Terry and his mother and Lakeeda, the events of the night before were already forgotten. Even the telephone looked undamaged.

Terry emerged from the bathroom and started throwing clothes in a bag. He kept glancing, though, at Tyrone, who lay asleep on his bed. Finally, Terry muttered to Lakeeda, "I can't leave this house without saying goodbye to this nigger. Wake him up." Lakeeda shook Tyrone, who opened his eyes and, when he saw Terry, sleepily raised his arms. Terry threw himself on the bed, put his arms around Tyrone, and lay there silently for several minutes, with Tyrone's fat little arms around his neck. At last, he rose, and we headed out to my car—I had agreed to drive him to the halfway house, which was off Congress Avenue. By then, Terry, Anjelica, and Lakeeda were all crying.

Terry stayed two weeks at the halfway house, ostensibly job-hunting but often going home to see Lakee-

Get rid of moles, gophers and other burrowing pests, with . . .

Mole-Ex VI

Just $59.95*

***But read the ad for an even better deal!**

• Mole-Ex VI protects about 1,000 sq. yds. against moles, gophers and other pests. Do not confuse this advanced device with similar looking, but much less sophisticated and less powerful units! At our special "3-for-2" price, the advanced Mole-Ex VI system is less expensive than any competing unit.

There can be few things as annoying as seeing your beautiful lawn, your yard being ruined by moles, gophers, and other burrowing pests. You may have tried pouring poison down their holes or getting rid of them with other nostrums. And you've found that nothing really works. But now comes *Mole-Ex VI*, the revolutionary electronic solution to an age-old problem. It *does* work! Spike *Mole-Ex VI* into your lawn. It emits short, high-pitched shrieks (at the threshold of ultrasound) in 15 sec. intervals. They are barely audible to humans, but they are calibrated to be totally distressing to moles, gophers, ground squirrels, shrews, and other burrowing pests. Those varmints can barely see, but their hearing is fine-tuned. Once they get a blast of *Mole-Ex VI*, they'll scamper away, leave your property and will never return.

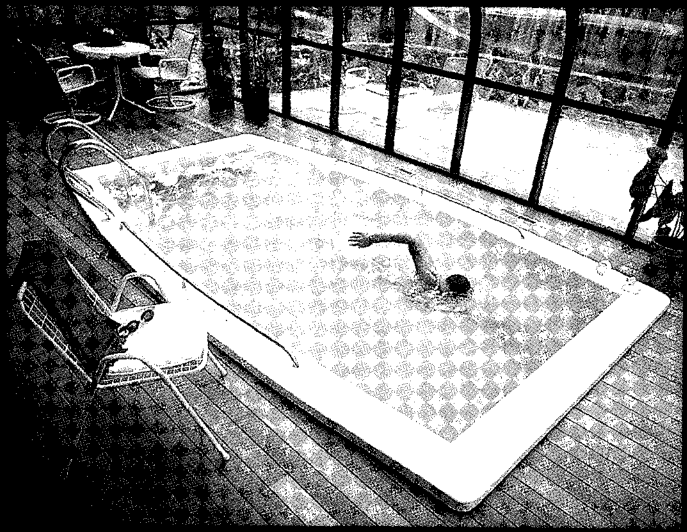
Mole-Ex VI is the state of the art in the control of burrowing rodents. The unit is made of virtually indestructible anodized aluminum and of tough ABS plastic. It's made for years of rugged use. It is totally safe, of course, around children and pets. The unit runs on four (4) D-cells (not included). They should last for at least six months, at full run, before you need to replace them.

We buy *Mole-Ex VI's* in very large quantities and can therefore offer them at the exceptional price of just $59.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $119.90, and we'll send you a third one with our compliments — absolutely FREE!*** If you've had it with moles and gophers, if you're tired of seeing your yard or lawn torn up and ruined by those pests, get *Mole-Ex VI*: It will get rid of that annoying problem once and for all!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #1005A506**. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one; $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30/day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



SwimEx.™ The year-round compact lap pool, where you swim in place at your own pace.

The SwimEx 6′ x 12′ personal pool is designed to let you swim naturally in place against a broad, consistent current that is adjustable from 0 - 4.5 mph. Swimming is the ideal all around exercise. With SwimEx you can get in shape and stay in shape in the comfort and privacy of your home. Contact us for ideas on installation and our brochure. Video available. $10.

Call or write:
SwimEx
Systems, Inc.
11 Market Street
P.O. Box 328
Warren, RI 02885
401-245-1200

Swimex

Give them the *actual* newspaper printed the day they were born

FREE Catalog Upon Request

Now you can purchase a well-preserved, ***authentic*** edition of an original newspaper printed as long ago as 1880. *Not* reproductions or just front pages, these are *COMPLETE, ACTUAL* newspapers from major cities across America. Every page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city, and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for ***birthdays, holidays, business functions*** and other special occasions.

Newspaper In Clear Vinyl Portfolio $39.50*

Newspaper in Personalized Presentation Case $75.00 **

(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.)

Newspaper in Classic, Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50***

It's the ORIGINAL EDITION! Not a reprint. We're Old News!

Ideal Gift for Christmas

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 219
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 219

By mail: **Historic Newspaper Archives**
Dept. 19 1582 Hart St., Rahway, N.J. 07065
*Add $3.95 UPS, ** Add $4.95 UPS, *** Add $6.95 UPS.
● UPS charges for Continental U.S.A. only ●
Major Credit Cards accepted. (N.J. residents add 7% sales tax.)
Sunday paper (main section only). Historical dates priced higher.

THE *ORIGINAL* BRETON SHIRT

Sizes 34", 36", 38", 40", 42", 44".
Cream/Navy, Cream/Red, Cream/Burgundy, Cream/Green

The Original, traditional, French Fisherman's working shirt. Made from 100% knitted cotton in France. So comfortable they're addictive! We started to sell them nine years ago, because we liked them and wore them so much, we felt obliged to share them with everyone else (honestly)!

$35.00
includes air mail shipping

The Breton Shirt Company, 99 Watermoor Rd.
Cirencester, Glos. GL7 1LD ENGLAND
Call 011 44 285 652997
Fax 011 44 285 650852 MC, Amex, Visa or check

IS *France* WHERE YOUR HEART IS?

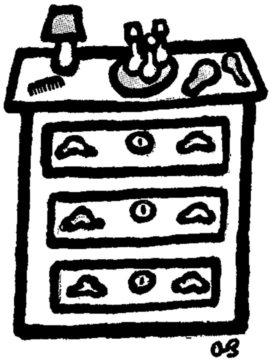
FRANCE TODAY brings you an insider's view of contemporary France: cultural insights, business and political analyses, people, places and events. It's current, controversial, out-of-the-ordinary reading for the American who'd rather be *en France.* **10 issues/$25. All in English.**

To subscribe, call toll free **1-800-272-0620**

France Today
1051 Divisadero, Suite 103
San Francisco, CA 94115

WORLD'S FINEST INDOOR ROWER
WaterRower Inc. · 10 Eagle St. · Providence, RI 02908
800-852-2210
401-861-9190
WATER ROWER
True Water Resistance · Solid North American Cherry

da. Shortly after he moved back to the apartment on Wallace Street, however, Lakeeda and Anjelica quarrelled over babysitting duties, and Lakeeda and Tyrone moved back to Lakeeda's mother's house. A few days later, Anjelica threw Terry out, actually flinging his clothes into the street. The reasons for his eviction were never made clear to me, but everyone I asked emphasized the fact that Anjelica had started freebasing cocaine again. The apartment on Wallace Street certainly became a wilder place. Whenever I called or visited, there seemed to be a party going on. I grew worried about Buddy. So did Beulah. Lakeeda's mother told me that she herself was thinking about "calling the state on" Anjelica—urging the child-welfare people to remove Buddy from her care.



By this time, Lakeeda and Tyrone had moved into "emergency housing"—a first step toward receiving their own place from the state. Emergency housing consisted, in this case, of a bare one-bedroom apartment in a tough neighborhood near Congress Avenue. Terry began staying there, too, even though his presence endangered Lakeeda's housing benefits. He had to come and go carefully, and if there was a knock at the door he hid in the bedroom. Lakeeda's mother now took care of Tyrone while Lakeeda went to school. Terry began spending his days in the Mudhole. He wasn't dealing drugs, Lakeeda said—mostly because the police were still camped out there. "But he *shouldn't* deal drugs," she told me. "Some people can do it without getting caught. Other people just get caught. Terry is one of those people who will always get caught. So he shouldn't even try it."

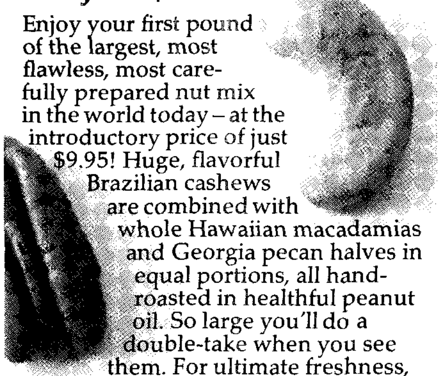
Terry, too, insisted he wasn't dealing drugs. He was "just hanging out," he said. Frank was around. When they could scrounge a bottle, they drank it together. It sounded as if they were forming a youth wing to Milton Click's bedraggled Mudhole Gang.

In April, Lakeeda threw Terry out. Beulah offered to take him in, but not on terms he could accept. Terry was now homeless—Out There again. The circle of love that he had hoped to draw around himself was broken. In a moment of clear-minded pique, he informed Anjelica's welfare caseworker that he was no longer living with his mother—causing a reduction in her benefits. In dire need of money, Terry went to see the leader of a drug crew on Winchester Avenue who had often tried to recruit him. He took a small consignment of cocaine—two hundred dollars' worth, already bagged—and went to a quiet spot on the railroad tracks behind the Mudhole. He managed to pump off all the coke that evening, netting four hundred dollars, but on the way back to pay his supplier he was accosted by three young men who took not just the cash but his jacket, shoes, and trousers. Half-naked, Terry made his way to his Aunt Darla's room, behind Sonny & Viv's bar. Humiliated, he did not try to get in touch with the Winchester Avenue crew to explain what had happened to their money. They could be expected to assume the worst—that he had stolen it—and to come looking for him. Terry was now on the run.

I watched all this from a distance, talking by telephone with Beulah, Lakeeda, Lakeeda's mother, Anjelica, and, when I could reach him, Terry. I was trying to stay out of New Haven myself, for I had completed my reporting. As Terry's situation got more desperate, however, I felt drawn back in. He was sixteen years old, his life was careering out of control, and the adults around him all seemed to be throwing up their hands. Now his life was in danger. He clearly had to get out of New Haven. I suggested he come stay with me, as a temporary measure. He said he might.

A counsellor at the Dixwell Community House had suggested that Terry go into the Job Corps. There was a residential center in Massachusetts where he could learn a trade while earning a high-school-equivalency diploma, she said. When I first heard of the idea, I thought it sounded unpromising. Terry would undoubtedly be homesick. The baleful aspects of the inner-city streets would certainly extend to a Job Corps center, perhaps in an even more concentrated form than in New Haven. Moreover, "learning a trade" sounded Victorian, like an aban-

Sample the Largest Nuts in the World For Just $9.95



Enjoy your first pound of the largest, most flawless, most carefully prepared nut mix in the world today – at the introductory price of just $9.95! Huge, flavorful Brazilian cashews are combined with whole Hawaiian macadamias and Georgia pecan halves in equal portions, all hand-roasted in healthful peanut oil. So large you'll do a double-take when you see them. For ultimate freshness, they are roasted, packed and shipped daily. The Squire offers you a 100% money back guarantee.

The Connoisseur's Collection:
1 Pound Sampler Size in
Gold Gift Box.
Reg. $16.95 **Special $9.95**
Add $2.95 Shipping and Handling.

Call toll-free
800-523-6163
for credit card orders
or send check to:

Nuts Shown Actual Size.

The Squire's Choice
2000 West Cabot Blvd., Langhorne, Pa. 19047

Catalog featuring 32 pages of freshly prepared nut, coffee, popcorn, and candy gifts **FREE** with order. DEPT. 917

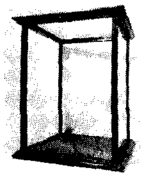
For Back Relief and Stress Reduction

Our leather executive recliner is like no other chair in the world!

Adjustable from upright to a fully horizontal position.

Home Model Available

BackSaver™ FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. NYP, Holliston, MA 01746



CUSTOM CASES
Oak & glass cases with removable top & back panels.
CUSTOM DISPLAY
11200 Bybee St., Silver Spring, MD 20902
1-800-842-5786
(in MD) 301-649-4247

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to the Village of Fearrington

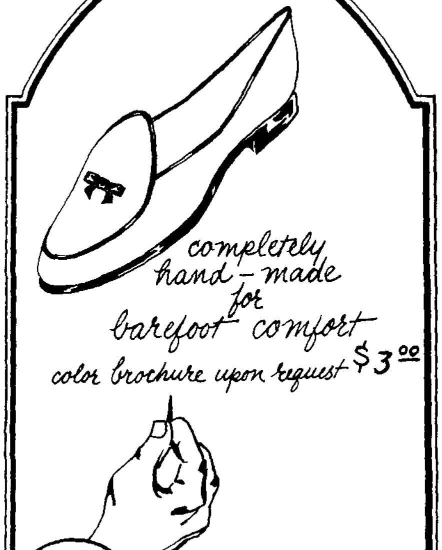
Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box III-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

donment of all hope of higher education. Now, however, I thought the idea had merit. At least, it would get him out of New Haven. And Terry professed himself interested. He would like to learn masonry, he said.

I tried to expedite his application. Progress was infuriatingly slow. The recruiter who took the application, which had to include a guardian's signature (Beulah filled in for Anjelica, who could not be found) and a report from Terry's probation officer, held on to it for weeks. It seemed he was a "subcontractor," who was awaiting payment for an earlier batch of applications before he turned in the next ones. Then the probation officer's report was deemed inadequate. Then the mere fact that Terry was *on* probation was given as a reason to deny his application. The public defender who had represented Terry offered to try to get his probation terminated. She needed authorization from Terry, though, and he could not seem to get to her office during business hours to sign the papers. He had by now moved back into the apartment on Wallace Street, and Anjelica would presumably be able to start collecting money for him from the state again. But he was rarely there, and Anjelica never seemed to know where he was. In the Mudhole, she guessed. She was worried sick that he was going to get shot.

The Job Corps prospect abruptly receded one night in early May, when Terry was arrested and charged with conspiracy to distribute cocaine. (Some of the details of this arrest have been changed.) He was picked up not in the Mudhole but in east New Haven, along with seven other young black males, during a police raid on a house on Wolcott Street. The police said they found quantities of cocaine and cash, a machine gun, a 9-millimetre semi-automatic pistol, beepers, and apparent records of drug transactions. Terry, along with several other suspects, was in the yard when the police arrived. He had no drugs, cash, weapons, or other incriminating evidence on him, but two of the arresting officers recognized him from the Mudhole, and he was accused of acting as a lookout for the Wolcott Street operation. Terry said he had been merely visiting a girl who lived across the street, had noticed a friend of his among the boys in the yard, and had come over to chat only minutes before the raid occurred.

Terry's bond was set at twenty-five



completely hand-made for barefoot comfort
color brochure upon request $3.00
HAND MADE HAND SEWN
Belgian Shoes
60 East 56th St. New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
all major credit cards accepted

Clifton Lodge
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON

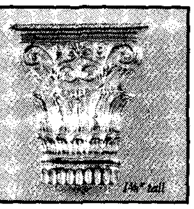
Period 19th century townhouse, now completely modernised and providing self-contained fully serviced and equipped luxury studios and 2 roomed apartments

• SERVICED DAILY • RESIDENT MANAGERESS •
• COMPETITIVE RATES • EXCELLENT SECURITY •

The most convenient spot in town 3 mins Harrods, exclusive Knightsbridge shops, Victoria & Albert and other museums

CLIFTON LODGE 45 Egerton Gdns, London SW3 2DD
Toll Free: 1-800-642-2747 Tel: 071 584 0099
Fax: 071 823 9194 Telex: 936238 CLFTON

CORINTHIAN CAPITAL
Be a pillar of style with our Column Brooch. In Sterling $42. $3 Shipping. Check or Amex. Brochure Available.
JEFF DEEGAN DESIGNS
22 OVERHILL ROAD
PROVIDENCE, RI 02906
401 831 6246



1⅜" tall

Santa Fe Fine Art Posters
POSTERS of Santa Fe Inc.
Catalog available. Send $1 for Shipping/Handling
111 East Palace Ave., Dept. NY
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
(800) 827-6745 • (505) 982-6645

The Perfect Way To Stay & Play!

Alone at Kapalua, the 5-star Kapalua Bay Hotel & Villas presents a myriad of activities, award-winning dining, and exclusive shops. Away from the crowd – but not away from it all! With Golf & Tennis Holidays, play our two world-renowned championship 18-hole golf courses...or tennis at our Kapalua Tennis Garden. Celebration, Family and Adventure Holidays are also available.

Golf Holidays from $400
per person, double occupancy

Call your travel agent or
1-800-367-8000
for reservations and information.

Kapalua Bay Hotel
& Villas
Maui

thousand dollars. Because Anjelica was in New York City for the weekend, it fell to Beulah to bail him out. Terry assumed that his grandmother would be too ashamed to come to the jail, but she surprised him, and he was released that night on a promise to appear, with Beulah's house offered as collateral. Terry's freedom while awaiting trial was precarious, though. He could "be violated," as the saying goes, at any time by his probation officer, because of his new arrest, and compelled to start serving the one-year term of his suspended sentence. He made several court appearances in May. His lawyer did not show up for any of them—the public defender's office had been swamped by the eight simultaneous arrests and needed more time to sort out the cases—and continuances were granted. But Anjelica never showed up in court, either, and on the third occasion the prosecutor asked that Terry be locked up as a minor without parental supervision. Terry's pleas that his mother was at school persuaded the judge not to jail him then and there, but prison seemed still to be closing in on him from all sides. Conspiracy to distribute cocaine is a felony, and the prosecutor was offering Terry a seven-year sentence, suspended after three and a half years, in exchange for a guilty plea.

"I ain't *guilty*," Terry told me. "So I don't want to say I am." In many ways, though, Terry seemed to be preparing himself for jail. Just as he had done after his domestic-violence arrest, he bragged about the figure he had cut in jail. "I was all matchin' when I went downtown," he said. "Green shoes, green hat, green-and-white sweatsuit." It was as if the swagger imperative of the jailhouse were already overcoming his natural modesty.

And the outfit Terry wore one morning in late May when I went to Wallace Street did nothing to belie this impression. It included not only the green shoes (the Bally suèdes from the high old days in the Mudhole, now heavily worn) and the green hat (a bright, high-crowned, short-billed affair in a style once popular among Rastafarians; when worn sideways, as Terry wore it, the hat spoke of a scary, low-rent decadence) and a matching kelly-green turtleneck, but also two gold tooth caps and a large imitation-gold chain. I had never seen Terry dressed anything like this before. He didn't *like* gold chains. It was as if he had resolved to fulfill some grotesque expectation of him, perhaps hoping thus to disarm the amorphous authority-predator he could feel bearing down on him. One of the tooth caps even had a dollar sign carved into it.

Over lunch at Jimmies, Terry informed me that he had a new girlfriend. She was in her twenties, he said, and had a three-year-old son. "She nice, and she got a *blazin'* job. She at the Post Office, but she ain't workin' now, because she broke her kneecap. She got a lawsuit, too." Still, Terry had not forgotten Tyrone. "If I go to jail, Tyrone gonna *miss* me," he said. Then he changed the subject.

In order to eat, Terry had to remove his tooth caps. He showed them to me in an outstretched hand, watching me closely. They were disgusting little objects, and it occurred to me that Terry might have got himself all decked out today as a way of testing me, the coat-and-tie white man who professed to be his friend. All I really cared about now, though, was keeping him out of jail. After lunch, we went to see his probation officer. Later, we went to see his lawyer. I noticed that Terry took out the tooth caps and tucked the fake-gold chain inside his shirt before each meeting. Both his lawyer and his probation officer were serious young white women with little patience for inner-city display. And when the lawyer told Terry that if he wanted to convince a judge he was not a drug dealer he had better find a job immediately, Terry took her point. After we left the courthouse, he had me drop him near a McDonald's where he thought he might find work.

—William Finnegan

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

•

AMERICA, AMERICA

[From TV Guide]

9:05 (TBS) Goodwill Games
Scheduled events: baseball (U.S. vs. USSR); track and field; women's volleyball (finals).
[Taped from an earlier live telecast. Instead of the Games, some cable systems may carry the movies "Fluffy" and "Kitten with a Whip."]

•

OH, YEAH? DEPARTMENT

[From a memorial-park adv. in the Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer]

CREMATION
IS NOT AN
END IN ITSELF

THE THEATRE

Soap Within Soap

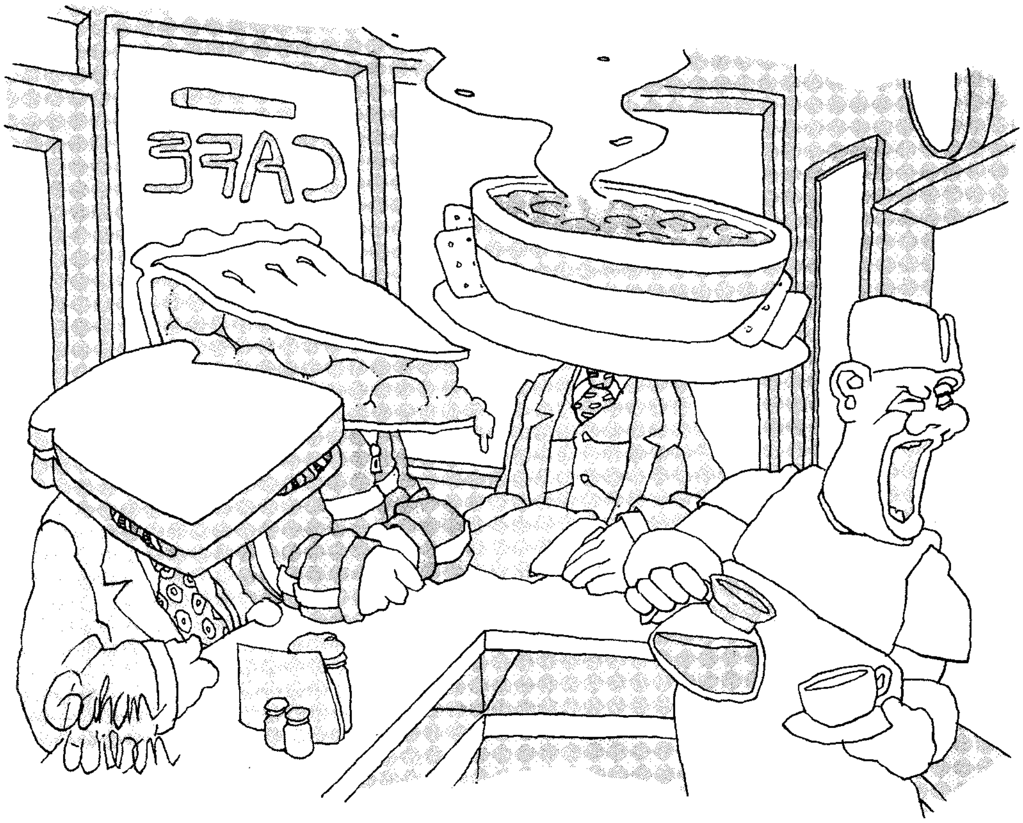
Terrell Anthony's "Quiet on the Set," at the Orpheum, is a kind of parody (put-on, take-off, send-up) of soap opera; more exactly, it's a soap opera about a soap opera. The genre, so to speak, is unfamiliar to me, but I have watched "Guiding Light" from time to time, out of friendship for a couple of the actors, and can report that the play is just as bewildering as its source. Much of the time I had no idea what was going on.

The action takes place during the taping of a single script, with any number of "Cut"s and "Take five"s from the director in the control room, hasty repairs by a makeup man, adjustments by a woman dresser, and the entrance and exit of a delivery boy from a nearby deli. The extremely capable principals are Trent Bushey and Kate Collins, of "All My Children," and Beth Ehlers and Robert Newman, of "Guiding Light." Director, makeup man, dresser, and delivery boy are all portrayed by Matt Servitto, who has (and gives) more fun than anybody. A story is told in jumpy fashion. Miss Ehlers and Mr. Newman are a brother and sister in the play, at odds for many years but reconciled, with much emotion, before our eyes; Miss Collins and Miss Ehlers are sisters in the script but not in the play (a tricky distinction, but the best I can do), who tend to crab at each other about smoking and other matters; Mr. Bushey has no visible relatives. Conversation on the set about cocaine and the presence of a thick wad of bills to pay for it lend a sobering and, for all I know, authentic note to the proceedings. And Mr. Anthony's script-within-the-script certainly has the ring of the real thing.

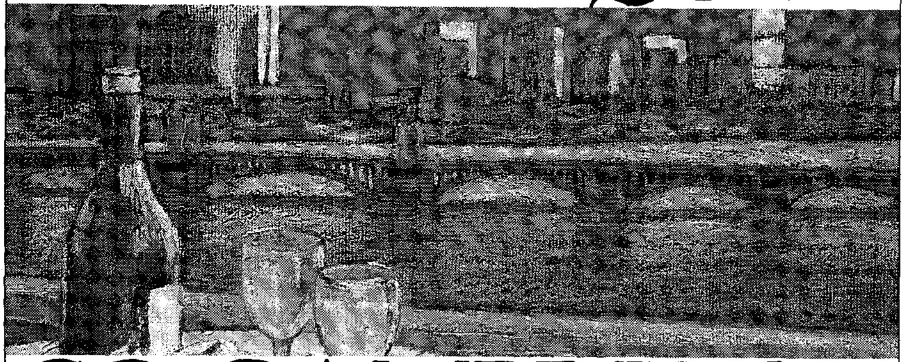
I happened to see a Sunday matinée, whose audience was composed in about equal proportions of portly ladies and what appeared to be high-school girls, who not only followed the action every step of the way but greeted each of the actors at entrance with an ecstasy usually reserved for dear old friends. Guess they *were* dear old friends, at that. As for me, I laughed a lot, and I can recommend the Sunday matinée as the ideal performance. A. C. Weary directed. The admirable scenery, costumes, and lighting were designed by Rick Dennis, Nancy Collings, and Colleen McFarlane.

A GROUP of rich, raucous, greedy Jewish widows on Manhattan's Upper East Side whose lives are devoted entirely to their stocks and bonds, to telephone calls to and from brokers, and to marrying off daughters might be fair game for satire. Edwin Schloss, who is the author of "Money Talks," a first play, at the Promenade, is no satirist, and so far he is not much of a dramatist, either, though he seems to know his characters. He should. He has been a stockbroker for sixteen years, at the service of women like his Mrs. Stein, Mrs. Katzenbach, Mrs. Blumenthal, Mrs. Axelrod, and Mrs. Newhouse. But here they seem to be put before us for purposes of display only. The plot isn't strong enough to encompass them, although there are plenty of incidents, and there are some irrelevant appurtenances of theatre: the voice of Cindy Adams introducing the first and second acts, slow moving to Ravel's "Bolero," a sudden burst of song—that sort of thing. Most of the acting is clunky, to say the least, but Dolores Gray and Helen Gallagher bring a professionalism of sorts to Mrs. Stein and Mrs. Axelrod (Equity might give that some thought), and John Braden plays the role of an amorous Italian art dealer (and deus ex machina) with more charm and credibility than it deserves. Mrs. Stein's lavish drawing room was designed by James Noone and lighted by Dan Kotlowitz, and the clothes, by Stephen Pardee, most of them black or black and white, are lavish, too. "Money Talks" is a dreadful show, but with the germ of an idea; pity that Mr. Schloss couldn't pull it off. David Kaplan directed.

MEANWHILE, there is always the Roundabout's loving revival of Moss Hart's "Light Up the Sky," a tongue-in-cheek comedy about the



"One B.L.T., one cherry pie, and one bowl of chili with crackers on the side!"



SO TRANQUIL

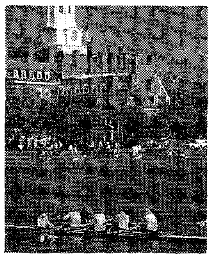
SO CAMBRIDGE

The Charles River sets the mood. As sails catch the breeze and crewboats glide by below, you know you couldn't have found a more peaceful setting for business or pleasure. With the breathtaking skyline of Boston just over the river, and the prosperous business community of Cambridge right in our backyard, you've got the best of both worlds. So relax. Enjoy our luxurious guest rooms, indoor pool, health club, and the food and entertainment at Toffs Cafe/Restaurant. You've reached a new level of comfort. You've found the Royal Sonesta.

Royal Sonesta Hotel Boston/Cambridge
5 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, MA 02142 (617) 491-3600
For reservations call your travel agent or Sonesta toll-free at 800-343-7170.

SO SONESTA

Sonesta Hotels in Boston/Cambridge, Key Biscayne (Miami), Orlando and Sanibel Harbour (Florida), New Orleans, Portland (Maine), Amsterdam, Aruba, Bermuda, Egypt, Israel.



Maybe you don't need another diet. Maybe what you need is a faster metabolism.

Diets alone don't work.

When you eat less, your body adjusts its metabolism to a lower level, making you tired, grumpy and hungry.

The best way to raise your metabolism while you diet is through regular aerobic exercise.

NordicTrack is the most effective way to raise your metabolism.

NordicTrack burns more calories than any other aerobic exercise machine. Up to 1,100 calories per hour according to tests at a major university.

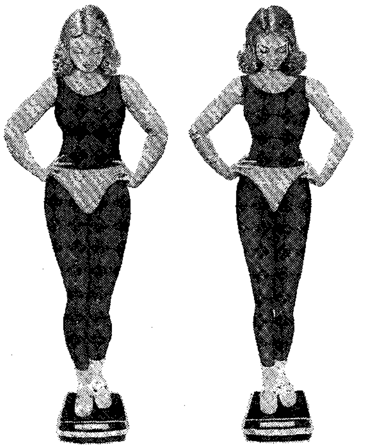
And exercising on NordicTrack reduces your fat, increases your muscle and raises your metabolism, making it easier to stay in shape.

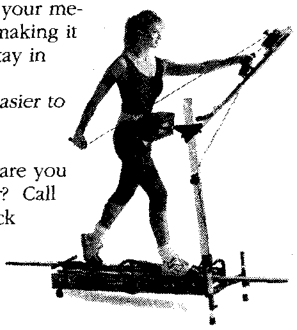
And easier to face those weigh-ins.

What are you waiting for? Call NordicTrack today.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free in U.S. and Canada
1-800-328-5888
☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ________ State _____ Zip ______
Phone ( ) ____________
141C Jonathan Blvd. N. • Chaska, MN 55318
261IO





Boston tryout (forty-two years ago) of a play that is Broadway bound. The presence of Peggy Cass, Linda Carlson, John C. Vennema, Betsy Joslyn, John Bolger, and blessedly funny Bill McCutcheon in a generally spirited cast makes Mr. Hart's effort seem better than it probably is. But there is little doubt that even non-vintage Hart is better than vintage almost everybody else.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

Only natural, to put
a face on the world: the little
cousins deep in the big
four-poster, giggling, Ooh

look, *cats* peeking
through the wallpaper squiggles! And
consider the letdown, despite
the scallion pancakes, the shrimp

garnished with walnuts and pungent
assassinations of character,
the oranges sliced and prinked
into petals, to unfold

some fake Confucian proverb,
and not *For you, pink-*
faced barbarian, gold,
palm trees, perversions. No

wonder herdsmen squinting
at the stars through sheep-dung smoke,
giddy with beer, kef, boredom,
nudged each other: a spoon!

a xylophone! a breast! So that
this morning Mrs. Holmquist
opens the paper and feels
Aquarius unmistakably

bend to her ear: my child,
new lawsuits mean new hair styles.
Who wants to know what we know?
The bush in the desert aflame

because of a flung cigarette,
the pigeons swooping the Forum
only for breadcrumbs, the longed-for
voice on the answering machine

revealing no note of personal
interest previously lacking
and the message always the same:
I am not here. I will

not return your call.

—KATHA POLLITT

LETTER FROM MEXICO CITY

GARBAGE has become an obsession for the inhabitants of Mexico City, spawning any number of fantastic stories, all of them true. There is, for example, the story of the open-air garbage dumps that spontaneously ignited one day in July, spreading fire and toxic fumes over acres of refuse stacked twenty yards high. There is the story of the cacique who controlled more than half the city's seventeen thousand-odd *pepenadores*, or garbage pickers, demanded sexual favors from the garbage pickers' daughters, and also took all his workers off to Acapulco on vacation once a year. There is the story of a sixty-square-mile garbage dump that the city government decided to turn into a park, complete with picnic tables—tables that have since been sinking gently into the settling layers of trash and loam.

Then, there are the rats. One of the most memorable stories dates from the beginning of the decade, when an evening paper announced above the fold that a "giant mutant rat" had been discovered floating dead in a sewage canal. The article said that the rat was the size of a Volkswagen, and in the accompanying photo one could verify the caption's claim that the beast had "the face of a bear, the hands of a man, and the tail of a rat." Two days later, a morning paper explained that the corpse belonged to a lion owned by a three-flea travelling circus. The old thing had finally died, but before throwing the corpse into the sewage canal the owners had decided to skin it, in case the pelt proved salable. Purists among those who collect accounts of Mexican trash dismiss this story on the ground that it turned out to be false, but the point is not that the mutant rat was a figment but that in the general state of decay and disrepair of one of the world's most chaotic cities many of us who read the story assumed at the time that it was true. The fact is that once started on the subject most city residents can come up with giant-rat stories of their own, and few are more thoroughly documented than the one told by Iván Restrepo, a genial scholar of garbage who directs a government-financed institute for ecological research called the Centro de Ecodesarrollo. Five years ago, in Chapultepec, the city's most popular public park, Restrepo and his center mounted an exhibit on the subject of garbage. A tent, designed by an artist, had a long, dark entrance, filled with giant illustrations of microbes and garbage-related pests, from which the public emerged into "the world of garbage." One of the exhibits, Restrepo said, was "the most gigantic rat we could find."

Dr. Restrepo was telling his story in one of Mexico City's best restaurants, and he interrupted himself briefly to order roast kid, guacamole, and a millefeuille of poblano chilies and cream. "It was huge!" he went on, gesturing descriptively. The rat, one gathered, must have been about the size of a large cat. "It weighed almost eight pounds. But we had a problem. We began to realize that the rat was dying on us. It wasn't used to the nice, healthy pet food, or whatever it was, that we were feeding it. So we went out and collected fresh garbage for it every evening. Kept it happy. And that was important, because thousands and thousands of people came to see the garbage exhibit, and the rat was the absolute star of the show."

If *capitalinos*—the residents of Mexico City—flock to an exhibit on garbage featuring a giant rat, it is because the subject is never very far from their minds. The problem of waste disposal may be only one of the critical aspects of the city's ongoing public-services emergency, but it is certainly among the most visible. One of the world's three largest urban conglomerates, the city never had a proper service infrastructure to begin with and has been growing too much too fast for too many years. Figures from the 1990 national census show that although the Federal District, or capital proper, has a relatively stable population of 8.2 million, the surrounding sprawl in the neighboring state (also called Mexico) brings the total urban population to sixteen million. This is triple the 1965 estimated total, and the rate is not slowing. By the year 2000, if current trends persist, the urban area will be home to twenty million souls, all clamoring for services that are already strained to the breaking point in some areas and nonexistent in others.

Not only are services dangerously insufficient but there is almost no way to expand them. Water is now piped in from as far as fifty-five miles away. Ringed by mountains,

LEIF
Shanahan

the urban area is also gasping for fresh air. At least fourteen tons of waste, including lead, carbon monoxide, and what is known euphemistically as the products of "open-air fecalization," now floats in what the city breathes every day. Visibility has improved markedly since late last year, when the government passed a law restricting circulation of a fifth of the city's 2.5 million vehicles each weekday, but, because public transport is also in an awful state, car owners are now buying spare vehicles to use on the day their regular cars aren't allowed out. The poor, who can't afford any car at all, can spend as much as four hours a day travelling between the outlying shantytowns and their urban workplaces: the metro system, which has seventy miles of track and provides more than four million rides a day, serves only a small part of the Federal District, which covers some five hundred and seventy-nine square miles, and the same is true of the crowded, aging buses that spew their fumes along the city's uncharming streets. Twelve million more rides are provided by a network of *colectivos*—privately operated minivans and small buses—which clog traffic and gouge working-class salaries. And the deep-drainage system—nine miles of cavernous tunnels and thousands of miles of pipes, hailed as an engineering marvel when it was inaugurated, barely fifteen years ago—is now hopelessly overloaded, as anyone knows who saw the sewers backing up during each of this summer's downpours.

Bad as the city's public-service difficulties are, most of them appear to have fairly straightforward solutions: build more subways, install more phones. Not trash. The question is not how to put more of anything in but how to reduce the sheer bulk of what exists. The poor, who constitute the vast majority of Mexico's population, have lately produced almost as much waste as the rich; eager initiates into the world of junk consumerism, they find some consolation for their fate in the First World's plastic-encased gewgaws. And although the city has so far heroically managed to keep more or less abreast of the growing tonnage of waste, cleanup-service problems merely have their beginning in the dumps. Here Mexico's First and Third Worlds meet and fester. Rats are the least of it. There is pollution and, above all, the tangle of human misery and political intrigue represented by a peculiar sector of Mexico's body politic—the thousands of *pepenadores*, and their leaders, who stand in the way of neat solutions.

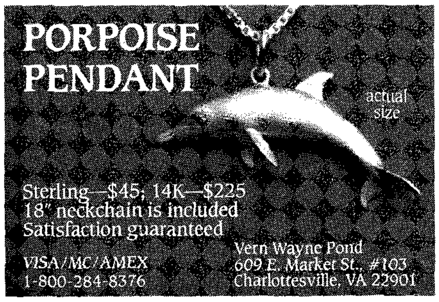
CONTEMPLATING the lovely city of Tenochtitlán, rising from the now vanished waters of Lake Texcoco, the conquistadores marvelled not only at the personal cleanliness of the inhabitants but at the immaculate streets that fanned out in an orderly grid from the great plaza, now occupied by the National Palace and the Cathedral. The Aztec people could hardly conceive of waste: they used cornhusks to wrap food in and inedible seeds to manufacture percussion instruments. All organic waste went into the compost-filled rafts with which the Aztecs compensated for their lack of agricultural land. Each street was swept clean every morning, and the day's cargo of excrement was deposited in a special raft tied at the street's end.

By contrast, colonial Mexico was a filthy place, but the long-term accumulation of waste did not really become a problem until after the 1910 revolution, which yanked the Indian population out of self-sufficient subsistence economies and into the world of buying, selling, and discarding. In the nineteen-forties, when the economy finally stabilized after the long devastation of civil war, consumerism made its first inroads. Waste multiplied. Each month, thousands of peasants abandoned their land and came to the capital looking for a better life. By the nineteen-sixties, urban prosperity had proved to be a mirage, but the situation in the countryside was infinitely worse, and the mass urban migration continued. The newcomers settled in shacks along the roads leading into the city, stole their electricity from the highway power lines, and made do without running water, drainage, or garbage-collection systems. The communities grew at such a rate that one of them, Ciudad Nezahualcóyotl, is the country's fourth-largest city. Thoroughly integrated by now into the consumer economy, its million-plus inhabitants carry their groceries home in plastic bags, use their spare change to buy hair spray, splurge at United States-based fast-food chains on soda pop served in plastic-foam cups, and pour milk for their children from plas-

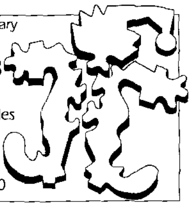
Harry and David
CHRISTMAS 1990

FRESH GIFT IDEAS
FREE COLOR CATALOG
Over 200 festive gift ideas from our famous Royal Riviera® pears and gift baskets to desserts, confections, fresh meats, and gourmet delights for the health-conscious. Exclusive Fruit-of-the-Month Club® too.
New this year, holiday accessories and ideas for entertaining. Selections from $10 to $300, each unconditionally guaranteed. 54-page color catalog FREE. Write or call toll free
800-547-3033
☐ Yes send me your free Christmas catalog.
NAME
STREET APT.
CITY STATE ZIP
Harry and David®
Dept. 0127-2, Medford, Oregon 97501

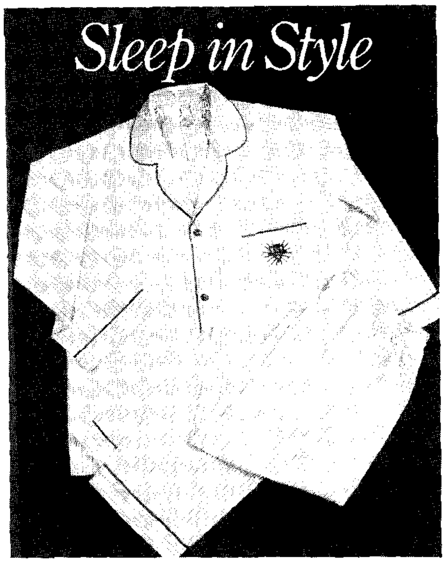
WinterSilks
FREE CATALOG!
WinterSilks 68 page full color catalog offers silk long johns, turtlenecks, sweaters, and other fine silk clothing of distinction. All fully guaranteed! For a free one year subscription mail the coupon below or call:
1-800-648-7455
Key C9002
Name
Address
City State Zip
WinterSilks, 2700 Laura Lane, Middleton, WI 53562



PORPOISE PENDANT
actual size
Sterling—$45; 14K—$225
18" neckchain is included
Satisfaction guaranteed
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-284-8376
Vern Wayne Pond
609 E. Market St., #103
Charlottesville, VA 22901



Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles
Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $190 - $2000. Call or write for 36-page catalog.
Stave Puzzles, Box 329A,
Norwich, VT 05055 802-295-5200



HIS AND HERS CLASSIC PAJAMAS MADE OF 100% COTTON POPLIN, *IMPORTED.*
$45. Shipping & Handling $4.50
Allow 6 Weeks For Delivery
AVAILABLE IN PINSTRIPE, SOLID WHITE, & SOLID BLACK

HIS	S	M	L	XL
HERS	S 5/6	M 7/8	L 9/10	XL 11/12

VISA MasterCard
We Pay Shipping & Handling, When You Pay by Check or Money Order.
1-800-835-2246
Ext. 43 Available 24 Hrs.
His and Hers Classics
53 Cambridge Street
Jersey City, N.J. 07307
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

A VIDEO ADVENTURE THAT FLYS YOU OVER THE EAST COAST

A 36 minute video flying adventure from ***Boston to New York City*** *featuring panoramic views and original music.*

1 800 843 0048

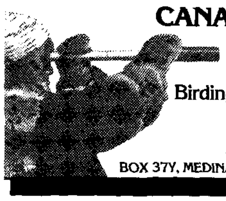
Available on VHS. MasterCard and VISA accepted.
$24.95 plus $2.50 shipping and handling.
VT residents add 4% sales tax ($.99).
RESOLUTION 19 Gregory Dr., S. Burlington, VT 05403
802 862 8881

Come to the Fair!

World's Fair: The quarterly journal of international expositions and events. Lots of good reading. Part fun, part social history. Write or phone for a free sample issue.

World's Fair SINCE 1981

Box 339, Dept A-9b, Corte Madera,
California 94925 (415) 924-6035



CANADIAN ARCTIC

Stand at the NORTH POLE.
Birding, Aurora, Polar Bear or Dog Sled Trips

ARCTIC ODYSSEYS
BOX 37Y, MEDINA, WA 98039 (206) 455-1960

tic-coated-cardboard cartons. The intractable accumulation of mixed waste—rotting, toxic, and non-biodegradable—generated by this fraction of the Third World's urban poor can be contemplated at the Bordo de Xochiaca municipal dump, on the southern edge of what was once Lake Texcoco, and a few blocks away from Nezahualcóyotl's city hall. Not many who pass by it linger; the stench causes motorists to accelerate way past the speed limit, and in their haste they may fail to notice what is most striking about this vast expanse of putrefaction. Scarecrowlike figures can be seen moving slowly over the dusty mounds, poking methodically. The garbage is inhabited.

The best view of Bordo de Xochiaca is from the driver's seat of a tractor that is used all day long to flatten out the incoming loads. From this vantage point one can look north across the clay-colored lake bed to the volcano-ringed horizon. In the opposite direction, the garbage dunes recede for half a mile to Ciudad Nezahualcóyotl. A few people work the edges of the dump, and a few others live in plastic-and-cardboard shanties there, but most of the dump's activity takes place in a clearing in the center—where people try to sift through a newly deposited truckload of garbage before the tractor runs over it—and in an expanse just to the west of this clearing, where Celestino Fernández Reyes, the dump boss, weighs and purchases the scavengers' daily take of glass, rags, tin, cardboard, wood, plastic containers, animal bones, and other recyclable materials. Behind the scales and Celestino's headquarters, a row of shacks marks the beginning of the living quarters—scores of lopsided houses, some of them quite large, that are built of and on rubbish, along reeking alleys and paths with names like Virgin of Guadalupe Lane.

It proved a little difficult to get into Bordo. At a sentry gate set between two small hills of garbage, a stocky man in dark glasses, jeans, and cowboy boots waved in a procession of trucks and quite a few mule-drawn carts—the latter belonging to the Nezahualcóyotl municipal service and decorated with the red-white-and-green logo of the nation's ruling party, the Partido Revolucionario Institucional, or PRI. The sentry said there was no access to the public. As I argued with him, loaded trucks continued to file by, and

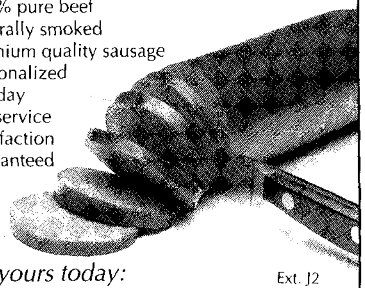
Wimmer's Sausages

FREE!!!
2 lbs. of our premium summer sausage when you order from our gift catalog!

Old World flavor in an award-winning sausage...a hearty treat for friends and family! And it's FREE with your first order from our catalog of holiday gifts.
New customers only

"Fresh-from-the-smokehouse" taste!

- 100% pure beef
- naturally smoked
- premium quality sausage
- personalized holiday gift service
- satisfaction guaranteed

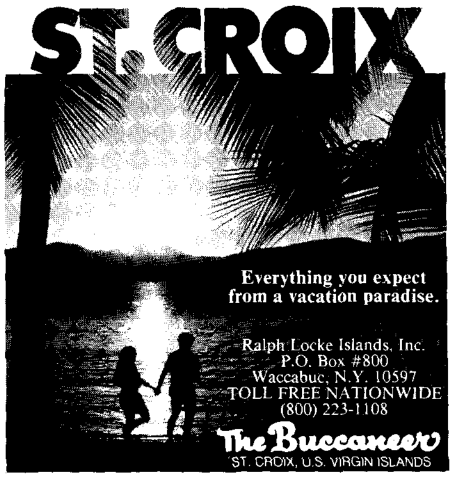


Get yours today: Ext. J2
1-800-358-0761

☐ Yes! Rush me your Free Holiday Catalog and my free 2 lb. summer sausage when I order.

Name________________________
Address ________________________
City____________ State _____ Zip______

Wimmer's Gift Catalog
126 West Grant Dept. J2
West Point, Nebraska 68788



Everything you expect from a vacation paradise.

Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108

The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

SPEAK FRENCH like a diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 56 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**

audio-forum® Room M920, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

RETIRE TO ESSEX

A beautiful house in a beautiful town on the beautiful Connecticut River. Direct waterfront with dock. Three bedrooms, three baths. Much, much charm. Call (203) 767-0722 or write Box 283, Essex, Connecticut 06426

the drivers of trucks not belonging to Nezahualcóyotl's municipal fleet stopped to press the sentry's hand, which then flew to a pocket in his quilted vest. During the seconds required for these transactions, children climbed up on the trucks' back wheels and then onto the loads of refuse, and as each truck moved past the gate the children scrabbled frantically through the load, throwing things overboard; they would return to collect them as soon as the truck reached the dumping site, which is invisible from the gate, being hidden by hills of piled-up trash. Eventually, the sentry agreed to let me in for a brief visit.

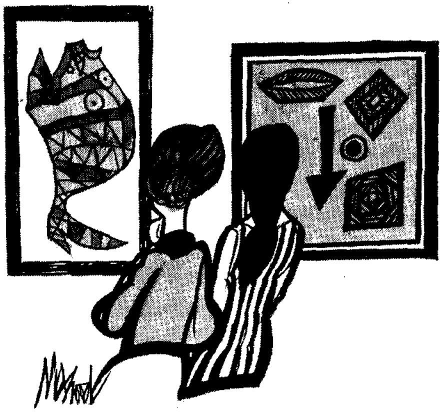
After a week of rain, the pickers were working ankle-deep in a thick slush; it was tinted blue or bright red in patches, and these exhaled a mist of choking chemical fumes. Oblivious of the smell, a cluster of children crouched in a blue puddle, poring over a small pile of plastic comic-book figures—the Joker, Superman, and the like. The children did not want to talk to a stranger (indeed, they avoided even looking at me), but after I made a couple of tries the tallest boy answered a question, saying that he and his friends wanted the toys not to play with but to sell. Nevertheless, as they salvaged the few dolls that had no arms or legs missing they deployed them in a brief, soundless mock battle before tossing them into a scavenging sack.

One of Celestino's overseers waved each arriving truck to a spot on the edge of the clearing, where a family or a team of friends was waiting, each member equipped with only a long-handled pitchfork, and no boots, masks, or other protective gear. The team began sifting through the waste even before the truck's shower of refuse ended, expertly plucking out the salvageable bits with their bare hands. The fork was designed to help the pickers separate the mounds of trash on the ground, but an elderly man in faded blue overalls said that since the tractor had been brought in there was hardly any time for the garbage to pile up, so a lot of salable material was left unsalvaged. (The tractor was somebody's idea of a landfill operation, but since the garbage wasn't covered with anything after being flattened out it seemed to serve no practical purpose.)

The garbage pickers proved to be a closemouthed lot, especially when I asked their names or put questions about Celestino, but the man in overalls was willing to explain the various stages of trash-picking. "You have to know what to select," he said, working with precision and delicacy as he talked. "For example, this pair of trousers is good, because the buttons and zipper can be removed and sold. If they were made of natural fibre, like cotton, you could sell the cloth as rag. There are a lot of tennis shoes in this pile, but they're not good enough to sell to the secondhand-clothes dealers." He was picking through a revolting pile of what seemed to be the refuse of a very large family, but by the time the things he had chosen to keep reached his sack they looked almost clean. He waved toward a point in the rubbish heap which I found indistinguishable from its surroundings. "That's my spot," he said. "When I'm through for the day, I take my sack over there and sort it. It's not enough just to pick the garbage. We have to put work into it afterward to make it salable."

A truck unloaded a pile of refuse from what someone said was an open-air market—a cascade of burst tomatoes, crushed bananas, empty egg crates, clear plastic bags, and wadded-up vegetable peelings. None of it was rotting yet, but, according to a group of women and children investigating the pile, there was nothing of any use other than a score of orange halves that had had most of their pulp pressed out of them, and that one woman picked up and immediately began eating.

I struck up a conversation with another member of the team, a woman with long gray braids who was wearing a clean checked apron over a faded dress. She told me that in general market waste was virtually worthless, except for an occasional pile of butcher-shop bones, which gelatin and bouillon-cube manufacturers would buy. Other pickers were saving the organic waste for pigs they kept along the edges of the dump, but she said she didn't own any. While quite a few of the garbage pickers looked filthy, her clothes, I noticed, were not only clean but crisply ironed. "I used to wash clothes for a living," she explained. "But now my arms can't take being in the water so long." The sun was directly overhead, and hitting hard, so the smells around us—acetone, vegetable rot, used disposable diapers—ripened and concentrated in the heat. Several of the workers had stopped for a noonday snack at a lopsided tent made of bits of plastic and wood, but the woman told me she would not buy the potato chips or lemonade available there. "The younger people make more money, but I can only clear about five or six thousand pesos a day," she said. Six thousand pesos is about two dollars. "I get here at ten or so, and work as long as my arms and legs can stand it. Then I eat when I get home." Soon, she said, she would carry her sacks, one at a time, to the weighing area and collect her pay from Don Celestino. Then she would try to make the hour-long walk back to her squatters' community before the afternoon rains started.



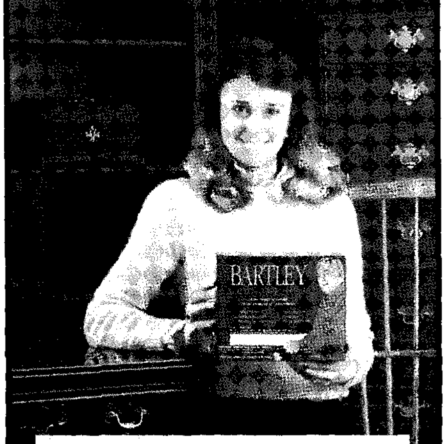
Others told me they lived near the weighing area, in shacks made of salvaged cardboard, plastic, and tin. Mexico's continuing economic crisis is constantly expelling residents from Ciudad Nezahualcóyotl, where they can no longer afford to pay rent, mortgage, or utilities. Many are emigrating to the edge of the urban sprawl, where they must begin life over again, as they did two decades ago in Ciudad Nezahualcóyotl—in bare fields, with no lights or other services. Some of the poorest, or frailest, of these exiles appeared to be ending up in Bordo. I walked away from the picking fields in the general direction of the dump's headquarters with a woman carrying a sack of glass jars which was almost as tall as she was. She lived a few blocks away, she said, but she couldn't afford the payments on her plot of land now that her husband was out of a job. Soon, if Don Celestino would permit it, she would move to the dump with her family. There was no electricity here, and the nearest public water faucet was a half hour's walk away, but at least it was free, and she wouldn't have to pay for transportation to get to work. "He's a very nice man," she said of the dump boss. "He doesn't charge anything for letting you live here. All you have to do is ask permission to come in, and promise to sell your material exclusively to him."

THOUGH it is estimated that some seventeen thousand people work in Mexico City's garbage dumps, no one has tallied the number that work in Bordo de Xochiaca and the other dumps in neighboring Mexico state—dumps that are for all practical purposes part of the same urban area, and so are often used by *capitalinos*. Like the cigarette peddlers, the street-corner fire-eaters and cartwheel turners, the windshield washers and parking-space finders, the pot menders, the sidewalk violinists and portrait painters, the curtain-rod fixers, and the outright beggars who swarm through the city, the *pepenadores* are a result of Mexico's constant failure to find a social space for its very poorest. But, unlike millions of their fellows who have to forage for each day's bread, they are a geographically stable population, tied to the arrival of a loaded truck. Their stability makes them easy to organize—a fact that the PRI, which has now been in power for sixty-one years, could not fail to notice. Throughout those years, the PRI has demonstrated a scavenger's genius for wasting nothing and no one, and a truly pre-Hispanic vocation for building pyramidal social organizations. Not long after Mexico City started producing serious amounts of garbage, the scavengers who flocked to it became small but extremely useful cogs in the PRI's political machine. Men like Celestino Fernández Reyes, who as a member of the PRI's Confederation of Popular Organizations became Bordo's overseer, make sure that the relationship between the Party and the scavengers is a smooth, productive one.

"Do you think I'm here for the pleasure of it?" Don Celestino asked me. "This is a terrible way to earn a living! Pickers can make good money—up to two hundred and forty thousand pesos a week. A lot of them have saved enough to move out of here and set up a little business on their own. Me, I have the thankless part. I have to fight with the buyers, keep prices up, go offering the pickers' wares from factory to factory. Plus, I'm a sick man, a diabetic, and this is not a healthy place. I would never have chosen to come here—I was doing fine buying glass from the dump—but the Party asked me to come and establish some order. 'Celestino, we need you here,' they said. So I came." Don Celestino is rumored to be a wealthy man, but his office is a one-room, tin-roofed brick house in the heart of the dump, furnished with a cot, two rusting metal chairs, and a makeshift desk. A small, trim man with extraordinarily liquid dark eyes, he dresses neatly but unostentatiously in a white guayabera and sporty blue slacks, and, until he relaxes, he moves and talks with meticulous humility. Our interview took place somewhat earlier than I had hoped. While I was wandering through the dump's residential area, trying to estimate the total population, and, to my surprise, discovering further paths and alleyways at every turn, a horse pulled up just behind me with a loud snort. Riding it bareback was a very beautiful youth with long hair and cold eyes. He demanded my business. I answered that I was looking for Don Celestino, and he said firmly that he would escort me to him.

In his dilapidated office, Don Celestino gradually lost his air of subservient courtesy as he explained the garbage market. He made it clear that the *pepenadores* were utterly dependent on him. "It's not that they can't transport their salvage to the factories," he said. "A lot of the buyers have warehouses right across the highway from here. But who's going to pay any kind of price for a dozen empty bottles?" In his own eyes, he was the community's benefactor. "I brought a doctor in here to look after the pickers full time. She charges for the visit, but who do you think pays for the medicines? Me!" He didn't smoke, he didn't have the face of a heavy drinker, and he kept a close watch on prices and profits. "Times are hard!" he exclaimed. "It used to be that factory owners came after me looking for things to buy, but ever since Salinas de Gortari"—the nation's President—"came up with his free-trade policies we've been getting undercut by United States waste products. There's trains and trains of them coming in! And, you know, American products are always

ASSEMBLE & FINISH
REPRODUCTIONS
Museum quality accessories and furniture, in your choice of solid cherry or mahogany. We do the hard part and you have the fun.
FREE FULL COLOR CATALOG.
The Bartley Collection LIMITED
1-800-BARTLEY
1-800-227-8539
Dept. 4587
3 Airpark Dr.
Easton, MD 21601



Showrooms: Easton, MD & Yarmouth ME

Travel to your Favorite Writers
THE
LITERARY TOUR OF
CALIFORNIA
brings you to the homes of
EUGENE O'NEILL, HENRY MILLER,
JACK LONDON, ALDOUS HUXLEY,
JOHN STEINBECK, MARK TWAIN,
CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD & MORE
See the spectacular landscapes that inspired these and many other great writers
for a free brochure call:
Cultural Excursions Ltd.
P.O. Box 84159 Los Angeles, CA 90073
(800) 548-5506 (213) 393-9379

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 50 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-420-1550
1311y 63rd ST, EMERYVILLE, CA 94608

Sterling silver
decorative hardware
and precious
metal sculpture
MYSTICA
Mystica & Co., Inc.
1265 Birchrun Rd.
Chester Springs, PA 19425
215 469 0535 FAX: 215 469 0999

THE NEW YORKER
AT
The New School

JOIN
THE NEW YORKER
FOR A SERIES OF SEVEN LECTURES, READINGS, AND DISCUSSIONS

MONDAY EVENINGS
AT THE NEW SCHOOL
5:50 – 7:35

SEPTEMBER 24
CRITICS: JOHN UPDIKE ON BOOKS, ARLENE CROCE ON DANCE, ADAM GOPNIK ON ART, WHITNEY BALLIETT ON JAZZ

OCTOBER 1
REPORTING: CONNIE BRUCK, MARK DANNER, AND FRANCES FITZGERALD

OCTOBER 8
"THE TALK OF THE TOWN": CHARLES McGRATH, SUSAN ORLEAN, AND MARK SINGER

OCTOBER 15
FICTION: DANIEL MENAKER, DENNIS McFARLAND, AND NICHOLSON BAKER

OCTOBER 22
HUMOR: GARRISON KEILLOR AND IAN FRAZIER

OCTOBER 29
CRITICS: EDITH OLIVER ON THEATRE, HOLLY BRUBACH ON FASHION, AND INGRID SISCHY ON PHOTOGRAPHY

NOVEMBER 5
THE ART OF THE NEW YORKER: LEE LORENZ, GRETCHEN DOW SIMPSON, AND EDWARD KOREN

FOR INFORMATION CALL:
THE NEW SCHOOL
66 WEST 12TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10011
(212) 741-5630 (REGISTRATION: (212) 741-5690)

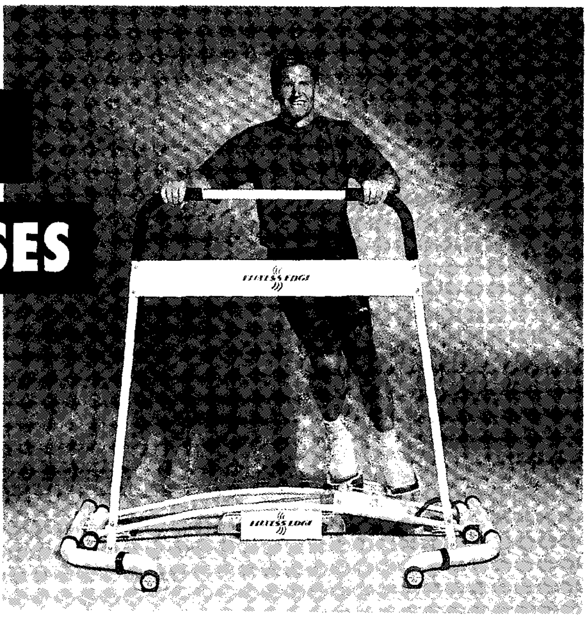
better. The gringos are selling clean, nicely tied-up cardboard, and they're selling it cheap. Who would want ours? Now buyers are complaining that it's dirty, that often half the weight is moisture. I bought cardboard at three hundred pesos a stack the other day, and I couldn't get rid of it for a hundred and fifty. I tell you, I don't know how I let the Party talk me into this."

IN the past, the PRI provided similar encouragement and support to Rafael Gutiérrez Moreno, a former garbage-truck driver who, in 1965, took over from his father as leader of the Mexico City garbage pickers. Gutiérrez Moreno turned his constituency into a rapid-response force at the service of his political sponsors. In the late nineteen-seventies, he also served briefly as an alternate member of the Chamber of Deputies, but after one term he chose to return to the political sidelines. Whenever a show of support was needed for the capital's appointed mayor, or for the President, or for a foreign head of state, Gutiérrez Moreno, known to his followers as El Líder, saw to it that his people were there, waving green-white-and-red paper flags or, it has been rumored, wielding billy clubs and metal pipes as part of the notorious Halcones (Falcons), who operated against strikers and student demonstrators in the early nineteen-seventies. In exchange, the authorities looked the other way as he tightened his hold on the pickers. In 1983, city officials ordered Gutiérrez Moreno to close down his fiefdom, the vast dump of Santa Cruz Meyehualco. A fire that had raged there for five days in 1981 and reports that toxic chemicals were leaching through the trash into the city's water supply contributed to the decision. Gutiérrez Moreno negotiated room for half his followers at the city's second-largest dump, in the western part of the city, and moved the rest to land he had acquired east of Santa Cruz, in the district of Santa Catarina. El Líder, who was reported to distribute as much as ten million pesos a day in bribes around the city bureaucracy, built himself an extravagantly appointed house on the Santa Catarina grounds; he also built housing there for the workers which was significantly better than the garbage hovels at the old dump. He paid for drinks and decorations for yearly fiestas, and it was he who took everyone off once a year for a beach holiday. All that, however, did nothing to diminish his reputation as a singularly heartless exploiter of the garbage pickers' penury. He punished them if they left the dump grounds, by cutting back on their allotment of garbage or by beating them, and—again, according to published rumor—assassinated those who questioned his leadership. In pursuit of his declared goal of fathering a hundred and eighty children, he took his pick of the community's teen-age girls, including his nieces. (Forty-five offspring have been legally recognized so far.)

Héctor Castillo, who wears a ponytail and plays drums with a pretty good rock band, is a social scientist, and he has spent a considerable amount of time trying to figure out how garbage communities and their caciques come into being. He began his research on the man he describes as "the most powerful of all the country's urban caciques" a decade ago, by sneaking past watchmen into Gutiérrez Moreno's dump several times, and he has since worked and drunk with the *pepenadores* often. At the heart of the problem, as he sees it, is Mexico's finely wrought system of intermediation between the ruling party, the government, and the citizenry. "Mexico's system is patrimonial, and that means that it operates through concessions, from top to bottom," Castillo says. "The garbage-collection concession is granted to the Federal District's Sanitation Department. From that point on, a number of subsidiary choices have to be made: whose trucks are going to collect the wealthiest garbage—the residential-zone garbage, with its mattresses and wine bottles and discarded clothes—and who is going to drive those trucks, because, of course, these things are scavenged by the truck crew long before they reach the dumps. At each step in the process where there is money to be made, a concession is granted, and at the end of the line are the garbage caciques, who tie the whole system together securely, and declare that the garbage is in its place, that the city is clean, and that its politicians are even cleaner."

This is probably a fair description of a system that is now dying: for most of the century, the PRI has ruled Mexico through the web of patronage and concessions that Castillo describes. His account, though, leaves out the layer of commitment to social change underlying the regime's all-embracing populist rhetoric. For all its inefficiencies and other faults, the patrimonial system worked well enough to pull a largely rural and illiterate population into the twentieth century, insuring levels of education, health care, public services, and social mobility which comparable societies (Peru, Brazil, and Colombia, say) never achieved. For decades, Mexicans appeared to take equal pleasure in mocking the state—for its corruption, its verbosity, its ruthlessness, its endlessly scheming system of privilege—and in boasting of it to outsiders who failed to appreciate the subtleties of its achievements. The wily old PRI might have endured even longer in its pristine corporatist form except for three devastating blows. One was the economic bonfire provoked by José López Portillo, who, as President from 1976 to 1982, promised to "administer the prosperity" generated by Mexico's newfound oil wealth. With the glee of a nouveau tycoon leaping into a pool full of naked women, López Portillo plunged the whole country into a reckless and corrupt spending binge, which came to a disastrous halt only with the collapse of the international price of oil, in 1981. By the following year, Mexico's eighty-three-billion-dollar foreign debt was draining the government budget, and even the money to pay for things that Mexicans had come to consider their right—things ranging from adequate schools to cheap public transportation—was scarce. Then came the 1985 earthquake, in whose aftermath the government appeared merely corrupt and inept, while tens of thousands of citizen volunteers rescued the concept of an engaged society from the rubble. And then there were the 1988 elections, in which, largely as a result of the previous two crises, the PRI lost enormous numbers of votes to a new left-wing coalition. Many members of the foreign press who travelled through the country think that the PRI may actually have lost the election, but government officials angrily dismiss the charge as "nonsense." Still, the PRI certainly lost Mexico City, and even Ciudad Nezahualcóyotl and the area around it, where Gutiérrez Moreno had his power base.

The combined result of these crises has been to open the doors for a new élite, whose head and symbol is President Carlos Salinas de Gortari. He and his youthful band of highly trained economists and statisticians take pride in representing everything that the old-style *priistas* do not—they scorn the pork-barrel theory of politics, disdain bribetaking as lower class, play squash regularly, and sound reverent only when pronouncing the word *modernidad*—but they remain, for better or worse, members and leaders of the party that brought them to power. The tensions between the old-time corporatists and the new neo-liberal technocrats may ultimately split the Party; for the moment, the two sides remain united, because neither can rule the country without the other. The



HE WITH THE MOST FAT LOSES

Stay ahead of the competition.

Climbing the corporate ladder takes energy, stamina, and strength. Its a well known fact that exercise is not only beneficial for the body, but also for the mind. Three 20 minute workouts per week on the **Fitness Edge**™ will give you more energy, help you stay alert and relieve stress. You'll feel the difference almost immediately both on the job and at home.

The **Fitness Edge** provides a great non-impact aerobic and anaerobic workout, building strength and cardiovascular fitness through lateral motion – the principle movement in your favorite sports, such as tennis, golf, basketball and skiing.

Guaranteed to improve your performance!

FITNESS EDGE™

Call now for details

30 day home trial Call Toll-Free © 1990

1-800-225-9669 x314

Name ________ Phone ________
Address ________
City ________ State ____ Zip ________

Scientific Sports Systems®
503 Seaport Ct. Port of Redwood City, CA 94063 (415) 363-8880

newcomers need to keep the country running on a day-to-day basis while they implement a devastatingly painful program of structural economic reform. The Old Guard, for its part, senses that its methods may be bankrupt, but it must somehow start delivering results again if the Party is to avoid any more losses like its crushing electoral defeat in the capital's "circle of misery." As a result of such convergent renovating impulses, officials were desperately maneuvering to get rid of the lord of Mexico City's garbage pickers even before his death, in 1987, at the age of forty-eight.

Rafael Gutiérrez Moreno was shot to death in his own bedroom late one night, and his wife was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison for the crime. Gutiérrez Moreno had beaten her brutally ever since their marriage, ten years before, and had raped her sisters and nieces. She had many motives for attacking her husband, but so did any number of his subjects, and when the murder finally took place the only wonder was that someone had not done in El Líder long before. Héctor Castillo points out, however, that a community capable of fighting back could hardly have let itself become so abject in the first place. "Most of the garbage pickers have never known a different way of life," he says. "There are people here who are third generation. The pickers are born and grow up in the garbage fields. They have almost no schooling, and they know that their position in society is extremely weak." After Gutiérrez Moreno's death, the pickers proved incapable of choosing themselves a new leader—a situation that set off a battle for his political inheritance.

A colleague of Héctor Castillo's, Rosalinda Losada, has been following the succession struggle. She is a friendly, energetic woman who once spent some time picking garbage as part of the research for her graduate thesis, and she has struck up something of a friendship with El Líder's principal rival, the rather more genial Pablo Téllez. "When Gutiérrez Moreno had to move from his original power base to Santa Catarina, he sent nearly half of the other *pepenadores* to a dump at the opposite end of Mexico City, Santa Fe, then dominated exclusively by Téllez," she explained. "As his stand-in there Gutiérrez Moreno delegated someone known as El Dientón." (The name translates roughly as Bigtooth.) Téllez cannot have allowed El Dientón into his site willingly, since the partition effectively cut his own take in half, but he was almost certainly persuaded to do so by Gutiérrez Moreno's allies in the local government. "When Gutiérrez Moreno was killed, everyone thought El Dientón would replace him," Losada continued. "But then one of Gutiérrez Moreno's former wives appeared, out of the blue, to claim his inheritance. This wife—named Guillermina de la Torre—didn't even live in the dumps, and no one knew very much about her, but she seemed to have the support of a lot of local officials. Now the Gutiérrez Moreno *pepenadores* are divided into Guillermina's followers, at Santa Catarina, and El Dientón's, at a place called Prados de la Montaña, in the northwest of the city, built in the winter of 1986 to replace Santa Fe, which was overflowing by then."

Officials in the new city administration who are trying to keep Mexico's garbage problem under control tend to get huffy in the face of insistent questions about garbage picking, for they have plenty of critical issues to worry about besides scavengers and the leaders who control them. There is the ecological problem represented by the old, unplanned dumps, which may still be polluting the groundwater and air in their vicinity. There is the logistical problem of transporting garbage across the enormous, chronically congested capital city. And there is the question of the increasing volumes of garbage generated by what Professor Restrepo defines as "this poor, underdeveloped society's penchant for consuming like a first-class industrial power, with everything wrapped in more and more layers of plastic." The director of Urban Services, José Cuenca Dardón, has his own list of hurdles: "We are behind in every aspect of sanitation, including the concept of what the service should be and the legislation surrounding the problem. If you add to this the social problem of people whose livelihood for generations has consisted of garbage picking, the issue becomes doubly complex. And we have to try to solve it with our municipalities' extremely weak financial base, historically backward infrastructure, and very poor citizen awareness." Politically, Cuenca represents the PRI's transitional stage; he is not upper class or foreign-educated, and he deals comfortably with the city's

BED & BREAKFAST AT THE INN

Settle down in the welcoming warmth of a luxury room with charming views of the Ojai Valley. Summon a complete breakfast for two and room service will rush it to your side, or enjoy a bountiful buffet featuring our famous egg & omelette bar, fresh pastries from the bakery, and so much more.

$159 per room, double (Sun - Thur)
$189 (Fri & Sat)

During the day, challenge the legendary golf course, play tennis on eight courts, and enjoy a work out in the Health Club. In the evening, dine in the relaxed and romantic setting provided by Vista Dining.

2 night minimum stay - tax & gratuity not included. Effective thru 11/25/90 and are subject to change and availability.

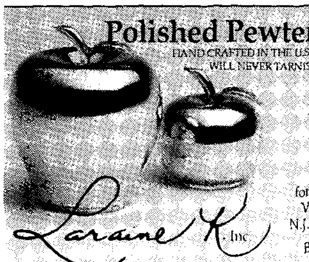
OJAI VALLEY INN & COUNTRY CLUB
Ojai, California 93023
(805) 646-5511 (800)-422-OJAI

Accounting and Financial Management for the Non-Financial Executive

A five-day intensive program: Everything you always wanted to know about accounting and finance but were afraid to ask.

Nov. 11-16 '90, Mar. 10-15 '91, Nov. 3-8 '91
At Arden House, Columbia University's mountaintop retreat, north of New York City.
For information, (212) 854-3395, ext. 77.

COLUMBIA
EXECUTIVE PROGRAMS



Polished Pewter Apples
HAND CRAFTED IN THE U.S.A.
WILL NEVER TARNISH
Large—3" $45
Small—2" $21
add $3.50 for shipping/handling
VISA/MC/CK/MO
N.J. residents add 6% tax
Brochure Available:
(201)848-1747
(201)891-8734
Laraine K. Inc
103 Godwin Ave. Midland Park, NJ 07432

golf links *The Golf Quarterly*

history, reviews, theories, interviews...

One Year Subscription
U.S. & Canada – $16
Elsewhere – $18

golf links, 5486 Georgetown Road, Frankfort, KY 40601
Write or telephone for a free issue. (502) 695-1035

caciques, but he is a legendary compulsive worker, who can speak about garbage with unremitting intensity for hours at a stretch, reeling off figures and achievements that include the total number of kilometres of roadways swept clean every night, the percentage of garbage processed by the city today versus the percentage a decade ago, the total number of trips saved by a new system of transfer points. "We have learned," he says, eyes shining. "Now we know how many sweepable surfaces every main thoroughfare presents, and how many man-hours are needed to sweep two- and four-lane roads."

CUENCA packed me off on a tour of the city's garbage infrastructure, beginning with a visit to the new transfer points, where small garbage trucks unload into trailers six times as large, and including a new landfill, whose main virtue, the engineer in charge of it said proudly, "is that it is garbage-pickerless." But the garbage itself *was* being picked through, at every stage of its collection and dumping, by Urban Services employees sensible enough not to let anything go to waste. Along the noisy thoroughfares, I saw orange-clad street-sweepers busy setting aside cans and bottles. A garbage truck pulled into a transfer point with a six-seat sofa tied neatly across its bow. The point's supervisor beamed. "We have very good-quality garbage here," he said. "It comes from first-class neighborhoods." Spontaneous recycling was taking place throughout the city. Then what was being left for the real pickers?

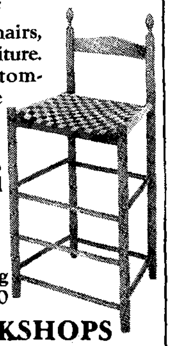
"Practically nothing," said Luis Rojas, Bigtooth's second-in-command, at my last stop on the official garbage tour. "The truck drivers are stealing us blind, no matter that it was El Líder who got them out of the dumps and onto the trucks in the first place. Now they want to forget where they're from, and we're at war." At the gate of the new Prados de la Montaña dump, I and a travelling escort of Urban Services officials had been met, in what is known here as the best *oficialista* style, by a lineup that included plant managers, chief engineers, Rojas, and Pablo Téllez, the man who had been Rafael Gutiérrez Moreno's fellow-cacique and lifelong rival. Téllez turned out to be a bouncy, loquacious man, who clammed up only when he was questioned about the practical aspects of his

Who Will Paint Her Portrait?

We represent over 100 of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors. Visit our exhibition gallery and commission the artist of your choice or send $1 for our color brochure.

Portraits, Inc. invites inquires on any commission artwork: family portraits, posthumous portraits, sculpture, miniatures, portraits of houses, pets, horses, yachts, etc.

PORTRAITS, INC.
985 Park Ave. N.Y. 10028 212-879-5560
Portrait Center of America, since 1942



SHAKER FURNITURE

An exciting collection of Shaker rockers, dining chairs, tables, beds and other furniture. Available in kits or custom-finished. All exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. Shaker baskets, oval boxes, pegboards, pegs, dolls, and needlework kits.
Large selection of replacement chair tape.
New 52 page color catalog and 12 tape samples $1.00

SHAKER WORKSHOPS
Box 1028-NY90, Concord, MA 01742
(617) 646-8985

STRAW HAT PIN

This whimsical straw hat from James Breakell is a lovely reminder of summer. In sterling silver $40; 14k gold $628. Add $3.50 handling.
Brochure on request.
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411 Actual size: 1½"

J.H. BREAKELL & CO.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYST Newport, RI 02840

Elegant Country Charm–
Luxury London Hotel

Telephone: 071-723 7874.
39-40 Dorset Square,
London NW1 6QN.
Telex: 263964 Dorset G.
Fax: 071-724 3328.
USA Toll Free 1-800-543 4138

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Canada has two Seasons. Winter and Stratford.

While the idea of a Canadian winter may leave you cold, everyone warms to the thought of the Stratford Festival in the fall.

This internationally acclaimed theatre company offers an entertaining program of intriguing variety, presented in a charming Ontario city whose country setting, shops, restaurants and inns make it a destination in itself.

Stratford ... definitely a season you shouldn't miss!

Artistic Director:
David William

STRATFORD FESTIVAL
38TH SEASON
To November 11, 1990

BOX OFFICE:
519-273-1600

The Plays
The Players
The Place

business—how much he pays, and how he weighs the pickers' merchandise. (Some time ago, Rosalinda Losada revealed in an article the unsurprising fact that the scales he uses are fixed.) He shook hands amiably and chatted about the nice new dump facilities. Standing next to him, and looking steadfastly in the opposite direction, was Luis Rojas. He wore a torn pink-and-green polo shirt, with a heavy gold chain around his neck and a few diamond rings on his fingers. He was uncomfortable talking in the presence of Téllez, with whom he was apparently not on speaking terms, but he did loosen up enough to describe the truck drivers' unfair scavenging advantage and Bigtooth's betrayal by El Líder's former wife. And as we left he made a little goodbye speech, saying that he had been pleased to see us, particularly since this visit represented yet another instance of coöperation between city officials and the pickers. "Because if that coöperation ceased to exist," he went on, "there's no way you could have got past the entry gate." The city's top sanitation technicians, who just moments ago had been so full of talk about sweepable surfaces and pickerless landfills, now nodded and smiled gently. A barrel-chested thug was proclaiming that they were at his mercy, and they stood there and took it, because he was right.

The true extent of the garbage lobby's power, which enables it to pervert official goals, was only too evident at our earlier stop, which represents Urban Services' most ambitious attempt at change: the vast new landfill is supposed to take over in five or six years as the city's only dump site. Although scavenging there is strictly forbidden, no alternative arrangement exists for making the site economically viable through an industrialized recycling operation. "We didn't really have time to put one in," a site engineer explained apologetically. "In reality, we decided to open this site very quickly to give ourselves some kind of negotiating leverage with Rafael Gutiérrez Moreno, who was getting a little out of hand. Once he saw this site, and understood that we were planning to do without him, he became more manageable."

"The fact is that there are two or three things you can't mess with in Mexico City," a city official remarked to me reflectively. Young, Harvard-educated, and as clean-cut a representative of the PRI's new whiz kids as can be found, he nevertheless seemed to have taken a crash course in pragmatics. "You can't touch the metro, the deep-drainage system, or garbage. Because, for better or worse, those things work, and the proof is that in this city, which is built on a lake, we've never suffered a major flood. But can you imagine what would happen if the sewer-system workers went on strike? It's the same thing with garbage. All things considered—that this is a Third World city in the middle of a financial crisis, that there are sixteen million people throwing tons of trash away every day—this is a clean city. But what would happen the day the garbage pickers shut down the dumps on us? Or if the truck drivers, most of whom have family ties to the pickers, went on strike? And you can't just solve the problem by removing the leaders; you have to find a way to replace them, or you'll have people killing each other just to get their own little garbage concession. We have to change things slowly, with the people we have."

Sometime in the not too distant future, if the Mexican economy improves, if desperate communities of scavengers cease to rise on the fringes of Mexico's cities, if the PRI relaxes its hold on power, the *pepenadores* and their rulers will vanish as this society's most shameful blemish. In the meantime, Mexico City's garbage *líderes* have played old-time PRI politics in masterly fashion, not only to ward off the unemployment that poses a threat when any significant modernization of the waste-disposal system is undertaken but also to obtain benefits for their constituencies which the garbage pickers at Ciudad Nezahualcóyotl's Bordo dump—or at dumps in Bogotá or Santiago de Chile, for that matter—cannot yet dream of. A city official who was privy to all the talks between Urban Services and Gutiérrez Moreno and Téllez once told me that Téllez built his power base in city politics by playing good guy to the intractable Gutiérrez Moreno. While El Líder's people protested the move from the old anta Fe dump nearby to the new rados by setting fire to government roperty, Téllez decided to make a eal. Out of that negotiation came hat is now the pride of the Urban ervices Department: a *colonia*, or res-dential neighborhood, for some five undred pickers and their families, just cross the street from the dump. It has kindergarten, a grade school, a mar-et, and houses with electricity and unning water, all of which are shared y Téllez's people and Bigtooth's peo-le.

As we wandered through the im-naculate stands of the *colonia's* new narket, admiring the produce and tak-ng in the smell of freshly cooked torti-las at a stand operated by two former ickers, an Urban Services dump-site nanager was obviously filled with ride. He had been involved in the nove to the new housing compound rom the beginning, he said, and he still ouldn't get over the fact that at first he pickers had refused to move in, referring to sleep in their old hovels nd use the new houses as storage ooms. "Then they moved in and start-d scavenging the houses," he went on. 'They unscrewed everything that was emovable and sold it. They used the oilets to wash clothes in. We decided o bring in a team of social workers, nd they helped the women adjust. They taught them things like home nanagement, personal hygiene, and ow plumbing works. One day, we oticed that the families had actually egun to settle in, and several of them ad even bought real furniture to set up ousekeeping with." The grade school nd kindergarten are now at least part-y occupied, though Luis Rojas is am-ivalent about the dump's new restric-ions on child labor. "I suppose my hildren will do something different," e said, when I asked if he thought here would be a fourth generation of *epenadores* in his family. "Because, hanks to the gentlemen you see here" —he pointed to the Urban Services fficials—"our children under the age f ten are no longer able to come in to ork with us."

The brand-new *colonia* is the Mexi-an system at its old-time patrimonial est and also at its most typically ineffi-ient: the investment to build it was not mall, but when the dump reaches the cheduled end of its useful life, in two r three years, the housing complex ill probably become obsolete. This

Direct

From The New Yorker
Reader Services

Timely Information ♦

Special Promotions ♦

Retail Locations ♦

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1 ♦ 800 ♦ 622 ♦ 5456

Sands® HOTEL AND CASINO, BEACH RESORT, SAN JUAN AN EXTRAORDINARY VACATION EXPERIENCE	☎ 30081	**CRYSTAL** CRUISES	☎ 30066
ST. LUCIA St. Lucia Tourist Board	☎ 30070	**BackSaver**™ PRODUCTS CO. The Resource For A Healthy Back Since 1958	☎ 30068
NUVEEN Specialists In Tax-free Investments Since 1898.	☎ 30033	THE LOWELL *In the Finest Tradition of European Hotels...* *New York*	☎ 30072
Canon PERSONAL COPIERS *Nothing but originals.*	☎ 30032	**ANGOSTURA**® recipes	☎ 30036
portugal Where Europe meets the Atlantic	☎ 30061	THE HEATHMAN HOTEL Portland • Oregon • USA	☎ 30014

Advertisement

GOLD AND LEATHER
AND VERY NEW YORKER

Organize your life as you go, with *The New Yorker*'s distinctive pocket diary for 1991; gilt-edged and thumb-tabbed, in flexible leather binding, with *The New Yorker*'s exclusive About Town telephone-and-address listings in the front.

Please send me ______ copies of the pocket-edition *New Yorker Diary for 1991*, bound in leather, at $12.00*, plus $1.50 shipping and handling. Offer only good in U.S. and Canada.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

*Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NY please add applicable sales tax.

Make checks payable to *The New Yorker* and mail to:
The New Yorker, P.O. Box 10214
Des Moines, IA 50336

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. 020362

Little Ad.
GIANT RESORT!

Majestic Low Country resort on S.C. coastline offering 54 holes of golf, dozens of tennis courts, and miles of secluded beaches. All spreading from the river to the sea!
Free info package: 1-800-845-1897
In SC: 1-800-922-6348

Litchfield
BY·THE·SEA

ENTIRE FALL STOCK WHITE SALE
20% OFF

THE SHIRT STORE
NY, NY

100% COTTONS
Oxford • Sea Island
Pima Broadcloth
Egyptian • Pinpoint

COLLARS
Classic • Spread
Button Down
Tab

CUFFS
French • Barrel

1 • 800 • BUY • A • SHIRT

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

seemed a quibble, though, on a recent sunny morning when I stood with María de la Luz López in the living room of her two-bedroom house and watched her point proudly to her kitchen, her bathroom, and her dining room, with its matched furniture and hard, dry cement floor. Her two small children were watching television peacefully, and a washing machine was giving off a comforting hum. She was born in a garbage dump twenty-one years ago, she said, and what she remembered most about the nineteen years she spent there was the older women's horror whenever rats climbed through the rubbish into the huts to bite the babies' cheeks and fingers. Now she hoped that her own children might study through ninth grade, and she was happy to stay home and take care of them, because her husband earned enough at the dump for all of them to get by on. "This house is very solid," she said when I asked what she thought its chief merit was. "It doesn't collapse." She waved goodbye to me from the doorway, next to riotously blooming geraniums that an Urban Services social worker had shown her how to plant, and I remembered a rather long lunch with the sociologist Héctor Castillo when he had said that the obsessive question for him was whom to blame for all the garbage pickers' misery. In the bright light of Mrs. López's home, an even more disturbing question arose: whom to thank for her new surroundings? Among the ghosts rising up to take a bow stood El Líder.

—ALMA GUILLERMOPRIETO

•

STONE FAMILY VACATION
FILLED WITH EXCITEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Stone of Red Bluff were joined by her son, Jim Ellison of Weaverville, to take a one-week vacation in Idaho.

The group drove to visit Mrs. Stone's brother, Ralph Weaver and Margaret McCall, who finished a four bedroom home with a lake just above the Payette River. While there, Mrs. Stone golfed and Mr. Stone continued on to see his sister, Nancy Henderson and family, at Riggins.

There, the group fished and ate at Kimberly Meadows and took a patio boat ride around the Payette Lake. They watched wildlife including deer, chipmunks, osprey, cranes and lots of hummingbirds.

On the way home the group stopped at Reno and watched an electrical storm at Susanville while a house burned near the restaurant where they were eating.—*Red Bluff* (*Calif.*) *Daily News.*

Or, "How the Stones Spent Their Summer Vacation."

▬ A UNIQUE NEW SERVICE ▬

Limerick Lane
POETRYWORKS®
Poems to honor and entertain

There comes a time when only rhyme
Can enrich the moment's flavor,
Original verse, lengthy or terse,
Something to treasure and savor.

To enhance a gift, provide a lift,
Or honor a special occasion,
To entertain, or, without strain,
Gain memorable persuasion.

Now, you can find, if that's your mind,
Shops for most needs, and you know it,
But where, oh where, when the need is there,
Can you find the shop of a poet?

You have a godsend, if a writer friend
Has the penchant and talent to rhyme,
But even that friend may prove hard to bend
When you want verse in so little time.

To answer your need, provide word and deed,
There's our workshop on Limerick Lane,
Selling verse rated best, tailored to your request,
FAXed to you when time is a strain.

The work that we do, all original, too,
Is not weighty or likely to pall,
We keep our verse light, and feel that is right
For the greatest enjoyment of all.

So, call us next time there's occasion for rhyme,
We'll work out an arrangement and heed it,
Give us background facts, sit back and relax,
You'll have quality verse when you need it.

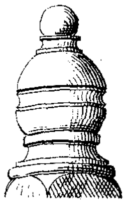
Al Kracht
President

Phone or FAX (914) 238-0352
5 Birch Lane, Chappaqua, NY 10514

NAGEN • DEWEY
BUY • SELL • APPRAISE
OLD NAVAJO TEXTILES
1-800-262-8256
ON THE PLAZA, SANTA FE, NM

WILDLY SOPHISTICATED

Tame tea lacks complexity. Our wild herb tea, gathered from the desert mountains of Nevada, is stimulating, refreshing, and, to the sophisticated palate, intricately delicious. 2 oz. canister brews 100 cups. $9.95 postpaid. Visa/MC. 800-955-4832. Desert Tea, Box 328N, Whitethorn, CA 95489.



PRESERVATION
PLAN ON IT
Write:
National Trust
for Historic Preservation
Department PA
1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

BOOKS

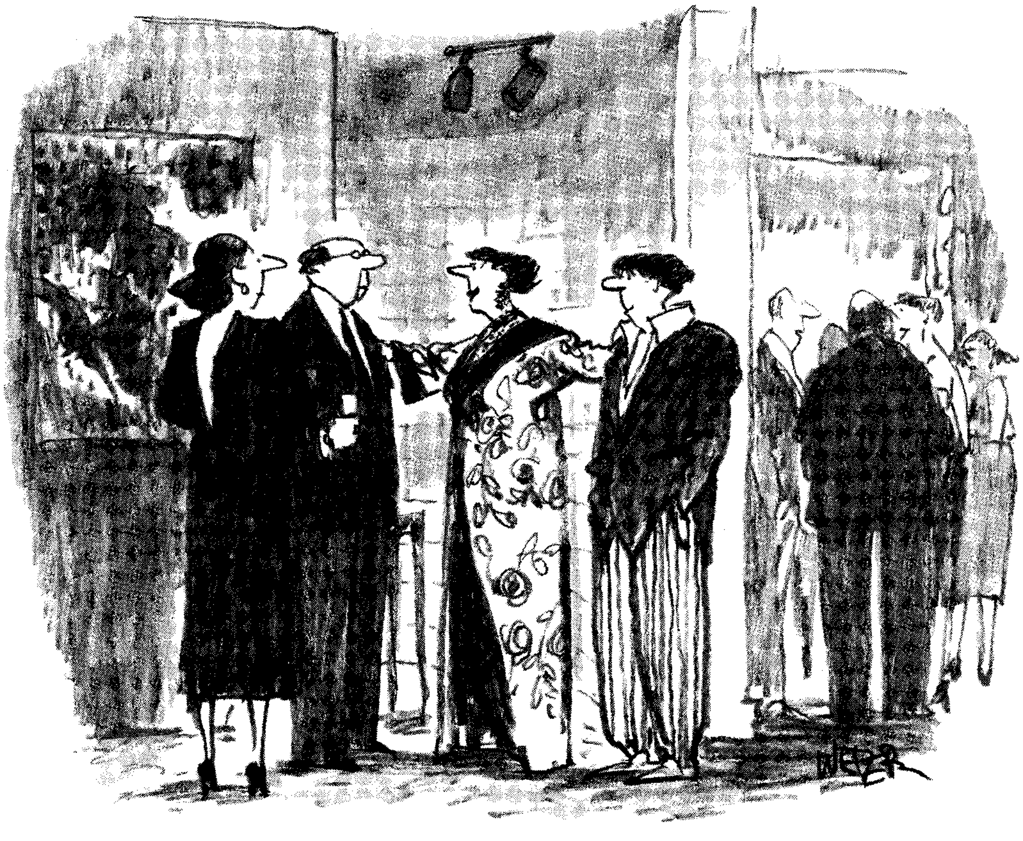
Old-Fashioned Girl

WHEN Vincent Sheean was writing "Dorothy and Red," his book about the marriage of Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis, which appeared in 1963, he discovered that everybody he met had heard of Lewis, but younger people had "no notion of Dorothy." He thought her "quite possibly . . . the greatest journalist America has known since the first batch, Hamilton and Jefferson and Madison." Sheean, himself a great journalist and Dorothy's close friend, added that she had earned a place in history by alerting Americans to the menace of Nazism. Sheean inspired one of his younger readers, Peter Kurth, whose lively new biography, "American Cassandra: The Life of Dorothy Thompson" (Little, Brown; $24.95), shows that she was the ideal reporter, a woman of astonishing energy, with an exceptional capacity for concentration. John Gunther, another journalist who was a friend of hers, once said that she "saw stories that were not stories" to other correspondents. As a journalist, she was an abstract and brief chronicle of her time. She was also, I think, an exemplary figure—a woman who represented her era as well as reported it.

Dorothy Thompson began as a reformer in an age of reform. The book-devouring daughter of a Methodist minister, she grew up in respectable poverty in rural New York. After graduating from Syracuse University, in 1914, she went to work for the New York State Woman Suffrage Party. New York women won the vote in 1917, and presently Dorothy moved on to the National Social Unit Organization, a philanthropy devoted to community work in poor neighborhoods. She fell in love with her boss, a married man, and, in 1920, fled to Europe with her best friend, Barbara De Porte. The young women had about five hundred dollars between them, and planned to finance their travels by free-lance writing. Barbara De Porte soon abandoned the adventure, but Dorothy Thompson had stumbled into her vocation. After less than a year as a stringer, she had piled up so many scoops at free-lance rates that the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* calculated it would be cheaper to hire her as its full-time Central European correspondent, with an office in Vienna. In 1925, the *Ledger* promoted her to its Berlin bureau.

Dorothy had a wonderful time in Europe; she loved her work and her friends, who soon included some of the Continent's most fascinating citizens. She gave it all up in 1928 to marry Sinclair Lewis, who had been touring Europe while his first wife was getting a divorce; he was also hiding from the furor that "Elmer Gantry" had raised at home. Lewis took his new wife back to America, where she started her career again. She became a frequent contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post*, at a time when it published thoughtful reporting inside its Norman Rockwell covers. Between 1931 and 1934, when, during one of her visits to Berlin, Hitler ordered her expelled from Germany, the *Post* ran more than a dozen of her articles about the destruction of German democracy. In 1936, the New York *Herald Tribune* hired her to write a thrice-weekly column, "On the Record." It was instantly popular and, in syndication, reached more than eight million newspaper readers in the United States.

Kurth is good at evoking the past of American journalism. He describes what it was like to be a foreign correspondent in the nineteen-twenties, before transatlantic passenger flights, when Europe seemed remote and romantic, and tells us about the newspapers and magazines for which Dorothy wrote—many have disappeared—and the demands of her publishers. Discussing Dorothy as a columnist, Kurth recalls that columnists were an "elite and very powerful corps of 'personal journalists' . . . a phenomenon . . . unique to America and particular to the twenties and thirties." Their mission was to restore excitement and variety to newspapers that had grown bland or



"Doctor, have you any advice to offer a young man who would love to be a physician but whose crowded schedule simply doesn't permit time for medical school?"

THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART

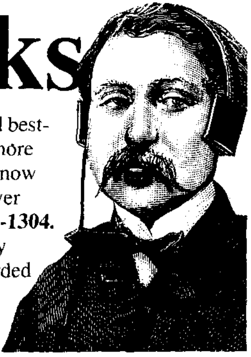
Christmas Catalogue
1990

Do your Christmas shopping at home with our new 144-page full-color catalogue of unusual and distinguished presents, the majority of which are available only from the Museum. Jewelry, decorative works of art, sculpture, Christmas cards and Christmas ornaments, note cards, posters, art books, and a selection of presents for children. Please send $1.00 to cover postage.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028

Name ____________ 1841
Address ____________
City ________ State ____ Zip ______

Recorded Books



Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS
"Two Loves" & Other Poems,
a selection, with notes.
"I am the love that dare not speak its name."
63p. cloth.
Send check or money order for eleven dollars to:
Bennett & Kitchel, P.O. Box 4422,
East Lansing, MI 48826.

Gracious. Glorious.

Waterview suites. Glorious gardens.
American Regional Cuisine.
Open Year Round.
Coonamessett Inn
Of Cape Cod
P.O. Box 707Y, Falmouth, MA 02541 ■ 508/548-2300

stuffy. Like television personalities nowadays, columnists were expected to purvey a unique self that could attract a mass audience.

Kurth thinks that Dorothy Thompson's peculiar appeal as a columnist lay in her novel combination of "solid reporting and naked emotion." Her opposition both to the New Deal and to Nazism elicited controversies that kept readers interested; she became an early media star. She took on a monthly column for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and broadcast radio news commentaries. Her journalistic liberty had limits, though. When her friend Wendell Willkie, the Republican Presidential candidate in 1940, attempted to appease his party's isolationist wing, Dorothy amazed everybody by coming out for a third term for Franklin Roosevelt, and the Republican publisher of the *Herald Tribune* dropped her column. She didn't suffer financially, though. The Bell Syndicate picked up "On the Record," and increased her readership. In New York City, she moved over to the *Post*, and she lasted there until 1947, when she was fired for being pro-German and anti-Zionist. According to Kurth, losing the *Post* cost her a quarter of her income, but she wasn't impoverished. "On the Record" still appeared in a hundred and fifty newspapers, and she continued to write for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and to lecture.

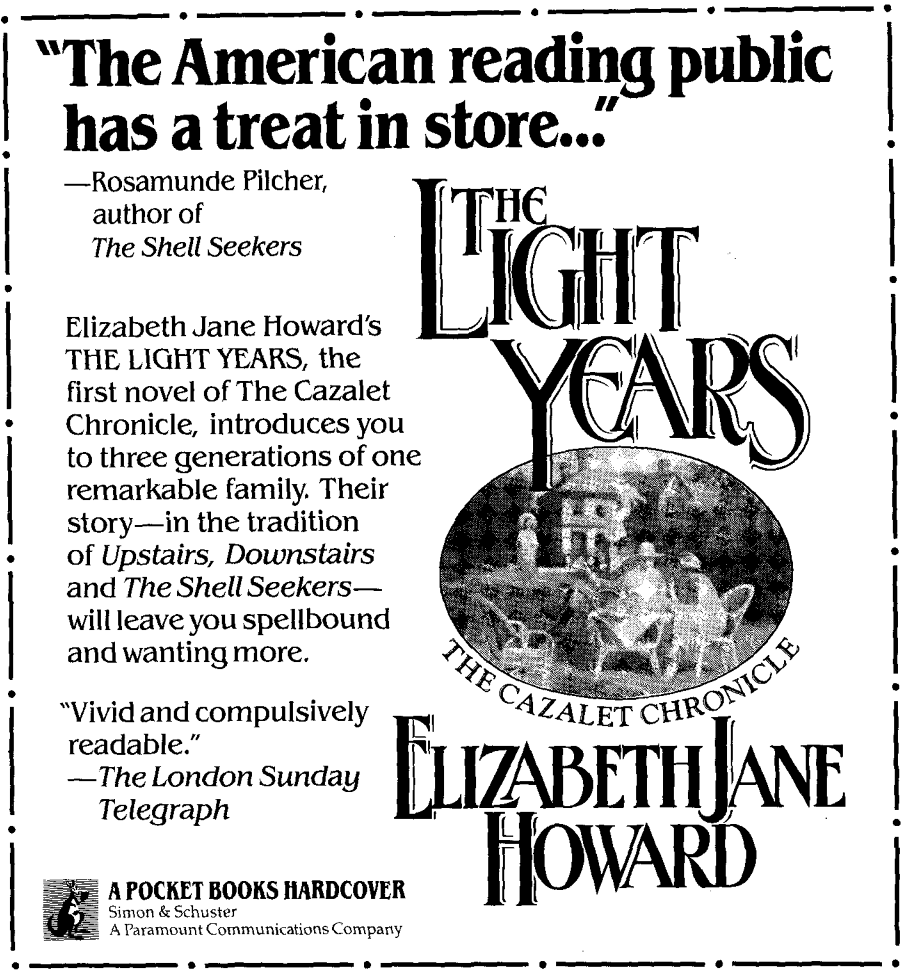
Dorothy Thompson was not embarrassed about changing her mind in public. She disliked the New Deal because she imagined that it had similarities to Fascism, and she distrusted F.D.R.'s charm, yet the world situation in the autumn of 1940 persuaded her that Roosevelt was the better man for the Presidency. She explained why in a column that the *Trib* suppressed. She had supported Zionism since 1920, when she and Barbara De Porte made friends with delegates to a Zionist conference who were sailing to Europe on the same boat, and during the Hitler years she had campaigned for opening Palestine to Jewish refugees. But a visit to Jerusalem in 1945 convinced her that creating a Jewish state in the Palestine mandate would be unfair to the Arabs. The dispute over postwar Germany—hard peace or soft—was savage but is interesting now because it illustrates one reason that even great journalists may be forgotten: the issues that inflamed them disappear. In any case, Dorothy continued to write as she pleased on Germany, as on every other subject, until 1958, when, after the death of her third husband, the artist Maxim Kopf, her health collapsed. She died of a heart attack in 1961, in Portugal, where she had gone to visit her grandchildren.

She married three times: her husbands were Joseph Bard (1923-27), Lewis (1928-42), and Kopf (1943-1958). She bore one child, Michael Lewis. In each of her first two marriages, she looks like the victim of a traditional feminine fantasy. She imagined that in marrying Bard, a cultivated Hungarian writer, she would serve a creative genius. Bard wasn't a genius, and he fell in love with another woman. Marrying Lewis, she trusted that her love would convert an alcoholic to sobriety. It couldn't, and they were miserable. She and Kopf happily accepted each other. But none of her husbands and none of the lovers she took between marriages had much influence on her work. She failed a professional commitment for emotional reasons exactly once: she cancelled a radio broadcast after she learned of the death of Wells Lewis, Sinclair's son by his first marriage, who was killed in action in 1944, and whom she loved as she did her own boy. If you are interested in Dorothy Thompson as a historical figure who helped mold American public opinion, you may feel that Kurth allots too much space to her sex life. Yet as a biographer for our time, I suspect, he is shrewd in his emphasis; most of us remain convinced that women are more affected by the hazards of romantic life than men.

Kurth shows us what celebrity was like for Dorothy Thompson. He quotes articles in which other journalists describe how she dressed, did her hair, worked, organized her household, and entertained in New York City and at a Vermont farmhouse she owned and adored. Her parties tended to resemble disorganized versions of today's Sunday-morning television panel shows. Kurth quotes a persistent chorus of her male friends' wives, who thought that she ignored them, and he sometimes—I think mistakenly—suggests that their recollections reflect a disdain for women on Dorothy's part. They demonstrate only her indifference to peo-le she found uninteresting. Kurth's ausfraus sound envious and spiteful, specially when they ascribe her son's roblems to her having a career. Actully, Michael Lewis resembled his faher in his charm, his lack of discipline, nd, eventually, his alcoholism. (He ied in 1975, at the age of forty-five.)

As a famous woman, Dorothy Thompson was often asked to generalze about women. Sometimes she made ense; sometimes she wrote, in Kurth's words, "appalling nonsense." She maintained that women were inherenty peace-loving, and after the Second World War she wrote column after olumn calling on women to work for isarmament and peace. She was briefly leader of a short-lived society called World Organization of Mothers of All Nations and, in that capacity, proposed in 1951) that the Quakers take charge f Korean War truce negotiations. That proposal wasn't realistic, but then lot of her political proposals weren't ealistic. (She wanted the British Cabinet to respond to Hitler's invasion of Poland in 1939 with prayer and religious broadcasting.) Her prose is forthight, eloquent, and entertaining, but her approach to politics seems ingenuous, and Kurth's readers will often be urprised that her readers did not find her unsophisticated.

The gap is one of generations. Dorothy Thompson and her readers were arlier Americans. In the terms that David Riesman, Nathan Glazer, and Reuel Denney popularized in their andmark study "The Lonely Crowd," Dorothy was an inner-directed moralzer, naïve and emotionally direct. She was one of those enthusiastic reformers who, they say, "so far from resigning hemselves to political frustration, hopefully tackle the most intractable asks." Those of us who belong to a generation influenced by other-directed approaches to politics, in which, Riesman et al. tell us, "the notion of ranscending the inevitable never arises," may think of Dorothy as a museum piece. But the manipulative slogan and sound bite and the responsiveness—perhaps overresponsiveness—to pressure groups and public-opinon polls that now dominate our politics no longer seem satisfactory. In fact, the other-directed obsession with the "image" no longer even seems sophisticated. I have a hunch that Dorothy Thompson's moralizing, naïve, emotional, visionary, do-good approach is


"The American reading public has a treat in store..."
—Rosamunde Pilcher, author of *The Shell Seekers*

THE LIGHT YEARS

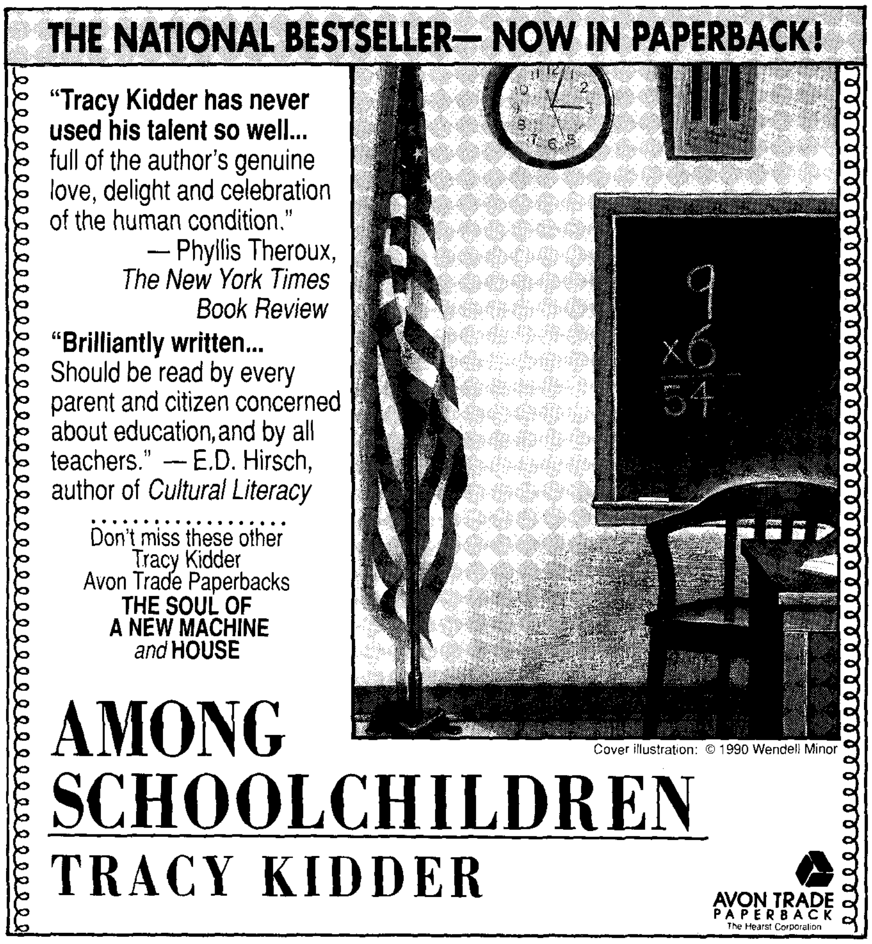
Elizabeth Jane Howard's THE LIGHT YEARS, the first novel of The Cazalet Chronicle, introduces you to three generations of one remarkable family. Their story—in the tradition of *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *The Shell Seekers*—will leave you spellbound and wanting more.

THE CAZALET CHRONICLE

"Vivid and compulsively readable."
—*The London Sunday Telegraph*

ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD

A POCKET BOOKS HARDCOVER
Simon & Schuster
A Paramount Communications Company


THE NATIONAL BESTSELLER— NOW IN PAPERBACK!

"Tracy Kidder has never used his talent so well... full of the author's genuine love, delight and celebration of the human condition."
— Phyllis Theroux, *The New York Times Book Review*

"Brilliantly written... Should be read by every parent and citizen concerned about education, and by all teachers." — E.D. Hirsch, author of *Cultural Literacy*

Don't miss these other Tracy Kidder Avon Trade Paperbacks
THE SOUL OF A NEW MACHINE *and* HOUSE

Cover illustration: © 1990 Wendell Minor

AMONG SCHOOLCHILDREN
TRACY KIDDER

AVON TRADE PAPERBACK
The Hearst Corporation

DAVID LEAVITT

"One of his generation's most gifted writers."
—New York Times

A PLACE I'VE NEVER BEEN

"This fine new collection . . . deftly places the many varieties of love and sexual attraction in perspective, seeing them as part of the vast, complex mosaic of human experience and emotion."
—New York Times Book Review

VIKING
Penguin USA

"the original townhouse hotel"

NUMBER SIXTEEN
"stylish and aesthetically pleasing"

16 SUMNER PLACE
LONDON
SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Tel.: 071-589 5232
Fax: 071-584 8615
GRANFEL HOTELS
A FIRST CLASS TRADITION

DOLPHIN BRACELET
#E-17, sterling: $68 ppd.
14K: $330 ppd.
7" long
8 gracefully sculptured dolphins are linked together to form this beautiful bracelet.
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
TORY'S
1-800-67-TORYS
M–F, 9–5, EST.
Catalog upon request.
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

GOOD USED BOOKS

Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.

EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

drifting back from the suburbs of our politics; her robust and indefatigable high-mindedness, I think, represents something lasting in our national character. Even if that high-mindedness occasionally led her into goofy overstatements, her equally robust common sense usually corrected her. Kurth doesn't worry about Dorothy Thompson's intellectual or political legacy. He just likes Dorothy—her generosity, her zest, her courage. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MY LIFE AS A DOG, by Reidar Jönsson, translated from the Swedish by Eivor Martinus (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). This 1983 novel (later made into a movie) should be read for its extraordinary voice, which makes no concessions to an adult point of view and is thereby capable of reminding the reader of what it really feels like to be young, when the world is violently startling. This is a nightmare childhood rendered as farce. Because Ingemar's mother is dying of tuberculosis and his father is a merchant sailor, he is farmed out to relatives, pseudo-relatives, and an institution, and at last is left to fend for himself. Even when his mother is around, she doesn't want him around, and his life is a series of desperate schemes to make himself a hero. The results are lost eyeglasses, crippling burns, the levelling of a housing-development site, and general mayhem. It is as if "Curious George" were written for adults, or "Pippi Longstocking" cast in a tragic mode. Here is Ingemar's account of gestation: "That bottle is hanging there inside . . . and at the bottom of that bottle there is a kind of cake which little children hang on to and eat from until they are ready to come out." Ingemar, like many children forced to take care of themselves, has never been ready.

KILLING MISTER WATSON, by Peter Matthiessen (Random House; $21.95). The author's sixth novel takes place at the turn of the century in the wilderness settlements of the Ten Thousand Islands of southwestern Florida. A chorus of witnesses—lawmen, homesteaders, black fishermen, and Victorian ladies—tells the story of the career and death of E. J. Watson, a semi-respectable badman (and an actual historical figure) who was killed by his neighbors, in mysterious circumstances, a few days after the Great Hurricane of 1910. Watson, as Mr. Matthiessen has imagined him, is a successful cane grower with grand ambitions to build a harbor in the Everglades and become a land baron, but he is also a murderer and a ruthless overseer; he is clearly meant to exemplify the racism, environmental rapaciousness, and cruel mercantilism of the frontier South. The novel contains heartbreakingly acute descriptions of the wholesale slaughter of wildlife, and of the dwindling Indian families, whose desire to remain "standing on the land," as one Choctaw-Calusa survivor puts it, is set against Watson's rootless and abstract imperial dreams. Unfortunately, the contradictory and overlapping accounts of Watson's comings and goings never manage to make him a compelling character, and the novel's succession of sometimes flat voices never transforms the raw material of history into the stuff of myth.

THE JOURNEY, by Indira Ganesan (Knopf; $18.95). The sisters Renu and Manx are living in the fast-paced self-serve land of Long Island teen-agerhood when news of their cousin Rajesh's death requires them to journey back to their birthplace of Pi, an imaginary island off the coast of India that comes complete with magical legends and a complicated political history. Nineteen-year-old Renu was born on the same day as Rajesh, and her return home is like a backward reunion between them as she spends hours sitting listlessly in the garden where she and Rajesh played as children among monkeys and mangoes. She succumbs to fevers and lurid visions, capturing her distraught family in the "freeze-frame of her needs." Manx, fifteen and bristling with a punk hairdo, is energized in the face of grief, and proposes a journey within their journey—an exploration of the island, to be undertaken without the protection of their mother and aunts and uncles—that will jolt her and Renu toward their very different versions of adulthood. The book occasionally has the haphazard feel of a first novel, but Ms. Ganesan, who was born in Srirangam, writes nimble prose that promises good things to come.

GENERAL

The Road to Disunion: Secessionists at Bay, 1776-1854, by William Freehling (Oxford; $30). The first part of a projected two-volume narrative pre-history of the Civil War. Mr. Freehling works in detail and with considerable subtlety, starting from the premise that there was no single South. Slavery was legal, but each state had its own class divisions, economic interests, and political traditions. The white men who lived in the states that would become the Confederacy disagreed about slavery and about equality among whites; long-settled plantation élites malapportioned or gerrymandered Virginia and South Carolina to insure that poor whites and yeoman farmers could never outvote them. Mr. Freehling follows the working out in national politics of these discords, reconsidering famous figures (Calhoun, Jackson) and noting the contributions of lesser or local politicians. He conveys a sense of the density—the eventfulness—of American politics at a time when Americans were not yet certain who they wanted to be and what they wanted their nation to become. Occasionally, his irony feels a bit heavy-handed, but that is a minor flaw in a work impressive both for scholarship and for insight.

A Natural History of the Senses, by Diane Ackerman (Random House; $19.95). "Not every whim of the wind triggers the hair on the wrist to quiver," Ms. Ackerman warns in this valentine to the perceptions, but as she considers each of the senses in turn, beginning with smell and ending with sight, her wrist hairs quiver a great deal, and so do ours. "The senses don't just *make sense* of life in bold or subtle acts of clarity," she notes. "They tear reality apart into vibrant morsels and reassemble them into a meaningful pattern." Ms. Ackerman's morsels ("Violets smell like burnt sugar cubes that have been dipped in lemon and velvet") and patterns ("It takes a troupe of receptors to make the symphonic delicacy we call a caress") bring wantonness to the dry matter of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume.

Gorbachev: Heretic in the Krem-

Introducing a **NEW ROBE so unique that Patent is Pending for the TERRY-T-ROBE™**
for MEN & LADIES — *featuring*

- **NEW COMFORT** for all seasons and many uses
- **NO BELT** to bind or adjust
- **NO OPEN FRONT**— never pulls apart
- **LESS BULK**—rich terry fabric is where it can best serve without unneeded overlap
- **100% COTTON** with terry loops on both sides for greatest absorbency (not possible with lighter weight robes)
- **EXCEPTIONAL VALUE**- Luxurious robe with below knee length (48") and two full pockets. Quality made in U.S.A.

We have been unable to find any robe at any price that can duplicate the advantages of our TERRY-T-ROBE™. Its new fabrication and design skillfully gives just the right bottom flare with neat appearance, easy on-off and maximum comfort WITHOUT the belt problem of too tight—too loose and constant overlap adjustments.

COLOR CHOICE: Snow white or soft medium blue.
SIZES to fit men & ladies from 100-250 lbs. Just give approx. height & weight for each robe AND specify for MAN or LADY. We'll give special attention to select the best size.

SPECIAL TIME LIMITED PRICE – Only $39.50
2 for just $68.80 (Save over $10)
GREAT FOR HIS & HER GIFTING
ORDER NOW, while prices include all postage & handling!
WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 414, Hobe Sound, FL 33475 *(Ship to FLA add 6% tax)*
NATURAL FIBER SPECIALISTS SINCE 1955 — SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Blue Note
WORLDS FINEST JAZZ CLUB 131 W. 3rd ST. 475-8592

RAY CHARLES
& The Ray Charles Orchestra
with The Raelettes
Mon thru Sat Sept 17-22 *at 9 & 11:30*

MICHEL PETRUCIANNI QT plus
EDDIE GOMEZ w/ STEVE GADD, DICK OATTS, JEREMY STEIG, DAN WALL
Tue thru Sun Sept 25-30 at 9 & 11:30
Third Show Fri & Sat 1:30am

The Return of SHAFT **ISAAC HAYES** Oct 2-7

WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

For Cat People
Our sculpted pin captures the characteristic catnap. Sterling $95, 14K gold $445. Add $3 shipping. In NY add tax. AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to:
actual size
EAST END SILVER
Dept. N5, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

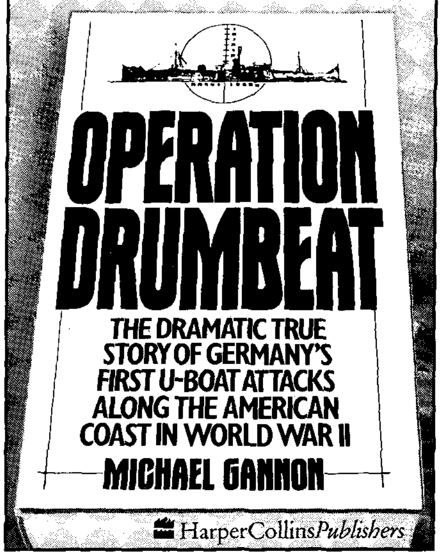
RECYCLED PAPER
THE RIGHT MESSAGE
Note cards, stationery, gift wrap and fine office and printing papers. All hard-to-find except in our special, FREE mail order catalog. Call 608-277-2900. EARTH CARE PAPER INC. PO Box 14140, Dept. FN, Madison, WI 53714

Lay Down Your Arms

Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design, and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$184 includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141
LEVENGER™
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT14, Delray, FL 33445



"A World War II version of *The Hunt for Red October*...

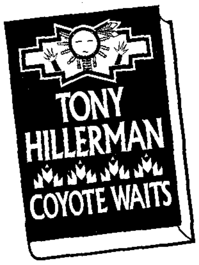
A ripping good yarn of submarine warfare, espionage and geopolitics.... The difference is that *Operation Drumbeat* is not a novel."
—Jonathon Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times*

"**A truly wonderful book....** the most reliable and penetrating account of U-boat warfare ever written."
—Clay Blair, author of *Silent Victory*

Now in its Second Large Printing
Charts, photographs

OPERATION DRUMBEAT
THE DRAMATIC TRUE STORY OF GERMANY'S FIRST U-BOAT ATTACKS ALONG THE AMERICAN COAST IN WORLD WAR II
MICHAEL GANNON

HarperCollins*Publishers*



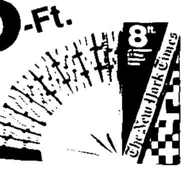
BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

TONY HILLERMAN
COYOTE WAITS

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg.U.S.Pat.&T.M.Off.

(800) 626-3333



8-Ft. NY TIMES CROSSWORD

Giant 8-Ft.-long crossword puzzle with accordion folds lets you work a single section in cramped quarters, then quickly & conveniently tuck it away. NY Times puzzles are the best and this is a real test with over 2000 clues (and solutions). A must for enthusiasts, commuters, travelers.

Order #3200, $6.50 ea. postpaid. Special **FREE** Offer: **Buy 2 for $13.00 postpaid and receive a third absolutely free. The Lighter Side, Dept. B-421, P.O. Box 25600, Bradenton, FL 34206.**

LIN, by Dusko Doder and Louise Branson (Viking; $24.95). Gorbachev's family were peasants, and one of his grandfathers was sent to the Gulag during Stalin's drive for collectivization, but the authors credit Khrushchev's thaw, which came during Gorbachev's years in law school, with starting him thinking for himself. They keep track of the books and the people that influenced him, including his wife, and his patron Yuri Andropov, who brought him from Stavropol to Moscow in 1978. Though there was, and is, a constituency for reform, the authors think Gorbachev has underestimated the difficulties—in particular, the power of the establishment—and their narrative, which recounts how he has so far outwitted plots against him, suggests that he has found himself making greater political changes than he originally envisioned. The authors offer no assurance that his rule is secure, or that he can solve Russia's problems, but they give us an absorbing, lifelike portrait of a remarkable figure.

THE ENGLISH TOWN: A HISTORY OF URBAN LIFE, by Mark Girouard (Yale; $39.95). The author, a noted architectural historian, takes us to and through a variety of English towns—from cathedral towns to seaports, spas to mill towns—telling us about their origins, their history and development, the way people lived and live in them. There are well-known places, like York and Bath and Brighton, and towns off the beaten tourist track, like Louth, in Lincolnshire; Ludlow, in Shropshire; and Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk. Mr. Girouard records the ravages of war and of the urban renewal that some towns have suffered, but his book reassures us that beauty and grace have survived in a surprising number of English towns. The pictures—paintings, engravings, posters, building designs, caricatures, and photographs—are superb.

NOTE: "Looking for a Ship," John McPhee's story of the merchant marine today, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($18.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS, by Walter Mosley (Norton; $18.95). A first novel in the durable tradition of Raymond Chandler and Ross Macdonald—the scene is Los Angeles (in the forties), the body count is impressive, and the nasty goings on have their roots in the past. Mr. Mosley is black, and his central character—his narrator—is black. Ezekiel (Easy) Rawlins, a recently laid-off Second World War veteran, tells us how in order to meet a mortgage payment he takes a somewhat shadowy job offered by a smooth white man to find a white woman with a taste for black men. That first step, in the manner of the idiom, plunges Easy into an all but hopeless situation: wanted by the police and by an unsavory assortment of characters, black and white. This is a strong novel, with a skillful understanding of the genre and a lively talent for invention.

SARATOGA HEXAMETER, by Stephen Dobyns (Viking; $16.95). Charles Bradshaw, the Saratoga Springs private eye, has never found his line of work easy, but the problems that confront him here are both taxing and multiple. First, there is the suspicion that not all the recent so-called natural deaths at the Long Meadows Retirement Community were actually natural. Second, there is the unpleasantness at the Phoenix Colony (artists and writers) involving the celebrated critic Alexander Luft. And then, at the peak of the season, there is the series of jewel robberies at Charlie's mother's luxury hotel. It might be noted that the three cases are related only by theme, but there is entertainment enough in observing Charlie at the Phoenix posing as a poet. Mr. Dobyns is himself a well-regarded poet, and it is instructive to hear his comments on the colony's discussions.

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*Headline in the Nogales (Ariz.) International*]

CHILDBIRTH IS BIG STEP
TO PARENTHOOD

•

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

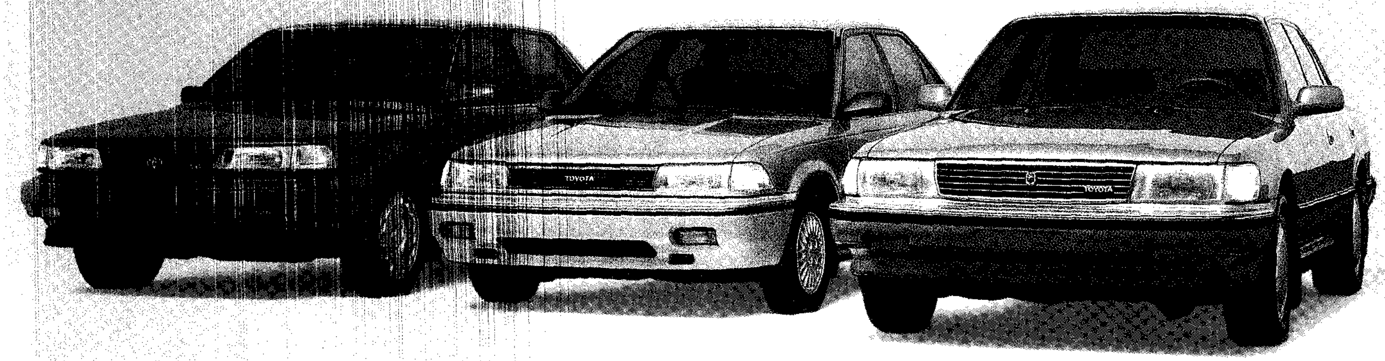
[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

CHEATING POLICE: Eleven National City police officers were caught cheating on a promotion exam. However, no disciplinary action was taken against them because they had not been specifically instructed not to cheat.

TOYOTA QUALITY

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?

YOU WON'T FIND IT HERE.



CAMRY.
MOST TROUBLE-FREE
CAR IN ITS CLASS.

COROLLA.
MOST TROUBLE-FREE
CAR IN ITS CLASS.

CRESSIDA.
MOST TROUBLE-FREE
CAR IN AMERICA.

Often, when it comes to cars, you don't have to look for trouble. It finds you.

Unless you own a Toyota.

That's because Toyotas are designed to last. Which means fewer problems. Just how few is reflected in the latest J.D. Power & Associates annual Initial Quality Survey.$^{\text{sm}}$ Toyota had more models in the top ten than any other manufacturer.

At the top of the list is the Toyota Cressida, ranked for the third time in the past four years the most trouble-free car in America.*

Ranked the most trouble-free car in its class for the second straight year is the Toyota Corolla.

For the third year in a row Camry has been ranked the most trouble-free car in its class.

So the next time you're looking for a new car, stop by a Toyota dealer. You'll save yourself a lot of trouble.

"I love what you do for me."

TOYOTA

*J.D. Power & Associates 1990 Initial Quality Survey.$^{\text{sm}}$ Based on owner-reported problems the first 90 days of ownership. Cressida ranking 1987, '88 and '90 Initial Quality Surveys. Get More From Life . . . Buckle Up! © 1990 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

Property of
SSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Prize Medals
White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
John Dew
750 ml
43.4% ALC/VOL (86.8 PROOF)
DEWAR'S SCOTLAND

Late
that
little progress in
reaches of
The good lif
Dew

© 1990 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO. N.Y., NY • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 43.4% ALC/VOL